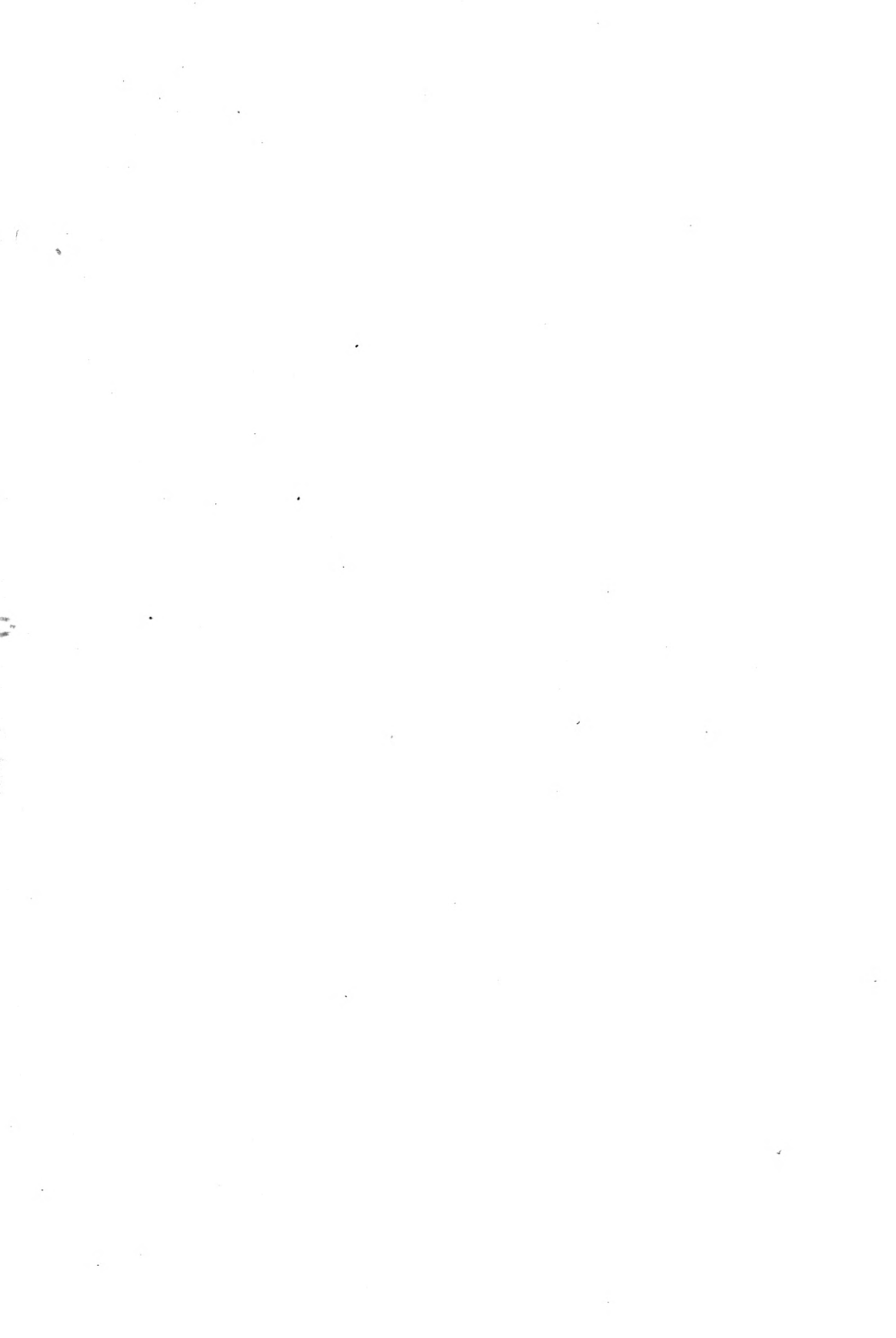
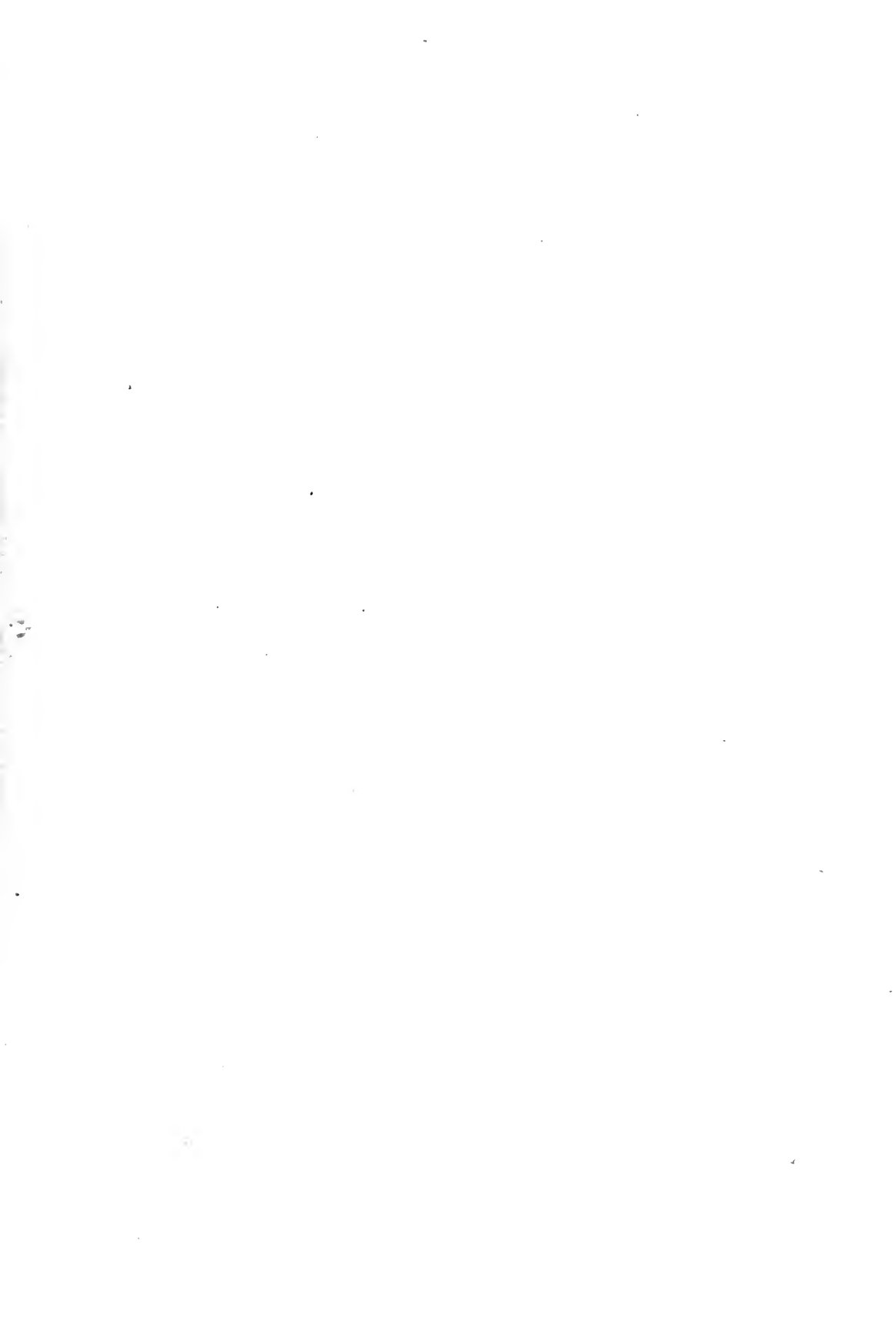
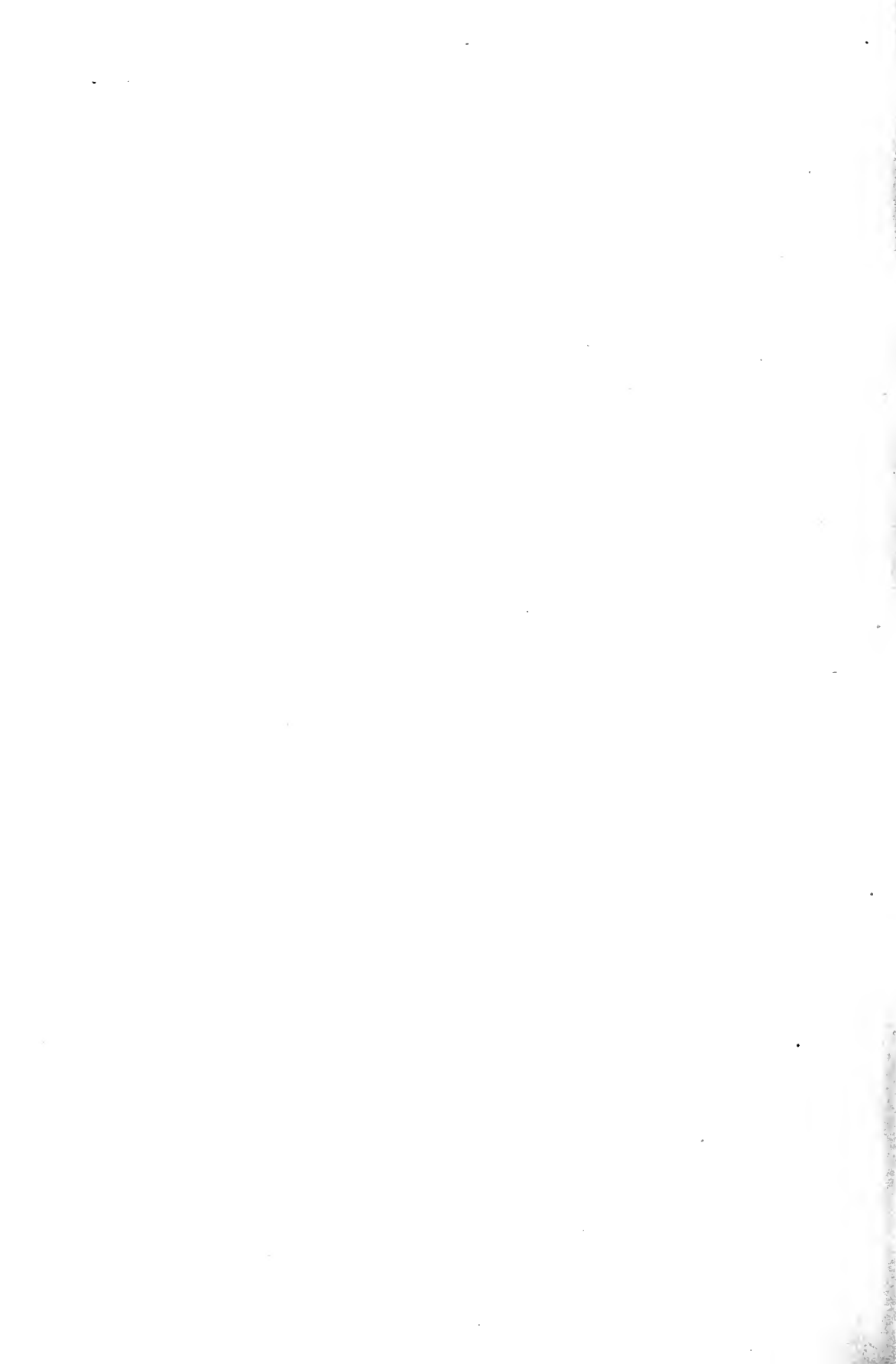


BANCROFT LIBRARY



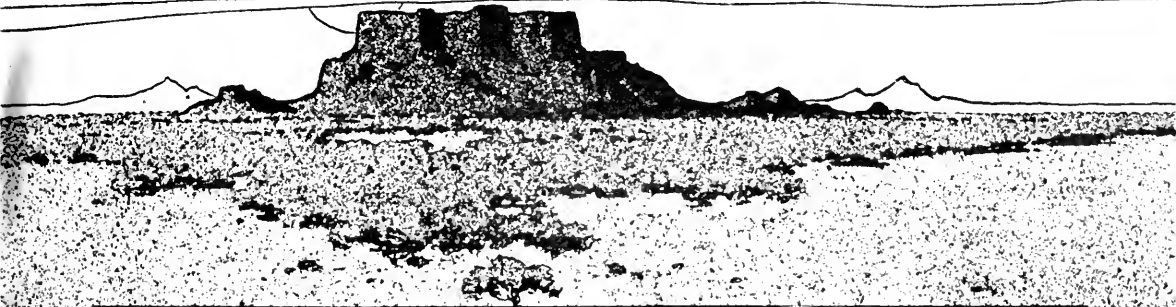






OUT WEST

George Wharton James, Editor



*The West is a new world to be explored in
The Sun...
Daily...
How to...
The Mountain...*



July 1912

Lake Tahoe and RETURN

ON SALE

Daily Until Oct. 15

RETURN LIMIT

October 31, 1912

STOP-OVERS

Allowed at Santa Barbara, Paso
Robles, Castroville, Santa Cruz,
San Francisco, Oakland,
Sacramento and all
points East of
Auburn.

SEE "THE NETHERLANDS OF
AMERICA"

Take "Netherlands Route" Steam-
ers San Francisco to Sacramento

\$25.00

For Southern California Points
West of Redlands.

Anything from ROUGHING it to LUX-
URY. A Delightful Place to spend your
VACATION. Three Miles Wide. 23
miles long. Half mile deep.

Beautifully Illustrated Resort Booklet
on Application.

SEE AGENTS

Southern Pacific

LOS ANGELES OFFICES:

600 South Spring Street

STATION, Fifth and Central Ave.

OUT WEST

A Magazine of the Old Pacific
and the New.

NEW SERIES, VOLUME IV
JULY 1912 to DECEMBER 1912

Western Publishing Company,
218 New High Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.

analyzed
4/17/24

Index July 1912 to December 1912

(New Series, Vol. 4.)

(All Titles in Italics Represent Verse.)

Alpine Snow to Semi-Tropical Sea, From, George Whar-	James.....	370	Mother and Baby, Annie B. Newton, M. D.....	417				
<i>Aspiration</i> , Margaret Troili Campbell.....	232	Mountain Girl, The, Payne Erskine.....	59	My Actor-Husband.....	207			
<i>Autumn Rain</i> , Neeta Marquis.....	303	My Lady Poverty, Francis de Sales Gliebe, O. F. M.....	128	Myers, Harriet Williams.....	417			
<i>Awakening, The</i> , Sadie C. McCann.....	315	Newberger, Ruth.....	212	Newton, Annie B., M. D.....	417			
<i>Bare-Back Lem</i> , Helen Combes.....	100	One of the Multitude, George Acorn.....	416	Oppenheim, E. Phillips.....	414			
Beale, Edward Fitzgerald, A California Pioneer, Stephen	Bonsal.....	81	Oppenheim, E. Phillips, The Lighted Way.....	211	Painted Rock of California, The, Myron Angel.....	129		
Berman, Harold, The Dual Personality of August	Strindberg.....	329	Palmer, George Herbert.....	129	Park, Alice.....	415		
Blue Derelict, The, Jo. Hartman.....	327	Plaything of the Gods, A, Carl Gray.....	347	Ploughboy, The Story of a, James Bryce.....	284			
Bonsal, Stephen, Edward Fitzgerald Beale.....	81	Potato, The, Eugene H. Grubb and W. S. Guilford.....	417	Quantrill and the Border Wars, William Elsey Con-	nelley.....	416		
Books Reviewed:			Recipes, Twentieth Century Book of, Norman W.	Henley.....	128			
Acorn, George.....	416	Recollections of Elizabeth Benton Fremont, I. T.	Martin.....	212	Robins, Sally Nelson.....	210		
Aid to Mariners, Precautionary, and Manual of the	Rule of the Road at Sea, Daniel H. Hayne.....	284	Scuffles, Sally Nelson Robins.....	210	Self-Cultivation in English, George Herbert Palmer.....	129		
Allen, Olive.....	283	Smith, Horace.....	58	Solomons, Selma.....	416			
Angel, Myron.....	129	Son of the Sun, A, Jack London.....	211	Songs of the Prairie, Robert J. C. Stead.....	348			
Attraction of the Compass, H. L. Dodge.....	284	Squirrel Cage, The, Dorothy Canfield.....	207	Stead, Robert, J. C.....	348			
Austin, Mary, Woman of Genius.....	283	Stover at Yale, Owen Johnson.....	208	Tale of Two Conventions, William Jennings Bryan.....	345			
Beale, Edward Fitzgerald, Stephen Bonsal.....	128	Their Yesterdays, Harold Bell Wright.....	345	Twentieth Century Book of Recipes, Norman W.	Henley.....	128		
Beerbohm, Max.....	211	Unknown Woman, The, Anne Warwick.....	59	U. S. Money vs. Corporation Currency, "Aldrich	Plan," Alfred Owen Crozier.....	207		
Birds' Convention, The, Harriet Williams Myers.....	417	Unseen Empire, The, David Starr Jordan.....	283	Vance, Louis Joseph.....	414			
Bonsal, Stephen.....	128	Walton, George L.....	211	Warwick, Anne.....	59			
Books of Power, George Hamlin Fitch.....	129	Washburn, Stanley.....	210	Waters, Russell Judson.....	347			
Bosher, Kate Langley.....	58	Webster's New International Dictionary.....	129	Why Worry? George L. Walton.....	211			
Bower, B. M.....	348	Wilson, John Fleming.....	349	Winter in Poppy Land, A, Mrs. Una Nixon Hopkins.....	59			
Boy Electricians as Detectives, The, Edwin J. Hous-	ton.....	416	Within the Mind Maze, Edgar Lucien Larkin.....	346	Woman of Genius, Mary Austin.....	283		
Brain and Brawn, Harry Ellington Brook.....	349	Wright, Harold Bell.....	345	Zuleika Dobson, Max Beerbohm.....	211			
Brook, Harry Ellington.....	349	<i>California</i> , Mrs. S. M. Clarke.....	160	<i>California</i> , Thomas Lake Harris.....	285			
Bryan, William Jennings.....	348	<i>California</i> , Theodore C. Williams.....	213	California Literature, The Historical Elements of,	George Wharton James.....	33, 94, 156, 310, 381		
Bryce, James.....	284	California Out-of-Door Health Home and School, The	George Wharton James.....	101	California Pioneer, A, Edward Fitzgerald Beale, Stephen	Bonsal.....	81	
Cable Game, The, Stanley Washburn.....	210	California's Sweetest Singer, George Wharton James.....	215	<i>Call of the Desert</i> , Constance Fitch.....	80			
California Women Under the Laws of 1912, Alice	Park.....	415	Campbell, Margaret Troili, <i>Aspiration</i>	232	Capistrano, Night Impressions of, Lee Bernard McCon-	ville.....	257	
Canfield, Dorothy.....	207	<i>Centrifugality</i> , Lannie Haynes Martin.....	38	<i>Children</i> , J. C. Duncan.....	185			
Canfield, Unaffraid A, Horace Smith.....	58	Christian Science Architecture of California, The,	George Wharton James.....	71	<i>Christmas in California</i> , Edward Rowland Sill.....	351		
Chesterton, Gilbert K.....	209	<i>Christmas in California</i> , Edward Rowland Sill.....	351	Churchill, Julia P., <i>October Days in Siskiyou</i>	260			
Comfort Found in Good Old Books, George Hamlin	Fitch.....	127	Clarke, Mrs. S. M., <i>California</i>	160	<i>Clouds, The</i> , Edward Pollock.....	172		
Comfort, Will Levington.....	58	Combes, Helen, <i>Bare-Back Lem</i>	100	Cornell, Raph D., Date Culture on the Colorado Desert 173	Cornell, Raph D., Wanted—A Genuine Southern	California Park.....	145	
Connelley, William Elsey.....	416	Cruise of the Snark, Jack London.....	359	Curtis, Nettie Lounsbury, The Man Who Took A Risk 181	Date Culture on the Colorado Desert, Raphl D. Cornell 173	Date Growing on the Colorado Desert, George Wharton	James.....	10
Crane, Frank.....	416	Decision, Robert Whitaker.....	166					
Crozier, Alfred Owen.....	207							
Curwood, James Oliver.....	209							
Dictionary, Webster's New International.....	129							
Dix, Beulah Marie.....	210							
Dodge, H. L., Attraction of the Compass.....	284							
El Estranjerio, Russell Judson Waters.....	347							
Elliott, Francis Perry.....	349							
Erskine, Payne.....	59							
Farnol, Jeffrey.....	415							
Fate Knocks at the Door, Will Levington Comfort.....	58							
Fighting Blade, Beulah Marie Dix.....	210							
Fitch, George Hamlin.....	127, 129							
Flower of the North, James Oliver Curwood.....	209							
Gardens, Janet Harvey Kalman and Olive Allen.....	283							
Gift of Abou Hassen, Francis Perry Elliott.....	349							
Gliebe, Francis de Sales, O. F. M.....	128							
Good Indian, B. M. Bower.....	348							
Gray, Carl.....	347							
Grubb, Eugene H.....	417							
Guilford, W. S.....	417							
Hayne, Daniel H.....	284							
Henley, Norman W.....	128							
His Uncle's Wife, Ruth Newberger.....	212							
Hopkins, Mrs. Una Nixon.....	59							
Houston, Edwin J.....	416							
How We Won the Vote in California, Selma Solomons.....	416							
Johnson, Owen.....	208							
Jordan, David Starr.....	283							
Kalman, Janet Harvey.....	283							
Lame and Lovely, Frank Crane.....	416							
Larkin, Edgar Lucien.....	346							
Lighted Way, The, E. Phillips Oppenheim.....	211							
Lloyd, Caro.....	347							
Lloyd, Henry Demarest, Caro Lloyd.....	347							
London, Jack, A Son of the Sun.....	211							
Man in Lonely Land, Kate Langley Bosher.....	58							
Man Who Came Back, The, John Fleming Wilson.....	349							
Manalive, Gilbert K. Chesterton.....	209							
Manual on the Rule of the Road at Sea, A, and	Precautionary Aid to Mariners, Daniel H. Hayne.....	284						
Martin, I. T.....	212							

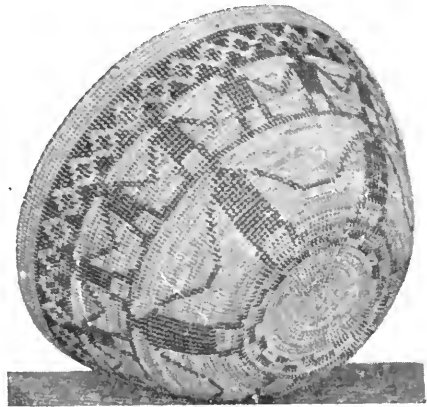
INDEX Vol 4, New Series—Continued

Democratic Party, Lorin A. Handley.....	233	Newkirk, Martha Martin, <i>The Pointing Pencil</i>	184, 255, 316, 389
<i>Diver, The</i>	26	Newkirk, John Martin, <i>Golf</i>	322
Do, M. R. L.....	317	New Year's Day Journey in Southern California, A, From Alpine Snow to Semi-Tropical Sea, George Wharton James.....	370
Dual Personality of August Strindberg, Harold Berman.....	329	Night Impressions of Capistrano, Lee Bernard McCon- ville.....	257
Duncan, J. C., <i>Children</i>	185	<i>October Days in Siskiyou</i> , Julia P. Churchill.....	260
Editor's Den.....	54; 124; 205; 279; 342; 412	"Ob, Father Forge!".....	388
Emperor of Japan, The Late, Kenneth Morris.....	353	On the Stroke of Twelve, Josephine Clifford McCrackin.....	161
Escape, The, Matilda Spaulding.....	377	Owen, Olive G., <i>To the West</i>	390
Fitch, Constance, <i>The Call of the Desert</i>	80	Pasadena, The City of Beautiful Homes, George Whar- ton James.....	397
<i>Fool's Prayer, The</i> , Edward Rowland Sill.....	143	<i>Peace, Be Still</i> , Emma Playter Seabury.....	388
From Alpine Snow to Semi-Tropical Sea, A New Year's Day Journey in Southern California, George Wharton James.....	370	Peace Forum, The: Kellogg, F. W.....	44
From Indian Mission to University.....	226	Merriam, J. H.....	45
<i>Golf</i> , John Martin Newkirk.....	322	Towne, Elizabeth.....	46
<i>Good or Ill</i> , Joaquin Miller.....	123	Pecos Mission, The, at San Diego Exposition.....	333
Government Owned Railway for Alaska, A.....	186	Perfection of God's Great Out-of-Doors, George Whar- ton James.....	244
Handley, Lorin A., Democratic Party.....	233	Phillips, Wiley J., Prohibition Party.....	239
Harley, Fannie, Maguey—The Wonder Plant of Mexi- co.....	163	Picture of the Plains, A, Josephine Clifford McCrackin.....	253
Harley, Fannie, Santa Claus.....	387	Poems Worth Memorizing: <i>California</i> , Thomas Lake Harris.....	285
Harris, Thomas Lake, <i>California</i>	285	<i>California</i> , Theodore C. Williams.....	213
Hartman, Jo., The Blue Derelict.....	327	<i>Christmas in California</i> , Edward Rowland Sill.....	351
Hawks, Nellie, <i>The Soul of San Diego</i>	190	<i>Fool's Prayer, The</i> , Edward Rowland Sill.....	143
Hay, John, Universal Peace.....	191	<i>Indirection</i> , Richard Realf.....	1
Helping Hand, The, Versus the Clenched Fist, George Wharton James.....	287	<i>Muir of the Mountains</i> , Bailey Millard.....	69
Hemet, In the Valley of a Thousand Hills.....	60	Pointing Pencil, The, Martha Martin Newkirk.....	184, 255, 316, 389
Historical Elements of California Literature, The, George Wharton James.....	33, 94, 156, 310, 381	Pollock, Edward, <i>The Clouds</i>	172
<i>Holiday Greetings</i> , Emma Playter Seabury.....	358	Pomona.....	130
How to Curb and Utilize the Flood Waters of the Colorado River.....	188	Progressive Party Ticket, The, Arthur P. Will.....	236
<i>Ideal and Real</i> , Joaquin Miller.....	332	Prohibition Party, Wiley J. Phillips.....	239
In the Valley of a Thousand Hills, Hemet.....	60	Quit Your Worrying, George Wharton James Causes of Worry.....	248
Indian Baskets, The E. L. McLeod Collection of, Mrs. Geo. H. Taylor.....	3	Causes of Worry.....	323
Indian Mission to University, From.....	226	Needlessness of Worry, The.....	120
<i>Indirection</i> , Richard Realf.....	1	Some Forms of Worry.....	167
Individuality of the Out-of-Doors, The, George Whar- ton James.....	175	Why We Worry.....	47
James, George Wharton, California's Sweetest Singer.....	215	Worry of the Squirrel Cage, The.....	391
James, George Wharton, Date Growing on the Colo- rado Desert.....	10	<i>Real and Ideal</i> , Joaquin Miller.....	332
James, George Wharton, From Alpine Snow to Semi- Tropical Sea.....	370	Realf, Richard, <i>Indirection</i>	1
James, George Wharton, Pasadena, the City of Beauti- ful Homes.....	396	Restfulness and Peace of God's Out-of-Doors, George Wharton James.....	318
James, George Wharton, Perfection of God's Great Out- of-Doors.....	244	San Diego.....	137
James, George Wharton, Quit Your Worrying.....	47, 120, 167, 248, 323, 391	San Diego Exposition, The.....	261
James, George Wharton, Restfulness and Peace of God's Out-of-Doors.....	318	San Diego Exposition, The Pecos Mission at.....	333
James, George Wharton, Summer Climate of the California Mediterranean.....	18	San Pedro Harbor, Jess E. Stephens.....	27
James, George Wharton, The California Out-of-Door Health Home and School.....	101	Santa Ana.....	192
James, George Wharton, The Christian Science Archi- tecture of California.....	71	Santa Claus, Fannie Harley.....	387
James, George Wharton, The Helping Hand Versus the Clenched Fist.....	287	Savinien, F. P., To Live.....	174
James, George Wharton, The Historical Elements of California Literature.....	33, 94, 156, 310, 381	Seabury, Emma Playter, <i>Holiday Greeting</i>	358
James, George Wharton, The Individuality of the Out- of-Doors.....	175	Seabury, Emma Playter, <i>Peace, Be Still</i>	388
James, George Wharton, The Spontaneity of God's Great Out-of-Doors.....	39	Senator's Mail Bag, The, By a Senator's Secretary.....	304
Jordan, David Starr, On "The Unseen Empire".....	258	Sill, Edward Rowland, <i>Christmas in California</i>	351
<i>Light is with Us, The</i> , Joaquin Miller.....	396	Sill, Edward Rowland, <i>The Fool's Prayer</i>	143
L., M. R., <i>Do</i>	317	Snark, Cruise of the, Jack London.....	359
London, Jack, Cruise of the Snark.....	359	Socialist Party and its Candidates, The.....	241
Maguey—The Wonder Plant of Mexico, Fannie Harley.....	163	"Some of the Redwood Tree," From, Walt Whitman.....	93
Man Who Took a Risk, The, Nettie Lounsbury Curtis.....	181	<i>Soul of San Diego, The</i> , Nellie Hawks.....	190
Marquis, Neeta, <i>Autumn Rain</i>	303	Southern California Park, A Genuine—Wanted, Ralph D. Cornell.....	145
Martin, Lannie Haynes, <i>Centrifugality</i>	38	Spaulding, Matilda, The Escape.....	377
McCann, Sadie C., <i>The Awakening</i>	315	Spontaneity of God's Great Out-of-Doors, George Wharton James.....	39
McConville, Lee Bernard, Night Impressions of Capis- trano.....	257	Stephens, Jess E., San Pedro Harbor.....	27
McCrackin, Josephine Clifford, A Picture of the Plains.....	253	Summer Climate of the California Mediterranean, George Wharton James.....	18
McCrackin, Josephine Clifford, On the Stroke of Twelve.....	161	Taylor, Mrs. George H., The E. L. McLeod Collection of Indian Baskets.....	3
McCrackin, Josephine Clifford, The Washwoman's Vengeance.....	49, 112	To Live, F. P. Savinien.....	174
McLeod, E. L., Collection of Indian Baskets, Mrs. George H. Taylor.....	3	<i>To the West</i> , Olive G. Owen.....	390
Millard, Bailey, <i>Muir of the Mountains</i>	69	Universal Peace, John Hay.....	191
Millard, Bailey, <i>The Upward Trail</i>	326	"Unseen Empire, The", On, David Starr Jordan.....	258
Miller, Joaquin, <i>Good or Ill</i>	123	<i>Upward Trail, The</i> , Bailey Millard.....	326
Miller, Joaquin, <i>Real and Ideal</i>	332	Wanted—A Genuine Southern California Park, Ralph D. Cornell.....	145
Miller, Joaquin, <i>The Light is with Us</i>	396	Washwoman's Vengeance, The, Josephine Clifford Mc- Crackin.....	49, 112
Morris, Kenneth, The Late Emperor of Japan.....	353	"Whe—o", Harriet Williams Myers.....	153
<i>Muir of the Mountains</i> , Bailey Millard.....	69	W., F. L., <i>My World</i>	256
<i>My World</i> , F. L. W.....	256	Whitaker, Robert, <i>Decision</i>	166
Myers, Harriet Williams, "Whe—o".....	153	Whitman, Walt, From "Some of the Redwood Tree".....	93
Natural Methods, Wonderful Testimony to the Cura- tive Powers of, Walt Whitman.....	331	Whitman, Walt, Wonderful Testimony to the Curative Powers of Natural Methods.....	331
		Who Will It Be? Democratic Party, Lorin A. Handley.....	233
		Progressive Party Ticket, Arthur P. Will.....	236
		Prohibition Party, Wiley J. Phillips.....	239
		Socialist Party and Its Candidates.....	241
		Will, Arthur P., The Progressive Party Ticket.....	236
		Williams, Theodore C., <i>California</i>	213



*Do You
Want
a fine*

**NAVAHO
BLANKET?**



A Beautiful Indian Basket, A Pretty Bead Necklace, Anything for an Indian Corner? We are in close touch with all the Indians of the Southwest and can send you what you want at reduced prices.

INDIAN TRADING COMPANY, 218 New High St., Los Angeles, Cal.

STORY of the HUGUENOTS

NEW EDITION



A FLORIDA HISTORICAL
TALE
OF THE
SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Where the French, Spaniards
and Indians were the actors.

By *F. A. Mann*

\$1.50 Postage
Paid

F. A. MANN,
Lompoc, California.

"Should be in every American library."—New York Journal.

"An intensely interesting Story of the East Coast of Florida, well told."—Review of Reviews.

"I have read this book to my pupils as an American classic. It should be in every school library."—Prof. Griffiths, Jacksonville, Fla., in School Exponent.

"A splendid story of fortitude, daring and suffering."—Mail and Express, N. Y.

"A story of thrilling interest."—Standard Magazine London, England.

Out West Adlets

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Bring Buyer and Seller Together

In this classified department will be inserted advertisements of a clean and reliable character up to 14 lines, at the rate of 50 cents per line. None will be inserted of less than 2 lines. No illustrations nor display features will be permitted in this department. Our policy, which excludes medical, palmistry, fortune-telling or misleading advertisements, or advertisements of unreliable parties or commodities, also prevails in this department, and the business management will appreciate prompt notice from *Out West* readers of any such that may get in by false pretense. Address all letters pertaining to this department to

OUT WEST

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT,

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

AMUSEMENTS—

BELASCO THEATER

MAIN STREET, bet. 3rd and 4th sts.,
Matinees Thursday, Sat. and Sun.

ORPHEUM

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE,
Broadway, bet. Sixth and Seventh.

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

BROADWAY NEAR MERCANTILE.

MASON OPERA HOUSE

BROADWAY BETWEEN 1st and 2nd.
All week—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

MAIN STREET NEAR SIXTH.

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

BROADWAY NEAR EIGHTH.

FISCHER'S LYCEUM

FORMERLY ORPHEUM, Spring near Third.

HOTELS—

ALEXANDRIA HOTEL

FIFTH AND SPRING.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

FIFTH NEAR MAIN.

BOOKS—

LIFE, HISTORY AND CHARTER of the Commission Form of City Government, by William Hamilton McGoldrick, 218 New High St. You cannot afford to vote without it. Send \$2.00.

ADVICE

HAVE YOU PROPERTY to rent or sell? There's a customer or a tenant waiting to reach you through the Want Columns of *Out West*. Results are certain.

ARE YOU SUFFERING from ignorance as to the best foods you ought to eat? Are you below par physically and unable to do your best every day?

Then consult Miss Clara B. Lambert expert on diet.

(Trained under Dr. J. H. Kellog at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.)

739 N. Marengo Ave.

Home phone 3816. Pasadena, California

STUDIO BUILDINGS—

BLANCHARD HALL

STUDIO BUILDING devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science. Largest Studio building in the West. F. W. Blanchard, 233 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

MORE THAN 61,000 depositors. Resources exceed \$45,000,000. Special ordinary deposits, 3 per cent. Term deposits, 4 per cent. Largest safe deposit vaults in the west. Security Bldg. Fifth and Spring streets.

TOILET ARTICLES—

FINGER NAIL POLISH

SEND 10 CENTS for a 25 cent package of Finger Nail Polish. A trial order of just what you want. 218 New High St., Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED

MANY TEACHERS WANTED for schools in the West. All positions good salaries. Address, D. T. Bladwin, San Antonio, Texas.

Metaphysical Circulating Library

611 GRANT BLDG. Los Angeles

Hours 12 to 8 p. m.

Dues 25c. per month

Home Phone A1715

\$2.50 per year

BOOKS FOR SALE

Mail Orders promptly Filled.



OUT WEST

New Series Vol. 4

JULY, 1912

Number 1

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS

1. Indirection.....*Richard Realf*
2. Frontispiece—APOSTOLIC INDIAN BASKET—McLeod collection.
3. The McLeod Collection of Indian Baskets.....*By Mrs. George H. Taylor*
With Five Illustrations
10. Date Growing on the Colorado River.....*By George Wharton James*
With Five Illustrations
18. Summer Climate of the California Mediterranean..... *By the Editor*
With Seven Illustrations
26. The Diver
27. San Pedro Harbor.....*By Jess E. Stephens*
With Six Illustrations
33. The Historic Elements of California Literature...*George Wharton James*
38. Centrifugality.....*By Lannie Haynes Martin*
39. The Spontaniety of God's Great Out-of-Doors, *George Wharton James*
44. The Peace Forum—*J. H. Merriam, F. W. Kellogg, Elizabeth Towne*
47. Quit Your Worrying.....*By the Editor*
49. The Washwoman's Vengeance..... *By Josephine Clifford McCrackin*
54. In the Editor's Den.
58. Under the Study Lamp.
60. Hemet—In the Valley of a Thousand Hills.
With Ten Illustrations

GEORGE D. HEISLEY, Cartoonist and Department Mgr.
A. H. DUTTON, Cartoonist

Published monthly by the Western Publishing Company, 218 New High Street, Los Angeles, California. Price Fifteen Cents. Yearly subscriptions \$1.50 per year in advance. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Los Angeles Postoffice.

POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila, Samoa, Canal Zone, Cuba and Mexico.

HOW TO REMIT. Remittances should be sent by Check, Express Order, or Postal Money Order, payable to the Western Publishing Company. Currency, unless mailed in a registered letter, is at the sender's risk.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent One Week before the date of issue on which the change is to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising in the Magazine must be received Ten Days before the first of the month on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by its author.

WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LOS ANGELES
218 NEW HIGH STREET

You're Safe

If you advertise in OUT WEST. There is a reason for it. There is no gambling chance—results are certain. OUT WEST space pays big dividends to its advertisers. Just try it and be convinced.

“The advertising medium you will eventually use”

Eventually? Why not now?

KEEP INFORMED ABOUT The Great Southwest

There is only one way to know the story of the great Southwest—the land of sunshine and the fastest growing section in the United States and that is through OUT WEST.

Special features for the coming year showing the growth, the development and the great living opportunities for the wide-awake home seeker and investor. You can't afford to miss one number. If you haven't subscribed—do it to-day. You will get your money back many times in informative reading, Bright, fiction and stories of red-blood fact which are stronger than any stories ever told.

On all newstands
\$1.50 per year 15 cents a copy

POEMS WORTH MEMORIZING

Masterpieces of Western Poetry

Indirection

*Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle
suggestion is fairer;
Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps
it is rarer;
Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes
it is sweeter;
And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered
the meter.*

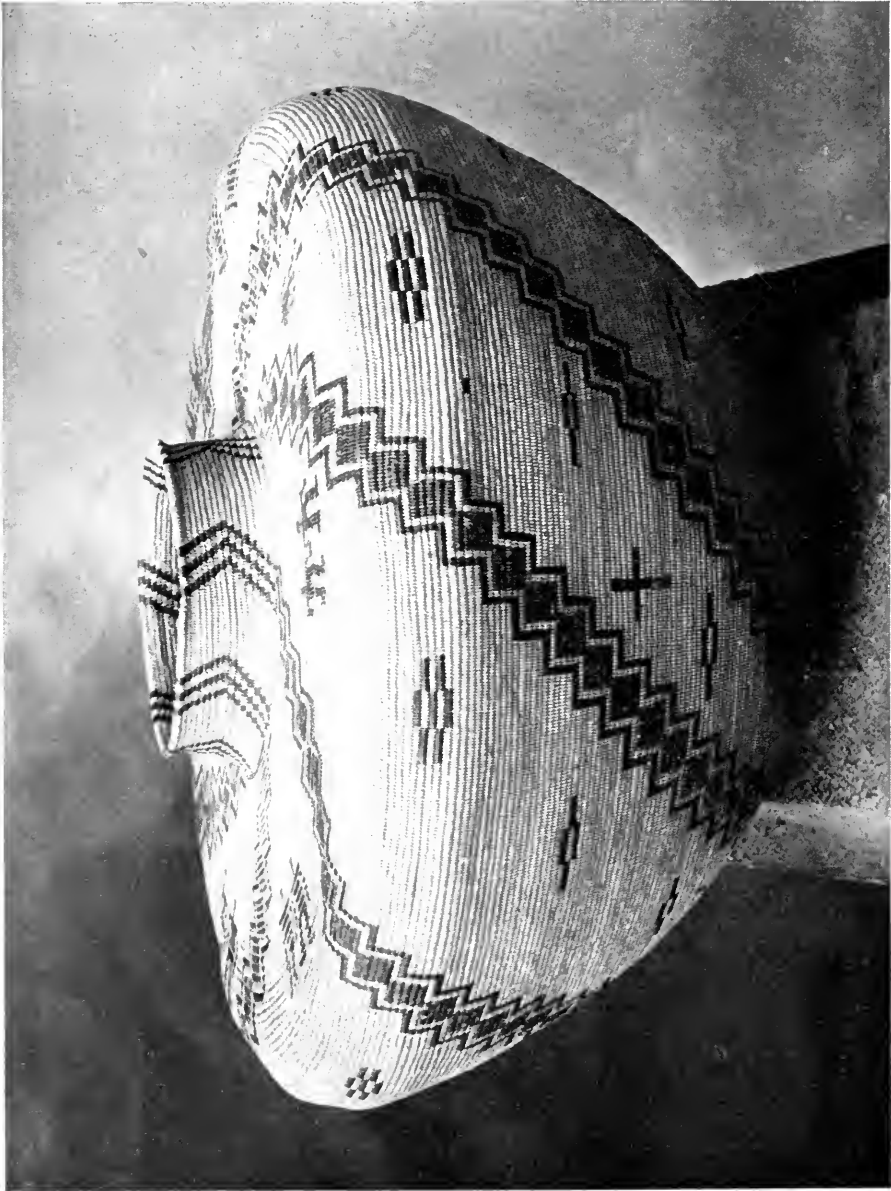
*Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the
growing;
Never a river that flows, but a majesty scepters the flowing;
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he
did enfold him,
Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath
foretold him.*

*Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and
bidden;
Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is
bidden;
Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;
Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the
revealing.*

*Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized
is greater;
Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift
stands the giving;
Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves
of receiving.*

*Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the
doing;
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of
the wooing;
And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the
heights where those shine,
Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence
of life is divine.*

RICHARD REALF.



APOSTOLIC INDIAN BASKET. McLeod Collection



OUT WEST

JULY

1912

The E. L. McLeod Collection of Indian Baskets. *By Mrs. George H. Taylor*

(The McLeod Collection of Indian Baskets is the most noted Collection of the Indians it represents in the world. The following description of it, and the story of how it came to be made is told for the readers of *Out West* by Mrs. George H. Taylor, of Fresno, sister of Mr. McLeod, to whom the whole of the collection was willed. On our editorial pages a personal tribute to Mr. McLeod will be found.)—Editor.

WHAT CALIFORNIA was densely populated by aboriginal tribes at the time of its discovery is assured. A country so prolific in all the necessities of life, provided by God's most bountiful Hand for their needs and sustenance, roaming at will, seeking the high mountain ranges for game, there is no wonder that scientists have always regarded it as an Indian's Paradise. The foot-hills and lower slopes of the Sierras were carpeted with wild-oats, berry-bearing manzanitas, nut-bearing pines, and many kinds of acorns, and these furnished the principal food of the people. Fish were plentiful in the streams; on the vast plains were rabbits, ground-squirrels, quail and doves in abundance; bands of antelope and herds of elk roamed everywhere; and along the streams swarmed thousands of water-fowl. Acorns were the staple food and were rarely wanting, for, together with mesquite beans, pine-nuts, dried salmon, and many staple articles they were gathered during periods of plenty and stored in large quantities that the people should not suffer by the advent of a "bad year."

These aborigines lived the simple life; practicing the arts and crafts of their time, a hereditary legacy from unknown ages; providing for themselves the utensils necessary for service; and to satisfy the inborn craving and desire for outward expression of love, honor and commemoration of events, making the most beautiful baskets known. It

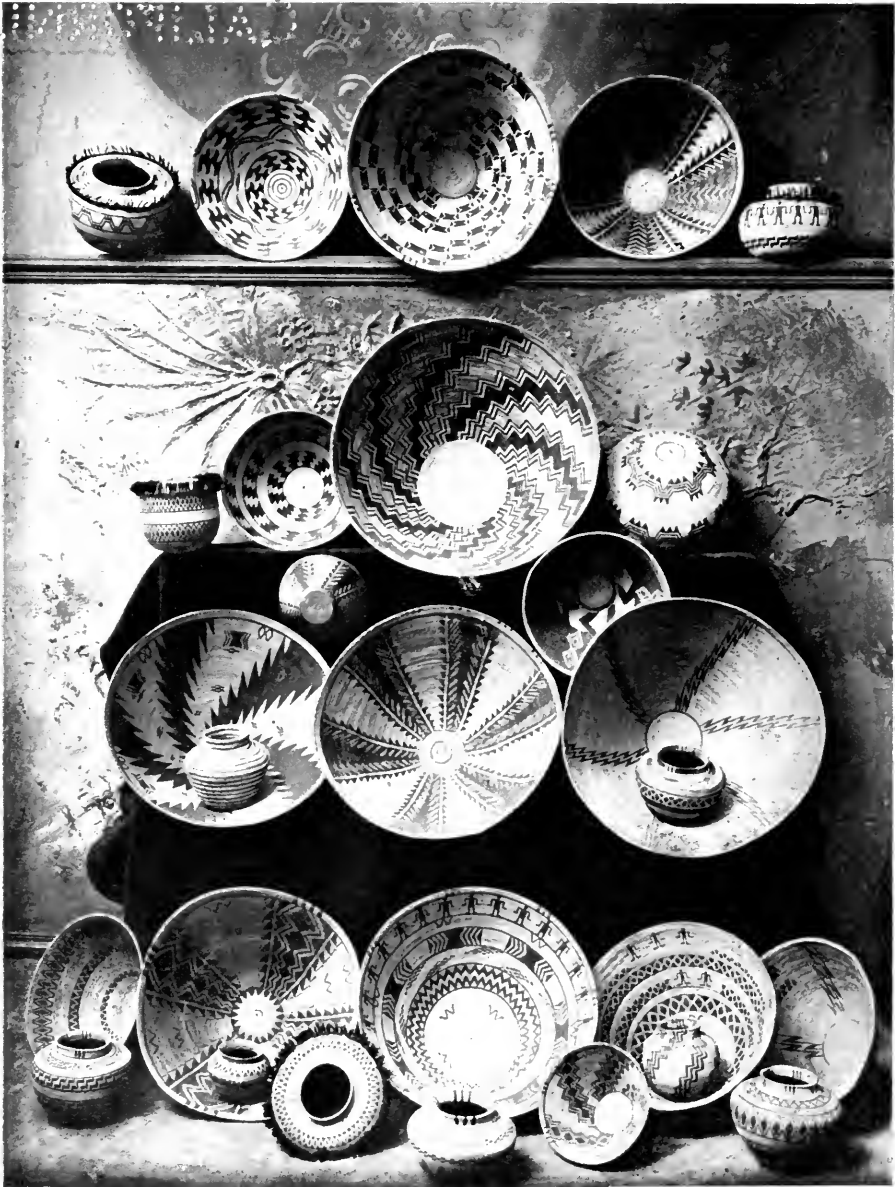
has been well and truthfully said that "the baskets made on the lower slopes of the Sierras from Fresno River south to Kern are celebrated for excellence of workmanship, beauty of form, elegance of design and richness of material."

The major part of the E. L. McLeod Collection is from this section of the State, although it contains rare specimens from Point Barrow and the Aleutian Islands on the North, down thro the entire West Coast, to Mexico on the South, with additional single specimens from Nova Scotia, Maine, Michigan, the Philippines, the Samoan Islands, the Hawaiian Islands and Sierra Leone, South Africa.

California and the West Coast have proved a rich hunting-ground for the world's museums and art connoisseurs, but, fortunately, to California has been spared many of the rarest specimens, to be seen in our own museums and in private collections.

The question is frequently asked: "How did the E. L. McLeod collection come to be made?"

When California was preparing her exhibit for the "World's Columbian Exposition" at Chicago, in 1893, I was appointed by Mr. H. A. Jastro, Chairman of the Board of Supervisors, Kern Co., on a Committee to assist in collecting material for that exhibit, and during a visit to Bakersfield of the representatives of the State Committee—Mrs. Marcellus and Mrs. Bradley—my brother, the late E. L. McLeod,



Group of Kern County Indian Baskets, in the McLeod Collection, California.

became interested in trying to procure specimens of basketry for the historical department. He succeeded in getting thirteen Indian baskets and a fine stone mortar, which were included in the exhibit. By letters received from people admiring them at Chicago, his interest became stimulated, and he continued to collect more or less until the time of his death, in 1908. Being a

bachelor, our home was his home, and as he brought thither basket after basket it gradually became filled with the choicest of specimens, as up to that time, the curio hunter had not invaded this section of the State, and the work of the Indians had not become degraded by commercialization.

Most of the Kern County baskets were secured from the Indians by a Spanish

trader, Senor Ramirez, who talked the Indian language and who had been dealing with them for many years. He realized the value of the baskets and had made an effort, many times, to get some one to purchase them from him as he secured them in trade from the natives. He had never been able to interest anyone, however, until my brother became a collector and bought from him every good specimen he secured. Some time before his death my brother wrote: "I soon learned that the tribes, or Indian families living in Kern County were expert basket makers. This fact I secured from an indisputable source, and so armed, I felt sure, by securing all the baskets I could, that I must get many choice specimens. I instructed the trader to get all kinds made for all purposes, until now the collection embraces all forms of weave, from the coarsest, made for merest utility, to those of the most exquisite fineness of texture and design. Strange as it may seem, the most difficult baskets to secure from these Indians were the "Burden-bearers," but in the almost inaccessible regions at the foot of Mount Whitney, and the headwaters of Kern River, where most of the rancherias of Eastern Kern are situated, it is almost an impossibility to use a horse or mule, and the oft repeated reply to efforts to get some of these baskets was, "No, it is my horse, my mule, my wagon, we need them all the time."

"One very large, strong basket, was used by a squaw as a wash-tub, and when the silver dollars and bright calico exhibited to her, overcame her scruples against selling it, the family washing it contained had to be removed."

One very interesting "freak" basket, is a bowl-shaped one. Around the top is the following inscription: "Armour packing K. City "U. S.", evidently copied from a corn-beef can. As this has been called the "clown" of the collection, another might well be called the "Crown" of the collection, and that is the "Apostolic" basket, the most highly prized of all, by my brother, and considered by him, the most beautiful.

There existed a legend about this basket, of which he learned, and after locating the maker and her treasure,

seven years elapsed before she could be induced to part with it. She was then very aged, and in parting with this basket, her most sacred possession, she told the story of her girlhood, at San Gabriel, where she early became christianized, under the influence of the Padres. These devoted men taught her the lesson of Christ and the twelve Apostles, drawing the picture of their lives so vividly to her, that she was filled with a desire to impart it to others, by weaving into the basket she was making the story that had so impressed her. When her basket was completed the sacredness of the theme was further exemplified to her by the Padre using the basket on the Altar of the church.

As will be seen in the illustration, the figure of Christ stands alone, and in the same division the sign of the Cross. In each other division, on a level with the first, there are two figures, until the last is reached to the right of the figure of Christ, where one is placed lower than the rest. This solitary figure signifies Judas Iscariot, who had betrayed his blessed Lord and fallen from grace.

Some may question this simple story of the Indian woman and her faith in the Padres, but it is an historic fact that the Fathers, who started the settlement—now the City—of Detroit, Michigan, had their Indian coverts plant trees along the banks of the beautiful Detroit river in exactly the same order, naming each tree after an Apostle, and placing Judas on one side by himself. Why not believe therefore, that the early Fathers here took the same simple means of impressing the untutored minds of the Indians with this holy story?

Dr. Otis Tufton Mason, curator of the Anthropological section of the U. S. National Museum thus writes, in his monograph:

"The Apostolic basket came from Paiute Mountain, Kern County. Its diameter is fifteen inches, height twelve inches, stitches to the inch twenty eight, colors red, brown, black and cream. The ornamentation consists of discrete figures of five rectangles, thirteen men on the upper part, but chiefly of seven radial patterns ascending to the mouth. Each is made up of a continuous series



One of the best living Indian Basket-Makers on Tule River Reservation, California.

of rectangular figures touching and by echelon. This pattern may be seen frequently, and the specimen may be taken as a type of that particular design."

The woman was three years at work on it, having made it when she was young. She was said to be at least one hundred years old when she died, near the close of the last century.

In addition to the two baskets named there are the feather trimmed baskets, one of which has three hundred quail

tufts around the top, the utility baskets, the gaming trays and Indian dice, the various sizes of bowl shapes, the squaw caps, and the bottle-necks, which last are usually the finest of all. In the group picture, all of which are from Kern County, the bottle-neck, top row, extreme left, came from Cane-break Canyon. The maker was the last of the old really fine weavers. She was supposed to be about eighty-five years old, when there occurred, in 1901, a fearful



Acorn Cache or Storage, built by Indians of the Eshorn Valley, California.

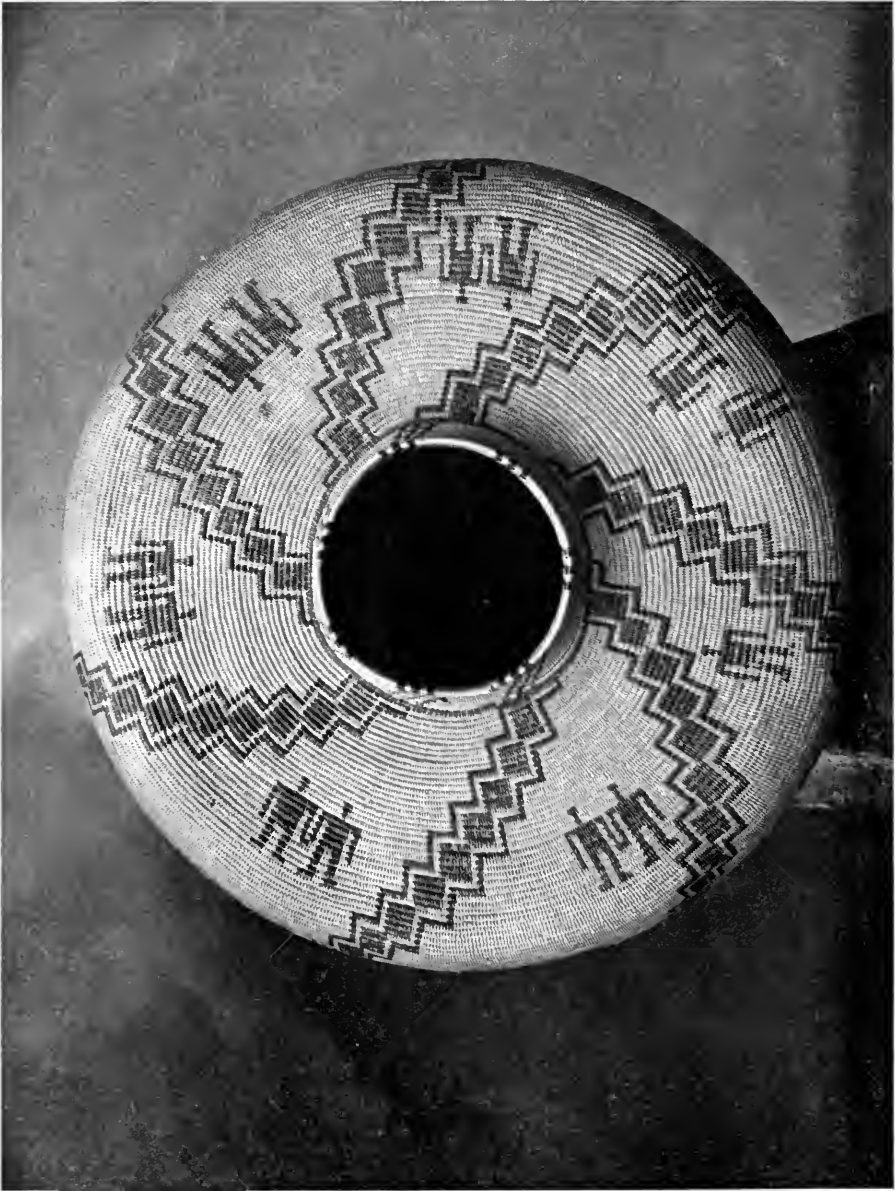
cloudburst, and she was swept away and buried in the canyon, far below the place which had been her home, where she had lived and labored so long.

The first bottle-neck and squaw cap on floor to right are the two which attracted so much attention at the World's fair, Chicago, and were made at the Tejon, as were the beautiful bowls just back and above them.

"From the Tule River," writes my brother, "we have the fine flexible work, an improvement on that of their more Northern sisters in Fresno. The women of the Tejon and adjacent tribes, however, certainly excelled all others of Southern California in their basket work. Their choice ware is much more beautifully finished and their designs much more numerous. It is in this regard that their superiority is so marked, the designs showing the influence of both North and South in their number and diversity. Old baskets have been taken from caves in the Tejon, where the bottom was Mission and the top beautiful fine Tejon. Examples have also been brought

from caves in Santa Barbara County, which were made in the Tejon, as the stitch, texture and all general appearances prove."

Many of the Indians were nomads, carrying their baskets and weaving materials with them. An example of this was given by a Mission Indian woman. She was born at San Gabriel, where she was baptised Maria Narcissa. She was brought to the Tejon while a young child of about nine years, and while very aged at the time my brother knew her still remembered much of the language and customs of her native people. Her uncle, Sebastian, was General Fremont's guide into the San Jauquin valley, thro the Tejon pass. She was not able to give much light on the general family relations, but she told how the tribes from the North used to come down to the Tejon for religious and social purposes. She related stories of great "fiestas" and dances and of gaming baskets which were used to play games of chance. The longest pilgrimages were from San Fernando,



The Celebrated Aspotolic Basket, McLeod Collection, California.



San Gabriel, San Buena Ventura, Santa Barbara and Santa Ines, from each of which many Indians came every year to the Tejon. We find unquestionable evidence of the meeting of all these tribes in their basket work.

At one time the collection numbered about five hundred baskets, principally from Kern County, but as time went on, and the wonderfully fine baskets of this section became known, and my brother was desirous of having a general collection of West Coast basketry, he began exchanging with other collectors, weeding out by selling some to buy from other localities, until now the collection numbers about three hundred and fifty.

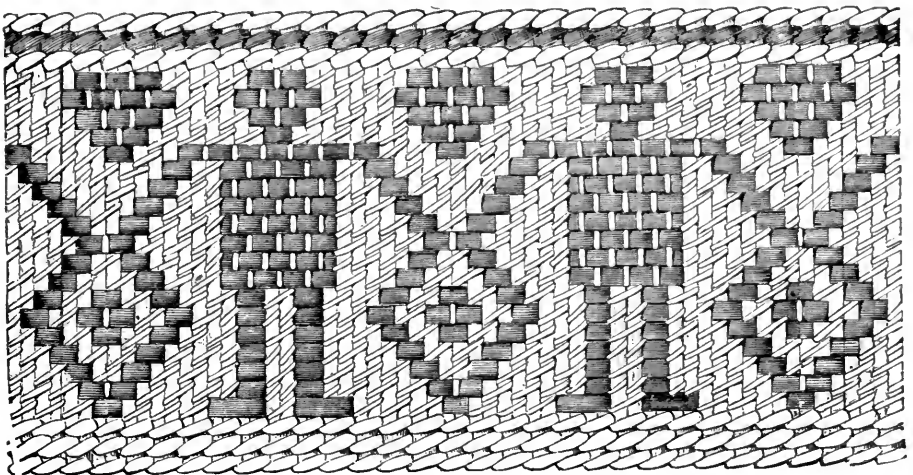
At present the whole collection is loaned to the Oakland Public Museum. It is my intention at some future time to publish a catalogue with a picture and description of each basket with much interesting data regarding them. This catalogue and collection I wish to become a perpetual memorial to my brother.

The collection as a whole is composed of what is known as "the old weave," or baskets made many years before there was a mere commercial value placed upon them, although I find there are still some very good baskets being made in this section of the State. But in nearly every case the modern work is not as fine, the materials are not so well

prepared, and many of the designs show the effects of civilization, and the tendency of the maker to incorporate into the old design new figures, or a mixing up of old designs merely for commercial purposes, that is deplorable.

It must be remembered, however, in extenuation, that it is much more difficult for the Indians nowadays to secure the materials for weaving than in the old days. The constant tramping and grazing of thousands of head of cattle and sheep in our mountains and on the plains has nearly destroyed the plants and roots on which the Indian women depend for their supply of basketry material. Long pilgrimages now have to be taken to secluded regions to find the materials necessary for the work.

It is to be hoped that those purchasing baskets from the present day weavers will encourage them to follow more closely the shapes and designs of their tutors, the older women, to take more time to prepare the splints and to produce more closely woven baskets, paying them accordingly for greater service. Let the Indians understand that coarse work is not acceptable and that the purchaser is always willing to pay a higher price for superior work. Thus the modern buyer will help to sustain the high standard of the art of the aborigines, and to push further backward the time when basketry will be called "The Lost Art of a Passing Race."




Date Growing on the Colorado River.

By George Wharton James

Author of "In and Around the Grand Canyon," "The Wonders of the Colorado Desert," etc.



T IS to be doubted whether any other country in the world possesses such marvelous adaptability for the growing of such a variety of plants, trees, shrubs, and flowers as does California. There are several reasons for this. Its soil is as rich and as varied as the needs of plant life, its topography ranges from nearly 400 feet below sea level to over 14,000 feet above, its climate runs the gamut from Saharan Desert to Alpine Snows, and it possesses inland valley, mountain height, foot-hill slope, ocean shore, and island surfaces upon which floral and arboreal growths are as wonderfully varied as anywhere in the world. The result is that one need not be surprised at anything he hears as to the possibilities of California's horticulture.

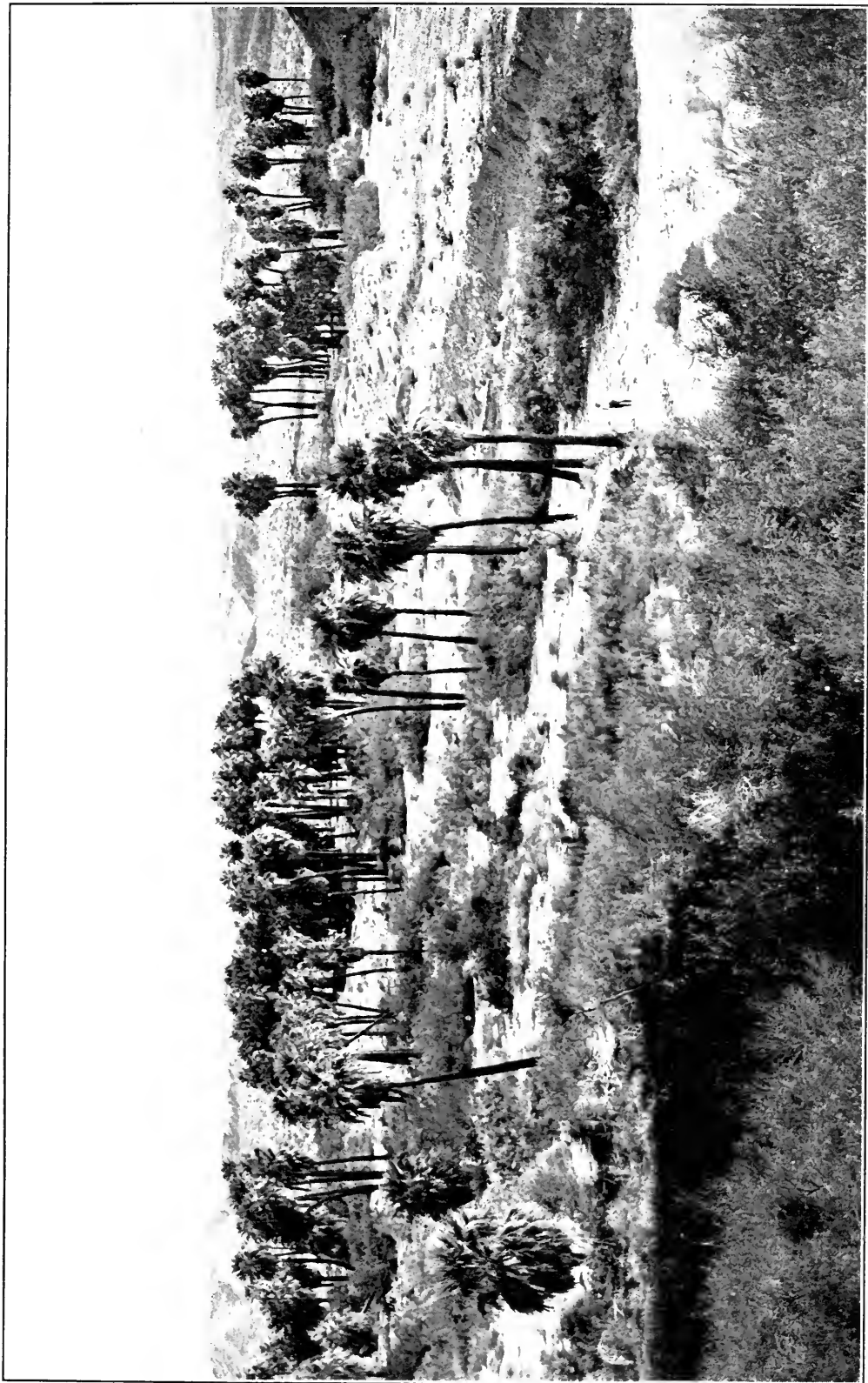
For centuries the Fan Palm, known to scientists as the *Neo-washingtonia Filifera*, has been growing profusely in the canyons and foothills of the mountains that surround the Colorado Desert in Southern California. Great clusters of fruits are annually ripened upon these palms upon which the Indians have a feast. These facts suggested to the United States Government plant-experts and experimentalists that here, under the high culture of American methods of farming, the date palm of the Persian Gulf region might be brought to the highest possible state of perfection. Accordingly, about seven years ago experimental date farms were established at Mecca on the Colorado Desert, and at Tempe in Arizona. In spite of unusual and adverse conditions the results have been eminently satisfactory.

But even more pleasing than the results obtained at the Government's experimental farms, are those achieved by an experimentalist who was neither farmer nor scientist. Six years ago last October (1911) James P. Read "took

up" 160 acres of desert land, four and a half miles northwest of Mecca in the artesian belt of the Coachella Valley. It took a year to get his well bored and the land cleared and ready for planting. Hence, nothing upon his place is more than five years old. He visited the experimental date farm and became so interested that he wrote to Dr. Walter Swingle, the head of the experimental department of plant life at Washington, D. C., and asked if he would send him a variety of date shoots, all of which he would plant, carefully tend and experiment with. Accordingly seeds of 26 different varieties of edible dates were sent to him, all of which were planted with unusual care. Nearly all of them came up and thrived abundantly, but now, after five years of experience, Mr. Read is devoting the major part of his attention to seedlings of but three varieties: namely:—the Deglet Noor, the Menakher and Talifot.

At the outset it must be understood that the date palm is diecious, some trees being male and some female, and it is essential that the growing fruit be fertilized with the pollen from the male trees. Experience has demonstrated that this can better be done artificially than by nature, which permits the digging out of the major part of the unnecessary male trees which would otherwise occupy the ground to no advantage. It is found that one male tree is capable of fertilizing the fruit of fully fifty female trees, which is about the number planted to the acre. It is impossible, however, to determine whether the palms are male or female until they are three or four years old, and already Mr. Read has dug up over a thousand male palms. In his experience the proportion of male to female trees, grown from seeds, is about sixty per cent.

The process of artificial pollination



A Group of Native Palms (*Neo-Bashingtonia filifera*) on the Colorado Desert, California.



Hon. James P. Read, the Pioneer Date Grower of the Coachella Valley (Colorado Desert) California

is very simple. The male trees pollinate as early as February. The fruit of the female trees is contained in lanceolate shaped sheathes and as soon as these sheathes split open they are ready to be pollinated. A sprig of the pollen-bearing male plant is placed inside the female sheath and tied there, and this close contact is found to produce a surer result than when the pollination is left to the simple process of nature.

It is now well known that if one will go to the trouble of planting seeds and carefully watching the growth of the plants that spring therefrom that new and improved varieties may be discovered and bred. This is one of the secrets of Luther Burbank's marvelous achievements, and already in date culture, in Mr. Read's orchard, it has given to the world the finest and best date palm known to the United States. The palm is but five years old, yet its fruit is already recognized as that of a date of exceptionally high standard. Its seeds are small, the meat of the fruit of more delicious flavor, its color and form better than that of any date known

in American commerce. When it was but three and a half years old this palm bore ninety pounds of fruit. The following year it bore nothing, having doubtless exhausted itself the year before, but this year (1912) there is every indication that it will yield from three to four hundred pounds of fruit. The palm now stands 18 feet high and is about four feet in diameter at the base.

When the fact of the development of this remarkable date from seed is better known there can be but little question that a great impetus will be given to the planting of dates in the desert regions of Southern California. Experience has demonstrated that the soil and climate are all that can be desired and while last year the temperature on Mr. Read's ranch at Thermal fell to as low as sixteen degrees, Fahr., his date palms and fruit were uninjured.

This is what Mr. Read said personally about this experience:

"The first week in January, 1912, we had the most severe frost I have ever experienced or have been able to learn about on the desert. Every morning

for about an hour for a week the temperature went down to sixteen. There never was such a severe frost on the desert. It killed all the young limbs of my fig and orange trees, but on the dates, it merely scorched the outer tips of the leaves without doing the slightest injury to either trunk or fruit."

The Arabs have a proverb that the date palm must have its feet in water and its head in the sun, consequently an essential condition to perfect growth is an abundance of water. Where this has been supplied in the Coachella and Imperial Valleys excellent dates have been the result, and there is every reason to assume that before many years have elapsed the Colorado Desert will be producing all the dates that the commerce of the United States calls for. It should be borne in mind, however, that the dates brought into the United States are of the poorest quality. None of the better classes ever reach this country, as they are all purchased by the French, English and Turks who control the oriental date orchards, and the supply being limited, they are never placed upon the general market. Even under these conditions the date growers receive twenty cents per pound on the trees for all the superior quality of dates they are able to grow.

Mr. Read's experience in the planting of dates will undoubtedly be of service to those who contemplate engaging in this branch of horticulture. He plants sixty-five palms to the acre, though he has found that the suggestion of the Government of fifty palms to the acre is more successful to grow an orchard from the seed. The rows should be six feet apart and the palms twelve feet apart in each row. Plant the seeds out at the very start instead of in a nursery. They thrive better when apart and while the unnecessary male trees have to be dug out as soon as they prove themselves, it is better to do this than plant all the seeds in a nursery and lose a full year's growth of the bearing trees by transplanting. The seeds should be planted three inches deep. A good plan to secure evenness of depth is to tie a string three inches up on an old broomstick and use that for planting.

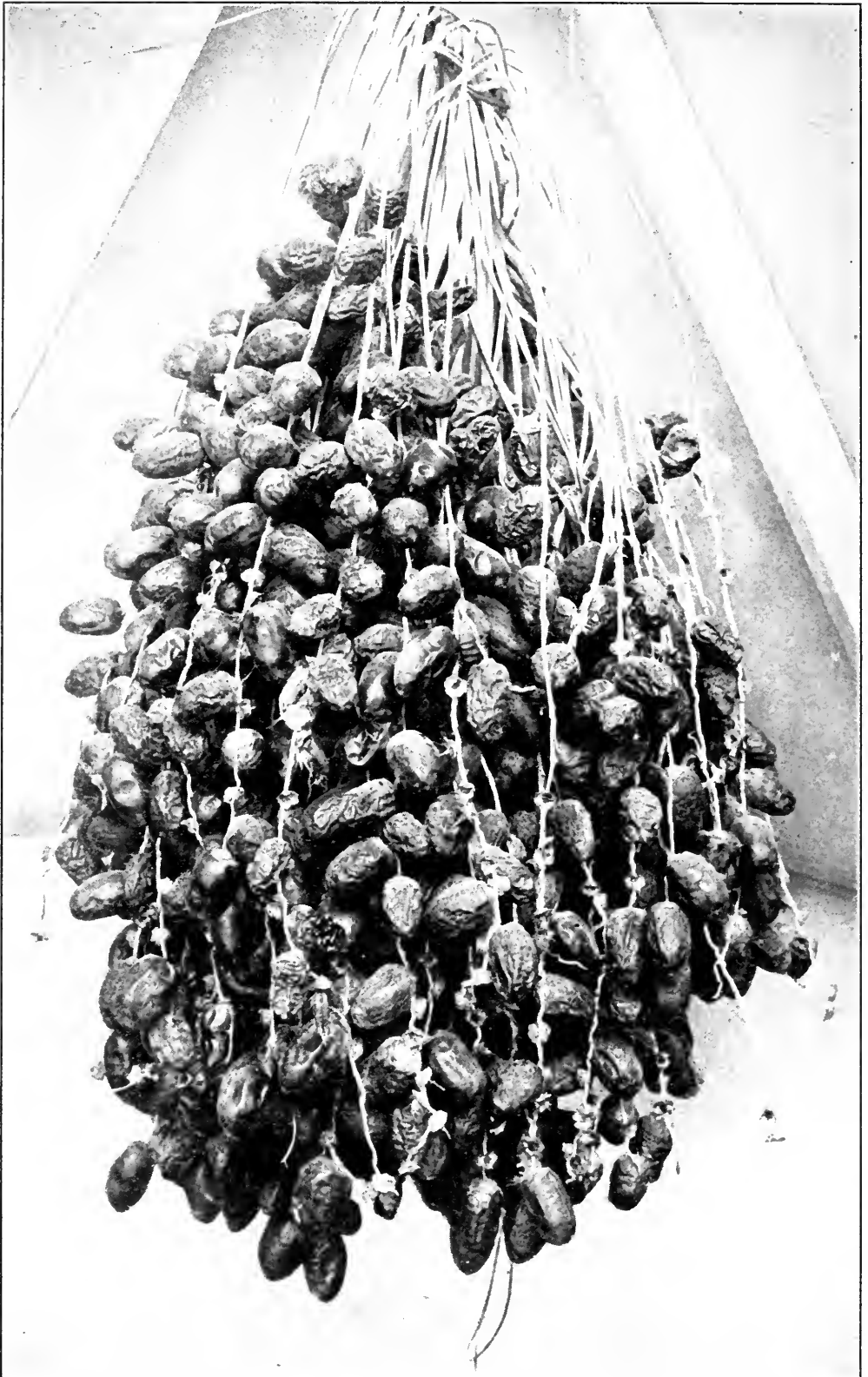
In preparing the soil for the planting of dates, it is well to fertilize it, and this fertilization should be renewed every year. The trees themselves need nitrogen and this is supplied by ordinary stable manure. When they begin to bear fruit, phosphates are required and this can be purchased in the chemical or bone mixtures. In Los Angeles, phosphate manure is supplied at about \$20 per ton. In speaking further about fertilizers Mr. Read said: "Very few people are acquainted with the value of the mesquite of the desert as a producer of fertilizer for the soil. There are two kinds of mesquite, one grows an ordinary flat bean and the other the screw bean. I have found the screw bean the most valuable. Not only is it serviceable for this purpose, but also as a windbreak. I have planted quite a number of the trees in rows within five or six feet of each other and within three years they have grown to be fifteen feet high, with a dense foliage that reaches to the ground, thereby affording adequate protection from the desert winds."

In addition to fertilization dates require plenty of irrigation.

They should be irrigated whenever they need it. It doesn't take any one very long to learn when palms need water. Cultivation should always follow irrigation and it is a safe plan for a new beginner to irrigate not less than every month.

While trees begin to bear, as shown in the case of the typical date to which I have referred, as early as three and one half years after planting, a palm is not considered mature until it is ten years old. If it is properly cared for it will improve all the time both in the quality and quantity of its fruit. After this time the older it gets the better the fruit should become, and the larger the quantity. In their native habitat trees that are one hundred years old are as strong and sturdy as trees of a decade and seem good for hundreds of years yet to come.

At from six to ten years of age a thrifty tree should bear not less than three hundred pounds of dates. Some trees will bear double that before they are ten years old, and when it is considered that our poorest dates are far superior to the best that can be bought in the



A Bunch of Dates Grown on the Colorado Desert, California.



In Palm Canyon

ordinary American markets, it can be seen that the prices always ought to be fairly good. Then, too, there is a vast difference between dates "jammed" together in the rude and dirty fashion in which ordinary dates are generally purchased, and dates that are allowed to cure on the trees, from which they are carefully removed and packed in small cartons like chocolates. People nowadays would far rather pay a good price for their foods neatly and healthily packed with assured cleanliness.

While there are many kinds of dates they may all be classified under one of the following heads:—1. Dry; 2. Semi-Dry; 3. Soft. The dates with which we are familiar are the semi-dry, and the very best of this class is the Deglet Noor. A good Deglet Noor is not only luscious and sweet, but has a nutty flavor which is the standard by which all dates are judged. But there is all the difference in the world between these dates when mashed together in the way

we generally purchase them and when allowed to ripen on the trees.

The Hawaiians grow a dry date but they are practically unknown in the United States. There are soft dates that some people like very much better than the semi-dry Deglet Noor. These are the Talifot and Menakher. An ordinary date of either of these kinds will give two good mouthfuls, and they are richer, more luscious and delicious than any other fruit. The dates of the desert generally ripen from September to December.

In speaking to Mr. Read about his experiences in date culture, he quaintly remarked:—"While I have learned a good deal, I know there is still much more to be learned. When I first began I used to ask a great many questions and paid careful attention to the answers, but experience has taught me that it is a foolish and dangerous business asking for information from those who don't know.



The World Famed Deglet Noor Date Palm, grown by James P. Read, Coachella Valley, Colorado Desert, California.

"To those who have filed upon desert land and who within three of four years expect to be able to secure water, and who desire to plant dates, I am glad to give the results of my own experiences and would suggest that time can be saved by adopting the following procedure. Get all the good date seeds you can. Put them in a gunny sack and bury the sack for ten days either in a ditch or any other place where there is an abundance of water. The seeds will thus be softening and when planted will sprout quicker. Carefully prepare the soil, fertilizing it with well-rotted barn manure, then plant the seed, three inches deep twelve inches apart in rows two feet apart. Should they remain there until they are three or four years old their roots will appear like a large onion. By this time it may be possible to detect the sex of a few, or many, of the plants and thus the males can be eliminated before they are transplanted. They practically lose a year's growth by being transplanted. Hence, if you have the ground, plant your seeds out where you expect your palms to grow. Fertilize, irrigate and cultivate as has been suggested elsewhere and there is nothing to prevent your having abundant success."

While figures may be made to tell almost any kind of a story, here are a few figures which Mr. Read or any other experienced date grower will verify. Suppose one has fifty palms to the acre, and that they are in moderate bearing, say three hundred pounds to the tree. At twenty cents a pound, that is sixty dollars per tree, or \$3,000 per acre. Cut the price in half and \$1,500 per acre is still a wonderful return, and the price of ten cents per pound for rich, delicious dates, cured on the tree, packed in neat cartons and otherwise prepared for the market, is by no means an exaggerated figure.

A few facts in the life of this pioneer date grower of California cannot fail to be interesting.

He was born in New Jersey, April 29, 1835. His parents were Irish who emigrated to this country almost immediately after their marriage. Up to his fifteenth year the growing lad was sent to school and there gained all the school education he was ever to receive,

for when the Gold Rush of 1849 came, he ran away from home, hurried to New York, succeeded in getting aboard a vessel going to the Isthmus of Panama which he crossed, and eventually landed in San Francisco. Here he spent two or three weeks and then hurried to the mines at Potts Bar of the Yuba River. Then began a roving life which lasted for several years, life itself being his stern monitor and experience his teacher. Indeed, as he himself says, he has had far more schooling since he left school than he had while he was there.

Tired at last of the roving life, he learned the carpenter's business in Butte Co., and soon had a good business—house-building, mill-building and the like. Forty-three years ago he built a quartz mill in Brown's Valley, Yuba County, and there he has occupied every position from the lowest to the highest. Prospecting for gold, however, has always been his chiefest lure, and every summer he has gone out into the mountains seeking for the precious metal.

Ever since his wife died, twenty years ago, he has felt that he has had no home, hence, when some friends who had a high opinion of his ability asked him to come down to the Colorado Desert to prospect for oil, he yielded to their persuasions and came. He has a good outfit and made a thorough search for what his friends hoped to find. He entered the desert from San Diego by way of Carrizo Creek and struck the Coachella Valley just about the time of its first boom. In spite of its desert appearance, he was attracted to the country and seemed instinctively to recognize its marvelous horticultural possibilities. He settled down, planted out his date orchard as before related and a short time ago was joined by his son who has been a sailor all his life, holding positions of trust on the steamers of the Hawaiian Company, but who has given up his sailor life in order to help his father develop this new, fascinating and poetic occupation on the desert.

In addition to grapes, apricots, figs and small vegetables, Mr. Read has sixteen acres planted in dates, and in his date nursery enough palms now ready to be transplanted for another forty acres, which will all be in place before the end of 1912.

Summer Climate of the California Mediterranean

By the Editor

TO THOSE unacquainted with the summer climate of California it reveals more wonders, perhaps, than can be found elsewhere in California's state-wide budget of wonders. Eastern tourists who find the winter months so delightful, the temperature seldom reaching anything like freezing point, naturally assume that the summer time must be so hot as to be unbearable.

In Southern California February is often a very warm month and for years I have seen Eastern visitors wipe their perspiring brows and exclaim, "If it is as warm as this now, what must it be in July and August?"

The fact is that in July and August it is probable that it will be cooler than it was in February. Naturally this statement will be eyed askance by those who are unfamiliar with its truthfulness and it will be put down as another of the stories from untrustworthy Western sources.

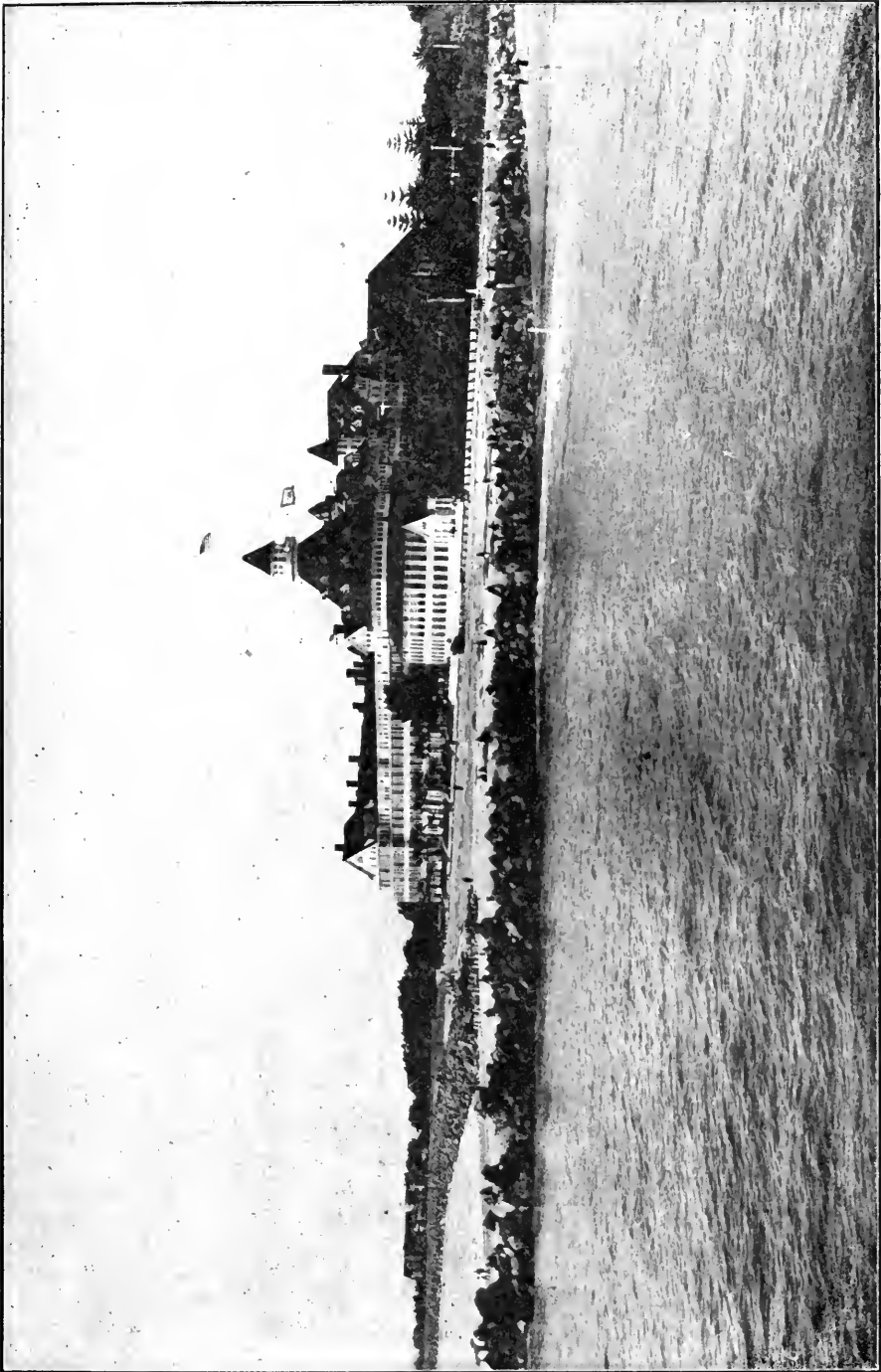
Thousands of writers have exhausted their by-no-means-limited vocabularies in extolling the virtues of California's winter climate, until the world at large has come to believe that this is all the climate it has. Never was there a greater mistake. And never did people miss what they are seeking more than those who leave California in the late spring, hoping thus to escape the summer heat which they so much dread.

California is a remarkable state. It is a much larger state than is generally understood, and the peculiar juxtaposition of high mountains, below-sea-level desert, canyons, forest, ocean and level plains within its borders or immediate vicinity, give to it a climate that cannot be compared with any other found in the known world. This is not Western boasting or "boosting." It is the simplest and baldest statement

of a fact, or series of facts, known to all scientific observers and it is my purpose here to give in brief and popular form a clear exposition of the facts of our summer climate and the reasons therefor.

Climate is the result of the combination of a variety of physical causes. Its factors are latitude, season, humidity and the local conditions of topography. It is to these local conditions of topography that California in general, and certain portions of Southern California in particular owe their remarkable and altogether incomparable climate. Sneer as one may, only the ignorant refuse to accept the facts confirmed by the prolonged residence of millions of people and the assertions of disinterested scientists and authors.

Charles Dudley Warner, in *Our Italy*, says of the summer climate of Southern California, "It is evident that here are climatic conditions novel and worthy of the most patient scientific investigation." Again, referring to the closing of the Hotel Raymond, at Pasadena, in May, Mr. Warner says:—"This is easily explained. It is not because Pasadena is not an agreeable summer residence but because the visitors are drawn there in the winter principally to escape the inclement climate of the North and East, and because special efforts have been made for their entertainment in the winter. We found the atmosphere delightful in the middle of May. The mean summer heat is 67 degrees, and the nights are always cool. The hills near by may be resorted to with the certainty of finding as decided a change as one desires in the summer season. I must repeat that the Southern California summer is not at all understood in the East. The statement of the general equability of the temperature the year through must



Hotel Del Coronado, near San Diego, California, with the surf of the Pacific thundering on one front, and the calm waters of the Bay of San Diego placidly lying on the other.

be insisted on. We lunched one day in a typical California house, in the midst of a garden of fruits, flowers and tropical shrubs; in a house that might be described as half roses and half tent, for added to the wooden structure were rooms of canvas, which are used as sleeping apartments winter and summer."

Dr. P. C. Remondino, an authority on climate and its effect on health says, speaking of the equable summer climate of Southern California:—"Add to these reflections that you run no gauntlet of diseases to undermine or deteriorate the organism; that in this climate childhood finds an escape from those diseases which are the terror of mothers, and against which physicians are helpless, as we have here none of those affections of the first three years of life so prevalent during the summer months in the East and the rest of the United States. Then, again, the chance of gastric or intestinal disease is almost incredibly small. This immunity extends through every age of life."

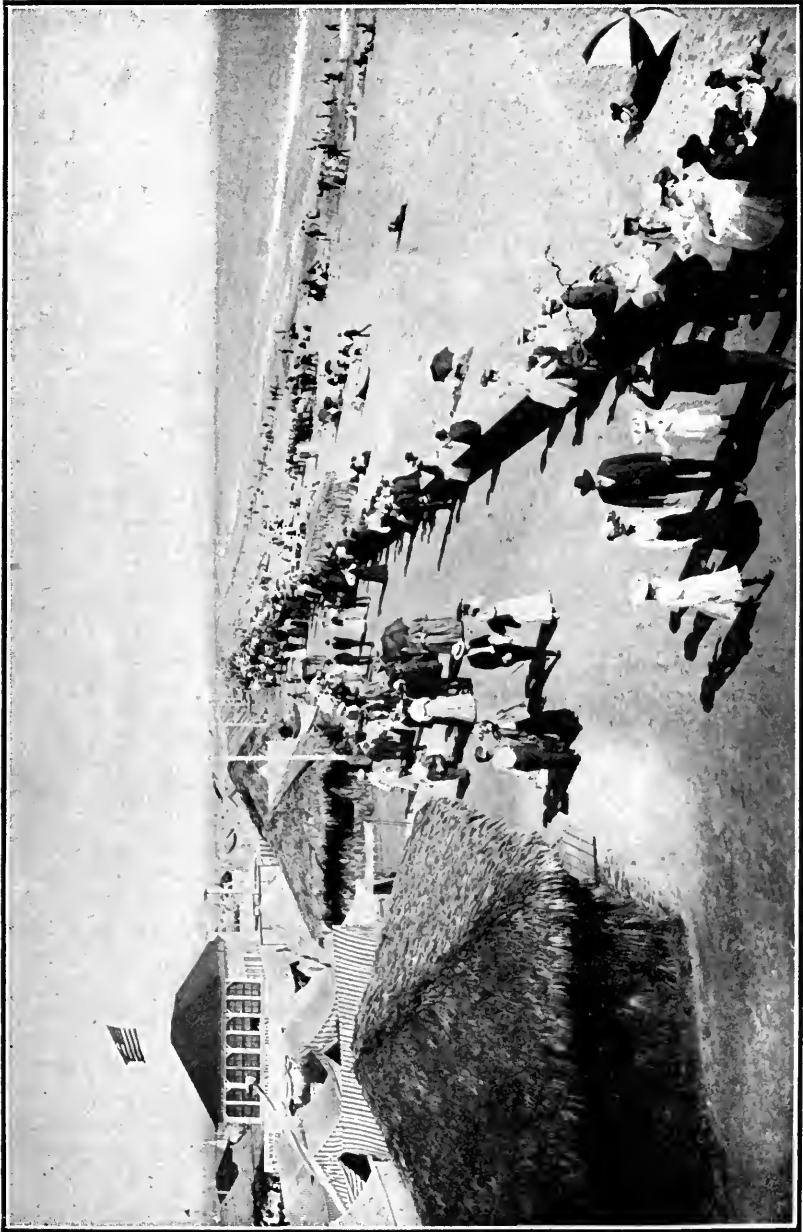
Years ago (1874) Major Ben C. Truman, then a special Post Office Inspector, wrote: "During the warm season, or summer months, from May to October, inclusive, the mercury seldom rises above 90 degrees, the average being from 60 to 70 degrees. This heat is tempered by cooling winds from the ocean between meridian and sunset, and by breezes from the mountain gaps during the night."

Elsewhere he says: "If the eastern invalids—those who go to Cuba and Florida in the winter, to return to their homes in the spring, to die; or who make long and tedious voyages to the Mediterranean Sea, merely to coquette with death—could only be made acquainted with the remarkable climate of Los Angeles, its charming equability and rare healthfulness, how many, many hundreds of lives might be spared yearly, and how many delicate constitutions might be made strong forever." And once again: "Now and then, as if to remind one of the sweltering atmosphere in which the inhabitants of less favored climes are panting and perspiring, a warm day pays a flying visit to Los Angeles. They are so rare, however,

as to be more welcome by way of contrast and reminder of the almost uniform delightful character of the climate, than otherwise. I asked a friend the other day, whose way of life has led him, in the service of the United States Government, from post to post, over half of the habitable globe, how he was getting along. 'Ah!' said he, 'I am just simply luxuriating in your delightful climate. It is so pleasant that I shall forgo business for a day or two, that I may enjoy it fully.' The poet Bryant never wrote anything finer than his apostrophe to the west wind, commencing '*Spirit that breathes through my lattice.*'

Every day, almost without exception, that same evening wind, laden with suggestions of spice islands in the far Cathay, and moist with the spray of the western sea, comes up, with healing on its wings, and brings a blessing with it. The fevered brow of the invalid, and the dripping forehead of the laborer, alike feel its beneficent influences, and I do not believe there is one of them all who would exchange places with the denizens of any other, even of the most favored land."

Major Wm. McPherson, a wide traveler and careful observer, says: "An examination of the books of Blodget, Loomis and Herschal, will show that no other portion of the country has a climate so favorable, from January to December, to animal life as that belt of country between the Coast Range mountains—commencing at Santa Barbara—and ending at San Diego in the middle of which lies Los Angeles, with her sea-belt of ninety miles, from twenty-five to fifty miles in width. 'No nation bred in an arctic or torrid climate has ever become prominent in science, art or literature. In an intensely cold climate, the open air is avoided, and the people shut themselves up in close, unventilated houses, breathe infected air, and neglect to keep the pores open. Such life is the hot-bed of pulmonary diseases.' In the States, like those along the Atlantic slope, the Middle States and the Gulf States, where the summer is so oppressive, the people avoid exertion, 'the muscular system is not developed, and the body has not proper reserve of force to overcome an



The Tent City at Coronado, where those of moderate means may enjoy to the full the delights and blessings of the God-given summer climate of Southern California.

exceptional disturbance of its functions.' ”

Major Truman also quotes a writer in the Chicago Tribune who says: “I have slept four hundred nights in Los Angeles, and have not seen or heard a mosquito in my room. The covering every night, on my bed, has been a sheet, a double blanket, and a spread. In a few instances, in summer, I have thrown off the spread on account of warmth; but in no case, in winter, have I required extra covering. I think there has not been an evening, during this time, when a fire was absolutely necessary to one's comfort, although many times it might contribute to the comfort of persons of thin blood. I have worn my flannels, summer and winter alike, occasionally putting on my linen coat—the amount or kind of wearing apparel making but little difference in December or June.”

As early as 1846 General Emory who came with Kearny's “Army of the West” to seize California from the Mexicans, was struck with the perfection of the summer climate. He wrote “The winds from the southwest in winter and northwest in summer produce a great uniformity of temperature, and the climate is, perhaps, unsurpassed for salubrity.”

General Greely, chief signal officer of the United States, in an exhaustive article (in Scribner's Magazine, April, 1888,) on summer climates, after enumerating the requisites for the best, moderate temperatures, balmy breezes, and cool nights, says: “There is possibly one place in the United States where such conditions obtain, a bit of country of about forty square miles at the extreme southwestern part of the United States, in which San Diego is situated; but even here, perhaps, once in two or three years, the sultry blasts of the Mohave Desert pass over the low mountain range and parch this favored district.”

Professor Louis Agassiz, when on the shores of San Diego Bay, remarked, “I have seen many parts of the world. This is one of the favored spots of the earth, and people will come to you from all quarters to live in your genial and healthful atmosphere.”

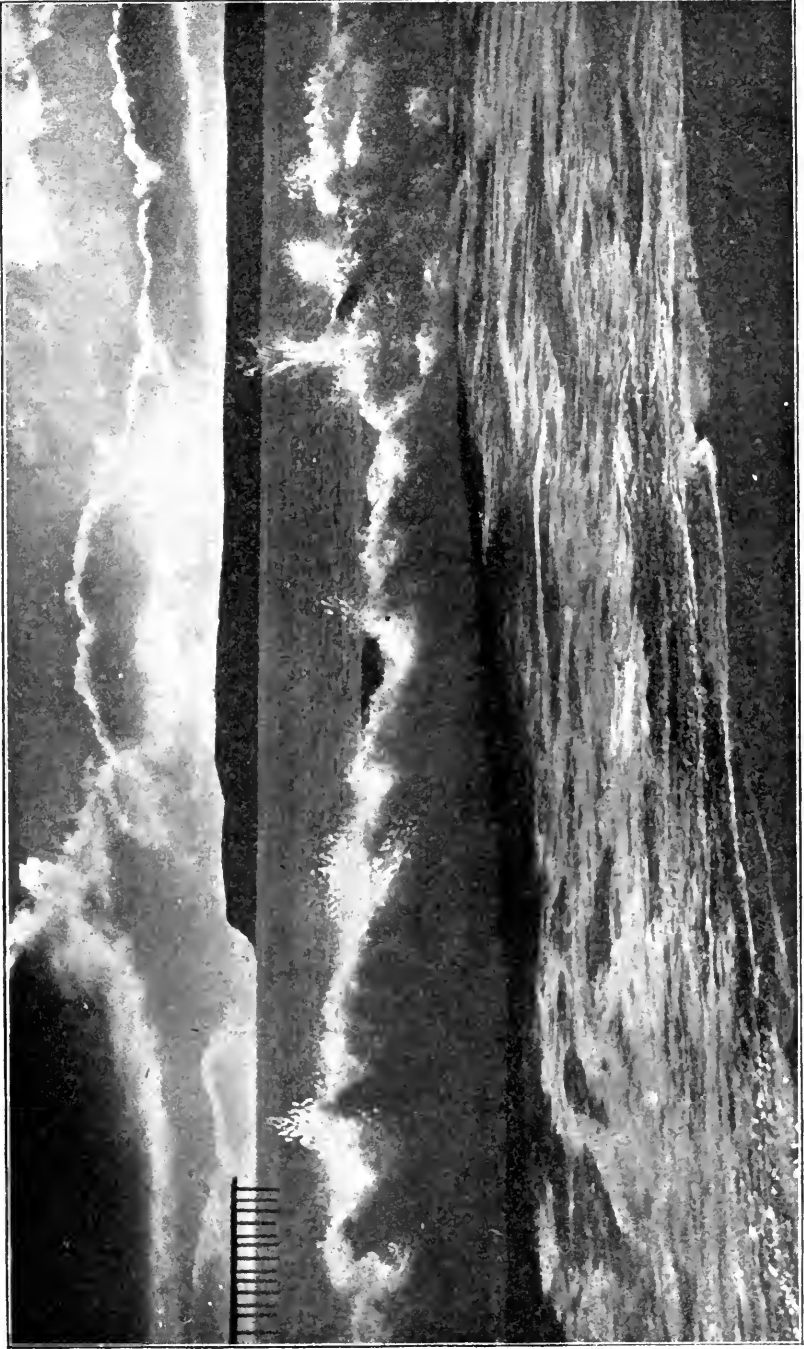
One of the best informed writers on Southern California is T. S. Van Dyke,

and of the summer climate he thus writes: “A comfortable summer in a latitude so low and with such warm winters is the last thing that strangers expect, yet it is the greatest surprise to those that venture to remain. But when one reflects for a moment it can easily be seen how a land so dry must be quite free from malaria; how a dry air must make cool nights, and be less oppressive by day—keeping the skin dry; how a breeze from the sea must always follow the rising of the sun; and how that breeze reaching the trade-wind cooled by the edge of the current from Behring's Straits must, on the coast, at least, be cool.

“By the sea the difference between the mid-day temperatures of winter and summer is hardly above ten degrees, and in the interior little if any above fifteen. At San Diego there have been but forty-one days in eight years when the mercury passed eighty-five degrees, but twenty-two when it passed ninety degrees, but four when it passed ninety-five degrees, and but one when it passed one hundred degrees—one hundred and one being the highest.

“In the interior any given day will be warmer at mid-day than on the coast, though cooler at night. Yet the number of days in summer even there when the mercury does not pass seventy-five degrees would surprise any one. At Oakwood, U. S. Signal Station, fourteen miles from the coast and only seven hundred and seventy feet above the sea, the thermometer in five years reached one hundred degrees but twenty-three times, and ninety-five degrees but twenty-nine times (exclusive of the other twenty-three at one hundred degrees.) This fairly represents the heat of the interior, there being of course places where it is greater, and others where it is less.”

Further on he says: “The difference between extremely hot weather here and in the East may be summed up as follows: There is nothing especially amusing about it in either place. Here, the temperature is higher, yet it produces no sunstroke or*hydrophobia; and no bowel complaints either among children or adults. There, one who has nothing to do but seek comfort often fails to



The summer surf at Hotel Del Coronado with Point Loma in the distance. Here are located the Theosophical Headquarters chosen as the site by Madame Tingley after a consideration of all the most favored spots in the world.

find it; a heavy house once heated through is worse than out of doors; even at the sea-coast it may be as sweltering as it is inland. Here one may always find comfort at the coast; and inland too, if under a tree, or on the shady side of a house where there is a breeze, or inside of heavy houses of adobe or stone which have been kept open at night."

From the summit of Mount Cuyamaca, near San Diego, he thus describes the cause of the delightful summer climate of Southern California, the great glory of the California summer. "It is passing us here, a gentle breeze of six or eight miles an hour. It is flowing over this great ridge directly into the immense basin of the Colorado desert, six thousand feet deep, where the temperature is probably one hundred and twenty degrees, and perhaps higher. For many leagues on either side of us this current is thus flowing at the same speed, and is probably half a mile or more in depth. About sundown when the air over the desert cools and descends, the current

will change and come the other way and flood these western slopes with an air as pure as that of the Sahara, and nearly as dry. The air heated on the western slopes by the sun would by rising produce considerable suction, which could be filled only from the sea; but that alone would not make the sea-breeze as dry as it is. The principal suction is caused by the rising of heated air from the great desert. This cannot flow over eastward, because a still greater volume equally hot is rising from the fiery furnace of Arizona; nor on the north, for there lies the greater desert of the Mohave. Some, doubtless, goes over the Gulf of California, but that is quite narrow, and is already overworked with cooling off the heated air from Sonora and the eastern slopes of the mountains of Lower California. The greater part must flow over in a high stratum upon the west, that being the coolest place surrounding it. It soon reaches the ocean, and once over that its course is easy to determine. It



Sea Bathing for all at the Tent City, near Hotel Del Coronado, California



Summer Automobiling to and from Hotel Del Coronado, California.

is quickly cooled off, and descends to be carried back again by the suction produced by the air rising from the desert and on the western slopes of the country. Hence, instead of being a wind born of the sea, the sea-breeze is here a mere undertow, a vast returning wave of air, most of which, in its circuit, reaches the desert and mingles with its dry breath. The lowest stratum is, of course, moistened somewhat by its contact with the sea; but after passing a few miles overland, this is mingled with the stratum above and there is no more moisture left than comfort and vegetation require. The reversal of this breeze at night, when the air over the desert cools faster than that on the western slopes on account of more rapid radiation thru drier air, is alone sufficient to show its cause by day. But it is still farther shown at times by the smoke of chaparral fires which goes eastward more and more slowly as it rises, finally comes to a standstill at about a mile and a half high, and then what little is

left of it begins to move westward again; though one must be on a high mountain to see this latter feature. And on the top of San Gorgonio one can feel it setting westward, while in the canyons six thousand feet below it is blowing eastward."

It is to such climatic conditions as those above described that Southern California owes its wonderful resort hotels, of which the Hotel Del Coronado, near San Diego, is one of the most world-famed. It has maintained its supremacy and unvarying popularity thru twenty-five years and under its present management ranks higher than ever. Built on the Coronado peninsula, with the surf of the Pacific thundering on one front, and the calm waters of the Bay of San Diego placidly lying on the other, it affords all the comforts and luxuries of a palatial modern caravansary with the climatic advantages of which too much cannot be said.

Its patrons indulge in deep sea and bay fishing, yachting, boating, tennis,



Summer Polo Games at Hotel Del Coronado, California



The atmosphere is so steady that the Bay of San Diego, near Hotel Del Coronado, has been chosen for the most important School of Aviation in America.

automobiling and polo, practically *every day in the year*, summer as well as winter.

From the foregoing it may be assumed that the summer climate of Southern California may be taken advantage of only by the rich. Never was there a greater mistake. People of every class are advantaged by this glorious salubrity. Laborers of every class, whether their work be indoors or out, are the direct beneficiaries of a delightful climate in which they can work all through the summer without the exhaustion that comes with humid heat. Nor is there any danger of the summer complaints which are almost universal in hot, humid climates. Fever and ague are unknown and there has not been a case per year recorded of sun-stroke in the past fifty years.

The summer complaints of the children of the poor are almost unknown

here and this has a direct reflex action upon the father and mother who have to work inasmuch as it relieves them of the worry and physical and nervous exhaustion that necessarily accompany attendance upon the sick. And the unanimous testimony of hundreds of workmen with whom I have conversed upon this subject is that while at first they thought the summer climate of Southern California would be enervating, their long continued experience has demonstrated that the more they have become accustomed to it, the more it seemed to stimulate and invigorate them.

*Since this was written it is only just to state that there have been a few supposed cases of hydrophobia in California, but as the experts have differed as to whether the cases were true rabies or not the layman is still entitled to believe the country free from this danger if he so chooses.—*Editor*

The Diver

*Oh Diver, searching emerald deeps for haunts
Where Neptune guards his store of precious pearl;
One snapping of the cords, which bear from founts
Above, the earth's sweet air—thy life would furl
As sleeping flower, with such a sleep as naught
Could wake. The sea-weed, o'er thy sandy couch
Would weave thy pall, and never mermaid, caught
By sudden glance, could rouse thee with her touch.*

*Oh, soul, my soul, who diveth in life's sea,
Among the rocks, amidst the trackless deeps,
In search of treasure for the King; with thee
It is the breath from God's high sphere that keeps
Thy life aglow. Break not the unseen ties
Which bind thee to thy source. Breathe in this air,
Till thou are filled complete. Then wilt thou rise
Above the waves unto God's regions fair.*



SAN PEDRO HARBOR

A California Commercial Wonder
and what the Experts say
about it —

By Jess E Stephens
Sec. Chamber of Commerce

CALIFORNIA the magic wonderland, has passed through three distinct stages since the white man first made his advent upon its shores, and these might roughly be classed as the Mission age, the Tourist age and the Commercial age. During the first of these California was only the far away mysterious land of the padres and romance; then with better transportation facilities came the tourists and the fame of the Golden West as an ideal residential place and winter resort was spread abroad. Now comes the commercial opportunities idly waiting for the onward march of business to make use of them. One of the greatest of these is the wonderful

port of San Pedro, now Los Angeles Harbor.

It is situated within the limits of the City of Los Angeles about 23 miles directly south of the center of the main city. It is a little less than 500 miles south of San Francisco and a little more than 100 miles north of the Mexican boundary, the only harbor in 600 miles of sea coast.

The location of the harbor itself and the manner in which it has been protected by nature are unique. On the south, about 18 miles out to sea lies Catalina Island, a long, mountainous piece of land, as a sort of advance guard to break the force of any severe storms that might threaten from that direction. Just west of the harbor



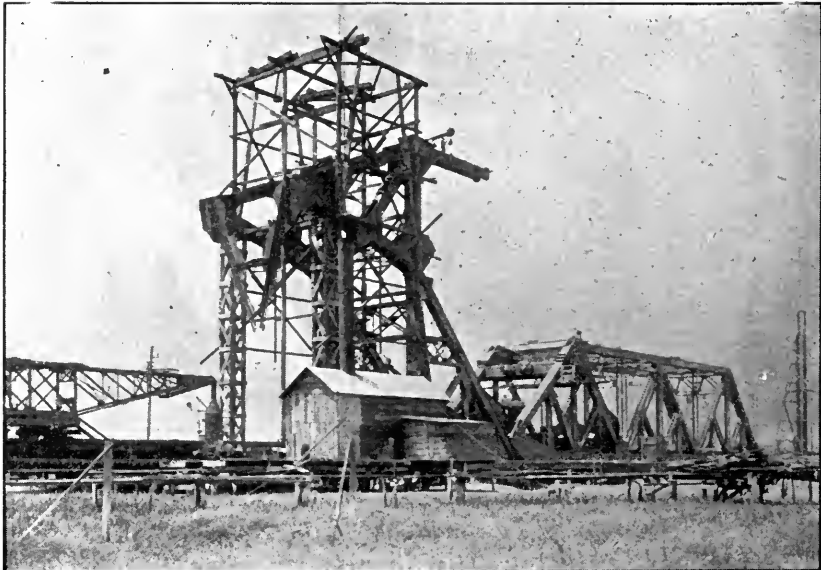
Unloading Lumber—the Business of the wharves 365 Days a Year



Sixth Street—Looking East from Palos Verdes Street

is the huge form of the Palos Verde hill, 1500 feet high, warding off winds and fogs. Just East of this hill and within its protecting influence the shoreline makes a sharp turn inward, making a large natural bay, opening broadly to the southward and extending northerly in a long arm of the sea far back into an almost unlimited level country. Obviously only two things were necessary to complete the harbor and make it well nigh perfect—to close the wide

opening to the south and increase the size of the harbor by dredging inside. Both of these things have been done in the manner that only our own Uncle Sam can do when he takes hold and means business. At the point where the shore line turns inward the United States Government has built the greatest breakwater in the world. It is over 2 miles in length and took 15 years and about \$3,000,000 to build. It is from 122 to 194 feet wide at its base and



Southern Pacific Drawbridge Under Construction



View of Beacon Street from Sixth—Looking North

extends 14 feet above low water—which means that this great wall in some places reaches a height of over 80 feet.

Immediately within the protection of this giant arm is an anchorage of over 600 acres with varying depths of from 20 to 70 feet of water at low tide, where numberless vessels can ride at anchor as quietly as on a pond. All of this anchorage is provided with first class holding ground. There is no shifting sand or silt deposit and the depth can be maintained without constant dredging. In the outer harbor alone are more than 5 miles of frontage.

To supplant this millions of dollars have been spent by the government and by private interests in dredging and other work so that channels have been extended for a distance of nearly 5 miles inland and the work is constantly going on until now there is a frontage along the harbor lines of more than 16 miles.

One of the great advantages of the harbor is its remarkably easy entrance. Four thousand feet is the width of its generous doorway, 2200 feet of which is the deepest water, where ships may swing around the end of the breakwater in from 30 to 70 feet of depth in any kind of weather, even in the heaviest storms known here and find a safe haven. When it is remembered that the entrance to London's great harbor is only 1400 feet and New York 2000 feet it will be seen that ours is equal to the best.

These are some of the physical advantages of this harbor which is now attracting the attention of the shipping world. But there are many more. Not the least of these are her climatic conditions. Located in the heart of beautiful Southern California where severe storms, thick blanket fogs, ice, blizzards and typhoons are unknown, there is never a time in the entire year when business is interfered with. The harbor is now included within the limits of the great city of Los Angeles and therefore has the backing of her powerful credit, and the untiring energy of her big men; and this

insures low wharf and dockage rates, and independent control of the public wharves and docks, and in fact a competent and independent management of all matters pertaining to the harbor.

We have the advantage of 3 transcontinental railways, the Southern Pacific, Salt Lake and Santa Fe, all traversing distinctly different and widely separated territory, in addition to the local system of the Pacific Electric which forms a perfect network of rails connecting most of the important towns and cities of Southern California. The harbor now enjoys the great advantage of terminal rates from all Eastern points, this victory, recently gained, having done away with one of the great drawbacks heretofore imposed upon the port by the railways.

This harbor has often been called the outlet for the entire Southwest and a comparison of distances will give an idea of how far inland our legitimate territory extends. One would not think, for instance, that this includes territory as far as Butte, Montana. Yet the figures show that freight coming from the Panama Canal and passing through San Pedro would have to travel 1250 miles from Los Angeles to Seattle plus 783 miles to Butte, while the distance in passing through San Pedro would be 1215 miles by rail to Butte or a saving of 800 miles. In the same way 350 miles would be gained by going through this port instead of San Francisco. The distance from Los Angeles to Salt Lake is 41 miles less than from San Francisco to the same place, so that freight coming through the canal bound for Salt Lake will go through this port instead of San Francisco because it will save the 358 miles trip up the coast plus the 41 mile extra distance from the Northern port, or a saving of 400 miles. The Salt Lake Railway magazine "The Arrowhead," states that when the Panama Canal is completed Salt Lake City, a thousand miles inland, will be able to ship freight from New York via Los

Angeles harbor at a saving of \$14 per ton. From these figures it will be seen that our territory includes Montana, Utah, Idaho, Colorado, Southern Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, part of Texas and of course all of Southern California. When the Canal is completed we shall be brought several thousand miles nearer to New York and the entire East. It has been reliably stated that the rate on freight from Los Angeles to New York shall then average about \$6 per ton. Compared with the present rate of \$23 per ton on oranges this rate is revolutionary. With the vessels that will come through the canal we shall be brought within 12 days of New York with these cheap rates. With our markets thus near at hand and all the vast southwest as our clientele, the volume of business passing over our wharves must be tremendous.

We must also remember that we not only have the trade of our own people as a field, but that of the entire Orient, to which we are the gateway. The great Circle Route, which is the pathway of all vessels traveling from the Pacific port of the Panama Canal to the great Oriental ports, is within 70 miles of our harbor, while it is 160 miles or more than twice as far from San Francisco. In other words we are the nearest California port to vessels on their way to trade with 600,000,000 people in the Orient. Truly there is no limit to the possibilities of this favored locality.

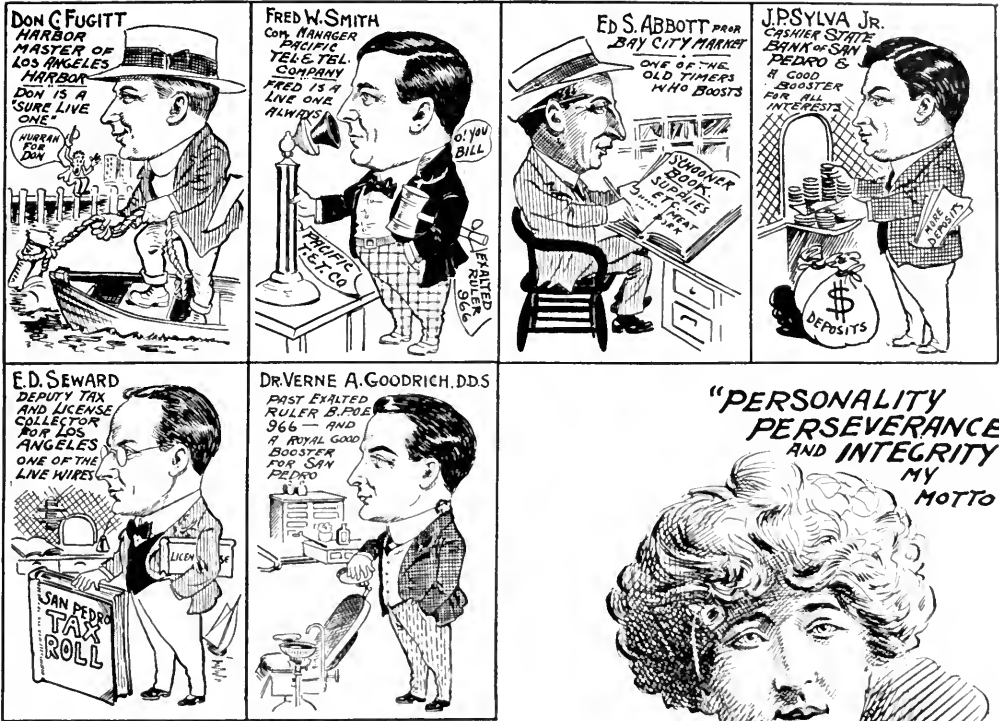
While the greatness of this harbor is just now dawning upon the whole country, do not think that it is entirely a thing of the future. Some monumental business has been going on here for a long time but so quietly that it is now being far outshone by the brilliance of the future

as it appears over the horizon. For instance, the lumber business has been steadily growing until now we have become the largest lumber port in the world with more than 600,000,000 feet of lumber passing over our wharves in the past year. The local fishing industry, including several canneries, as well as the business of shipping fresh fish, has grown to immense proportions. The Union Oil Co. has spent a million dollars and is still working, reclaiming nearly a quarter section of land. Nearby the City has just begun the expenditure of \$2,000,000. Adjoining the City's property is that of the Southern Pacific Railway Co. where that corporation some time ago dredged the largest slip in the world, 2100 feet long, at a cost of \$750,000. Across the channel from this the Pacific Wharf and Storage Co. is building modern docks and warehouses and spending a sum approaching the million mark. Some of the large freight lines that have recently made this a port of call are the Pacific Mail, the American-Hawaiian and the California-Atlantic, while we had already become used to seeing in port the elegant passenger vessels of the Pacific Navigation Co., the Pacific Coast Steamship Co., the San Francisco-Portland Steamship Co. and others. So we are becoming familiar with dealing in large terms and are actually opening out our arms to that enemy of political mankind, "Big Business."

There are other things here of which San Pedro could boast if space permitted—her excellent school system, her churches, her homes, her clubs. For those seeking recreation there is perfect yachting. Here the South Coast Yacht Club has its home, and from here the



The \$40,000 Elks' Home at San Pedro



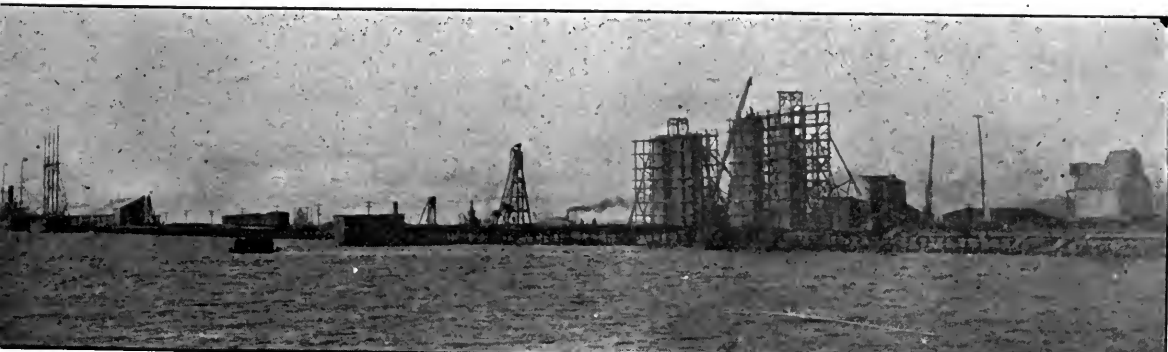
Some of San Pedro's Live Wires

great Honolulu Yacht race starts each year. There is motor boating, represented by a large club. There is fishing, in the channel between here and Catalina, the world famous tuna and other game fish furnishing ideal sport. There is the best bathing on this or any coast.

But to go back to business, here is what Ernest P. Goodrich, the world's foremost harbor expert said after a careful examination of this harbor: "Between now and 1950 Los Angeles will have a population of 2,880,000 and its commerce will amount to \$62,000,000 annually. Its manufactures will aggregate \$1,000,000,000. To attain the greatest efficiency from its harbor it will have spent \$215,000,000 in development. The harbor will have 82 miles of water front and will handle 150 tons per lineal foot each year. The Huntington Concession alone, in



a short time, will far surpass in efficiency the renowned Bush terminals of New York." Are not these startling predictions from such a source?



Partial View of Concrete Wharves on Miner Fill



SOME OF SAN PEDRO'S BOOSTERS

The Historic Elements of California Literature

By George Wharton James, Litt. D.

*This is the second article in a series by the Editor dealing with California Literature. The first article appeared in the June issue of **OUT WEST** and was entitled, "The Spirit of California Literature." When completed the series will afford a historic and analytical survey of the subject never before attempted and will be of great value to students and lovers of California.*

IN LAST MONTH'S *Out West* I discussed the Spirit of California Literature. In this issue I propose to suggest somewhat how it came into existence. A cursory glance at the remarkable history of California, better than any other way, will give partial explanation, at least, of this remarkable spirit.

It has been claimed that New England, the South, Indiana, and other portions of the United States have a literature as distinctive, even more so, than that of California and the Great West. I do not believe this claim can be maintained; in fact I am convinced that it cannot to the same degree that a distinctive claim can be maintained for the literature of California. Save for its revolt against old English standards, led by such men as Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Edward Everett Hale, Oliver Wendell Holmes and Ralph Waldo Emerson, there is little in New England literature that might not have been written in old England or Germany. "The Village Blacksmith" was never associated in my mind with America until I learned that its author was an American, and so with "Thanatopsis," "Snow Bound," "Lines to A Water-Fowl," and a thousand, nay possibly a hundred thousand pages of the writings of New England's most distinguished authors.

Much of the literature of the South, on the other hand, contains the negro element enough to distinguish and differentiate it, and there is also the proslavery theme upon which endless variations are played, from State's Rights to the Divine Right to lown slaves. These elements give us a pure Southern

literature, but while Sidney Lanier wrote in the South, and wrote marvelously, much of what he wrote might have come from an Oxford professor or a Cambridge poet, so little is there in it to differentiate it from ordinary English writing of a high type.

So, too, might one class the main part of the literature of Indiana. Granted that there is always a large and fertile school of writers in that State, the only distinctive notes are those of James Whitecomb Riley, Bill Nye and George Ade. Monsieur Beaucaire and other writings of the same author, light, airy and attractive, tho they be, find their counterpart in the literature of France, Spain, Italy, and even England. Riley's peculiar dialectic poems, Nye's broad humor and Ade's intensified slang are strikingly individualistic enough to differentiate a literature, and found a school, but take away those three men and there is nothing in the work of Indiana writers to call for any other than the ordinary classifications.

But in dealing with California literature,—remembering what I have already affirmed, viz; that by "California" I mean the large, big, vast West, including all the Pacific Coast and Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona and New Mexico—one finds so many differentiating and distinguishing elements that only wilful obstinacy, or preverse blindness can allow one to ignore its claims to personal individuality. And it is to California's remarkable and rapidly changing history that much of this individuality is due; hence the heading to this and one or more succeeding chapters in this series.

The California of the United States

is a comparatively young country. It came into the Union practically sixty years ago. The whole of its known history extends back only to Cabrillo in 1542, three hundred and seventy years. To the Hebrews, the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Japanese, this is mere babyhood. We count our years in hundreds where they count in thousands, or more. Yet in these few brief years California has had a marvellous and varied history, all of which has left its strong impress upon its literature.

Prior to Cabrillo California was the home of the Indian. Powers states that there is every reason to believe that a century ago there were 700,000 Indians occupying the fertile valleys, foothills, mountain meadows and islands of California.

These Indians in the valleys, were largely a pastoral people, peaceful, somewhat indolent, but well versed in certain arts, such as basketry, the dressing of buckskin, etc. Evidence of the astonishing development they attained in the former art is presented in another article in this issue, with illustrations, upon the E. L. McLeod Collection of Baskets, mainly gathered from the region of the Kern River. This basketry is equal in form, weave, fineness of stitch, careful choice of material, exquisite shading of color, astonishing fertility and individuality of design and accuracy in execution to any basketry of the known world, and when one knows the symbolism of the designs it reveals a people full of sentiment, mythological feeling, historic or racial fidelity and religious aspiration.

The Indians of the mountains were also excellent weavers, but they added a fearlessness and warlikeness not generally possessed by their brothers of the valleys and plains.

But it is in his simple spiritual life that the Indian can teach us many remarkable and wonderful things. For instance, he gives us grandeur of outlook. He lives out-of-doors—on the plains, in the forests, in the canyons, on the mountains. He has great, grand, wide outlooks. He sees far. He trains his eyes to see into vasty distances. He knows all about the sunrises, and sunsets, the clouds, the rising and fall-

ing of storms, the rising and setting of the stars. His mental vision also is enlarged because he sees far, he feels far. He knows the solemn mystery of vast distance, of a solitude and sweep he cannot fathom.

He is full of a poetry that is the result of his constant and deep communion with Nature. It is not so much a poetry of words, as one of feeling and life. Occasionally when he seeks for verbal expression he becomes wonderfully gifted, and the speeches of Indian orators that have been recorded are by no means exaggerations of the universal thought of most Indians.

The aborigines are the original Californians. How long they have been here our scientific experts have not yet determined, but we do know that they were found here by the earliest explorers.

And to a far greater extent than most people are aware they have affected our literature and our civilization.

Without the Indian there would have been no Mission epoch, the development of no Franciscan Mission architecture, no literature upon the work of the padres, no Mission Play, no novels of the "Ramona" type. Yet Ramona made as great an impression upon American literature as, possibly, any novel yet written by an American.

But even directly the Indian has influenced our literature. He, himself, is a literature-creator, and, as an inventor of literary power we owe him our grateful allegiance and thanks.

It is not necessary that literature be written to exist. Homer's great epic was not put into written form until centuries after the blind bard left the earth. The songs of the Troubadours are as truly literature as the works of Virgil or Horace, yet they were not written, possibly, until long centuries after they were first sung. The Indians have their traditions, their myths, their legends, their folk-lore stories. Some of these show an inventive genius greater than that of any of our modern makers of literature. The latter have the models of all ages and all countries to guide them; the products of the master minds of the past act as stimulants to them, but the Indians were pioneers and inventors in this field. They had

nothing but the original sources of inspiration to help them. Nature alone was their teacher. Hence their stories have that simple, childlike directness and inconsequence, that refusal to be tied to logical order, and that introduction of the incongruous that we look for in the mental inventions of our own children.

Thousands of the stories of the Indians that might have enriched our literature have been lost through our own culpable ignorance, carelessness and indifference. The Indian rhapsodists are fast passing away in California as elsewhere, and only here and there have a few of their legends been preserved. Those that we have reveal them as a very different people from what many of our writers have believed and taught. The popular but ignorant conception of the California Indian is that he was degraded beyond even the average of Indian degradation.

This characterization of the Indian is effective and striking, but it is false. A far clearer and truer presentation of the real Indian of California is given by Jeremiah Curtin in his "Creation Myths of North America," a book which deals entirely with the creation stories of the Indians of the Northern portion of California, and from which in a subsequent article I shall quote.

In a later chapter I shall also give a full presentation of specimens of Indian literature, thus offering to our readers a taste, at least, of this rich element of originality and power in our peculiar civilization.

The simple pastoral life of the California Indian was little affected by the first coming of the white man. Cabrillo's entrance into the harbor that was afterwards named after the patron saint of Spain, San Diego, produced little change upon the life of the primitive inhabitants, but, necessarily, it was the keynote to the complete disappearance of their civilization. The epoch of discovery extended, practically, less than two hundred years, and this epoch has more or less colored our literature and shaped its spirit.

Then came the changeful epoch of Franciscan Missionization. This was an upheaving time. The meeting of

the two elements was far more fateful than any of its participants conceived. The religious teaching of the Franciscans and their system of civilizing their dusky charges completely changed California and left an impress upon our literature, inspired it with a spirit that we sincerely hope will never die. Fired with religious zeal a brave band of educated, refined, and efficient priests, led by that commanding figure, Junipero Serra, marched up from Lower California and Mexico, planted the standard of the cross, side by side with the banner of Spain, erected their first rude Mission structures, placing their bells of silvery tone upon rude uprights and began their sublime work of converting the Indians to a truer faith, a nobler conception of life and a more civilized mode of existence. In story and song, in statue and painting, in bas relief and wood the aims and achievements of these men have been commemorated, but far more in the hearts of a slowly awakening people have their works been immortalized. The spirit of self-sacrifice, of casting aside of worldly aims, ambitions and longings, the passion for the good of others, the working without hope of earthly reward or expectation of earthly emoluments manifested during this epoch, will never be eliminated, let us hope, from both our literature and our civilization. Ah! the godly spirit of these men. How it is needed today, here and everywhere. What a complete change it would make in the life of the world if the spirit of Serra and his coadjutors became the spirit of the men and women of the California of today. This spirit is enshrined in our literature. It cannot be eliminated. It shines forth as a beacon light over the wild and tempestuous seas of self-advancement, self-aggrandizement and self-seeking. It is leaven of that divine power that will ultimately leaven the whole lump and convert it into the sweetness and beauty of the universal brotherhood.

But not only in their lives; in the architecture they developed here the Franciscans struck another wonderful note in the chord of our many-voiced spirit. Their architecture has influenced our literature and our lives. There is scarcely a town or city in the whole of

Southern California, at least, that does not contain one, or many, examples of the Mission style of architecture. Homes, churches, hospitals, schools, warehouses and factories even, railway stations, apartment houses and a score of other kinds of buildings are all erected in the Mission architecture. The Glenwood Mission Inn at Riverside, is world-famed, and so are the Potter and Arlington at Santa Barbara, largely because they are the enshrinement of this type of architecture and also, in greater or lesser measure, of the hospitable spirit of the padres.

Following, or almost simultaneous with the coming of the Franciscan Missionaries to California for the conversion of the Indians, came the Spanish and Mexican colonists who settled San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, Monterey and San Francisco. This was the real beginning of the residence of the Cacaasian race upon this scene. That was about a century and a quarter ago. This is a most important fact, and its significance must not be overlooked. California has not been, is not, the home of a "race" of people growing up together, year after year, century after century, tied together in bonds of friendship, kinship and common ideals. The Anglo Saxons were a people—a coherent race, afterwards changed and materially altered by the influx and domination of the Normans at the Conquest, but still possessing certain well-defined national traits. So with the French, the Germans, the Italians, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the Servians and even the Turks. Our centuries-old civilization was that of the Indians and that practically passed away a century ago, and the civilization of the white man took its place. It was no absorptive process, no amalgamation, no blending of racial characteristics. It was an utter and complete change. Indian gave place to Spanish and Mexican as far as national life was concerned, and henceforth California must be reckoned with as Spanish and not Indian.

But even here influences of change were at work. Political environment changes men oftentimes as much, or even more than natural or scenic environment, and this has been peculiarly

volatile in California. In one short century changes have taken place that have no counterpart in any other portion of the United States.

In the beginning of the last century (1800) California was part and parcel of the dominions of Spain. Its officers were Spanish, its laws Spanish, its language Spanish, transplanted to an almost virgin and decidedly hospitable soil. In connection with this transplanted civilization, influencing it somewhat, and in turn being influenced potently by it, was the native aboriginal life. Indian and Spaniard lived side by side, and, under the control of the padres of the Missions, the aboriginal savagery largely disappeared. Into this mixed civilization some of the early explorers of California plunged, hence the enshrinement of this peculiar epoch in our literature. They wrote vivid and clear pictures of the California of that day in which, necessarily, the political and social conditions of their environment largely appear. Such works are those of Farnham, Pattie, and others.

These, however, were merely temporary visitors, and their writings can be taken only as the chance impressions of travelers, whose personal experiences largely influenced their pens. Others of this same epoch came and settled down in the country as more or less permanent residents. These saw everything from a more intimate standpoint than the writers before referred to. The angle of vision was different. In the one case we have impressionistic pictures of scenes rapidly visited, of conceptions hastily gendered, of personal experiences, more or less pleasant, according to the conditions and personalities involved, while in the other, we have the pen pictures of the settled, the established, the descriptions of those who were at one (in the main) with the social and political environment, and who therefore wrote from the standpoint of agreement and harmony.

In the second decade of the nineteenth century this Spanish yoke was cast off by the Mexicans and from that time, until the American Naval and Military Invasion, California was a province of the republic of Mexico. The Spaniards were ostensibly,

and practically banished—save in the case of a few of the Franciscan padres, (who were tolerated for their helpful influence over the Indians, and their generous assistance to the military in the way of food supplies) and Mexicans took their place. All were required to swear allegiance to the new government. While the change at first was more apparent than real, there was an instability of political condition and a general feeling of unrest that may be said to have received its culmination in California in the promulgation of the decree of secularization, which, in 1834, deprived the Franciscan Missionaries of their control of the temporalities of the respective missions, gave to the Indians ostensible citizenship and land ownership, and reduced the missions to ordinary parish churches under the control of a local bishop appointed by the Mexican authorities.

This produced an exciting and rapid disintegration of existent conditions which it is hard for us at this day to realize. The padres were the chief powers of influence; the Missions the centers of all religious and social life. While the Spanish and Mexican inhabitants of the rancheros lived their own life, in their own way, it was a life that recognized the authority of the padre as higher than that of the civil authorities. Hence the destruction of that power, and the disintegration of the Mission system caused a demoralization of the social fabric that we are unable to comprehend.

While this struggle was going on, new factors of disturbance were moving towards the land of destiny many of them totally unconscious of the part they so soon were to play in the disintegration of the old and the establishment of the new.

The fame of California's balmy climate and fertile valleys had already reached the East and middle West, and men of foresight and wisdom, anxious to bring up their families in a country so blessed and favored by Nature started over the plains. Bidwell and his party left Missouri in 1842 and the Donner party left Springfield, Ill., in 1846. These two parties, alone, have left a never-fading stamp upon the literature of

California, as well as given names to scenic features that will last so long as history is remembered.

While the excitement of the secularization decree was still raging, and the injurious influence rising to its culmination, another disturbing and upsetting factor arose in the war between Mexico and the United States. Then followed the raising of the United States Flag by Commodore Sloat at Monterey, the advent of Fremont, the episode of the Bear Flag, the capitulation at Cahuenga, the arrival of General Kearny, and the final annexation of California to the United States.

All this occurred in the year 1846.

Here, at once, was a new political environment. The old Spanish families remained, but the Mexican officials and the Mexican form of government gave place to United States officials and United States methods. The Spanish language, which hitherto had been the official polite and common language of California, was supplanted, at least in official circles, and in polite and common society began a losing battle for existence.

It is almost impossible for us to understand the deep and profound consternation caused in the minds of the Mexicans by the advent of Fremont. Suspicious to a high degree of the Americans, (by this I mean the citizens of the United States) they were aroused to a frenzy of hostility. When the Bear Flag was raised, and open defiance to Mexican authority was a fact to be reckoned with this frenzy was intensified. Additional fuel was placed on the fire of suspicion and distrust, arousing it to fierce hatred, by the killing of three Spanish Californians in retaliation for the killing of two Americans, an event which some conservative historians regard as little short of murder.

The appearance of Kearny and his "Army of the West" on the boundary of the Colorado Desert, in the southern part of the State, was but another proof to the suspicious Spanish-Californians that the invasion and conquest of California by the United States was premeditated and fully determined upon beforehand. Unable to muster soldiers and arms enough to repulse

the American forces the conquest was practically decided when the American flag was raised, though spasmodic efforts were made at Los Angeles, San Pasqual and elsewhere to prevent its successful consummation. But Fremont's diplomacy and the treaty of Cahuenga decided the matter for all time, and California was lost to Mexico, soon to be one of the American sisterhood of United States.

For a time there was a sharp conflict of authority between Stockton and Fremont on the one side and Kearny on the other, which was temporarily disposed of by Kearny finally ordering Fremont to Washington under arrest. The exciting controversy caused by this action and Fremont's trial long continued to agitate California but could not prevent its onward march. As soon as Col. Mason was appointed Military

Governor he set the machinery in motion for the establishment of a stable civil government.

A Constitutional Convention was held, and California was inducted into Anglo-Saxon methods of caucusing, wire-pulling for office and voting.

All land tenures became objects of the keenest scrutiny and the looseness of the past laws, the indolence and indifference of the Spanish and Mexican land owners and the ignorance of the Indians opened the gateway into a field that was soon flood by chicanery, fraud, dishonesty, theft, perjury, violence and even murder. The land-and-gold-greed of the Anglo-Saxon are proverbial, and in California his lust for possession led him into a saturnalia of crime never before equalled in extent or fierceness in the history of the world.

Centrifugality

By Lannie Haynes Martin

*Each has confined within his human breast
A dream-ideal, formless, vague and dim.
'Tis scarcely to his inmost soul confessed,
Yet 'tis its power that guides and governs him.
Some from it flee and seek forgetfulness—
Such cowards they, that greatness doth affright—
They fly to find a haven, yet find less
Than frightened gulls which wing their goaleless flight
O'er stormy seas that mock at their distress,
And lure with baleful phosphorescent light.
For these, all ceaselessly, the wheel of change
With thundrous roar, unmusical, revolves:
Bringing new pleasures, frivolous or strange—
Whate'er from Self's dread mystery absolves—
For these the gaud, the glitter and the mirth
That's meaningless, and cruel, sacrilegious, vile.
With hands profaning altars of the Earth
These, make a race-course down Life's holy aisle.*

THE SPONTANEITY OF GOD'S GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS.

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES.



IT IS a California spring-time. Every time I go out-of-doors, I am impressed as never before with the spontaneity of natural things. How the grass grows up, each blade cleaving the earth, uniting with every other blade to cover the bare places with richest green! Buds shoot forth from every branch. A few weeks ago the almond trees were in bloom, and my solitary almond tree shed glory and perfume on the whole area of our home place. White and pink covered the bare, almost black, branches, and it was veritably a glorious sight. The bees came and hummed their warm approval as they sipped the sweets of the blossoms, the birds came and fed upon them, and when the chickens were released from their yard each night, they picked up with avidity the petals that had fallen during the day. What a spontaneous exhibition of beauty it was!

Then the peach and plum trees began to bloom, and the prunes, and now the oranges are commanding the scene. And what a sight is an orange orchard in full bloom! The golden fruit is not yet picked, in many cases, and the trees are laden with their rich and lus-

icious balls; the deep green of the old growth of leaves richly sets off the lighter green of the new growth; and now, the waxen white blossoms are swiftly bursting into being in an extravagant profusion that fills the eye with delight, and the nostrils with a ravishing perfume, and at the same time covers the ground beneath with a white shower like snow. Stand on Mount Rubidoux, in Riverside, and look out over the hundreds, nay, thousands of acres of orange trees there spread out. It is a rich deep-green sea, with ten thousand times ten thousand golden globes, charged with nectar, catching and reflecting the glowing sunlight, nestling in its rhythmic waves, while as the wind plays with the leaves, the whole sea seems to be lashed into exquisite and fragrant foam by the presence of the blossoms.

The eucalyptus trees are also in bloom, and what a rich beauty is developed as their tiny cups burst open and reveal a creamy white fluff-ball, which expands and expands until it is a beautiful cluster of fairy balls.

A few weeks ago I pruned a young apricot tree and several vines, and they looked as bare and barren and useless

as a deserted bird's nest. But to-day the apricot is covered with buds and tiny leaves, and the dried-up stalks of the vines are bursting into rich green which will soon enswathe them with a wealth of color of which their previous appearance gave not the slightest promise.

How spontaneous are all these expressions of growth and expansion! How each bud comes forth in response to the call it hears, the impulse it feels, and yet how wonderfully harmonious is this spontaneity! Here is a picture of an Oregon apple orchard in full bloom, and to-day, in my own yard, the crab-apple tree is clothed in its perfect wealth of blossoms. In April the whole Santa Clara Valley is converted into a bower of beauty by the blossoms on the million or more prune trees that find life and rich nourishment there. Thousands of people every year assemble on the slopes of the hills overlooking this far-famed valley, at Saratoga Springs, that they may enjoy this feast of blossoms. Millions of millions of them, rods, acres, miles, bathed in exquisite beauty and redolent with a fragrance that intoxicates and rejuvenates without any after ill-effect.

Every poor person may enjoy this and similar scenes to the full, just as well as the rich—nay, indeed, more, for he need have none of the care attendant upon the possession of the property; and yet a little of such property does harm to no man. There are scores of poor men in Southern California who own little homes,—clerks, conductors, motor-men, salesmen, mechanics, laborers even, whose house gables are covered with a wealth of floral beauty, spontaneous and glorious in its exuberant growth.

Here are wistaria and gold-of-Ophir roses, a combination as delicious to the eye as it is fragrant to the senses. Whence came this delicately beautiful Japanese flower? Who originated it? Surely it must be one of the sweet thoughts of God, for man's benefit visualized and given to him while here on earth, that he may dream of the life beyond.

Every blossom is perfect; yet each one is free and independent. It grew—sprang forth spontaneously in answer



Prune Orchard in Blossom, Santa Clara County,
California

to the vehement demand of its whole nature. And yet you may sit and study the whole of it,—every blossom, every leaf, every pendant cluster,—for an hour, a day, a week, and I defy you to find one discordant note of shape or color in it all.

Spontaneity and harmony—what a glorious combination! What a revelation and incitement to man!

See men and women as they follow the fashions. How different the results from the spontaneous harmony of the flowers, of all God's great out-of-doors. Incongruity and folly mark the dress from skin to exterior, from shoes to hats,—too close underwear, restricting corsets, tight dresses, tight and cruelly high-heeled shoes, uncomfortable col-



Eucalyptus Blossoms

lars, sleeves that restrict normal action of the arms, and hats that seem to be the invention of escaped lunatics. And as for the methods of hair-dressing that introduce great mattresses of foreign hair to make untidy haymows of a woman's queenly head, I would imprison for life the wantons who started such fashions, and pillory the foolish girls who follow them.

And men's dress is not much better. The padded shoulders of the coats, the stiff-bosomed shirts, the tight, patent-leather shoes, the creased trousers, the absurd high-necked collars, the sham and never-deceptive cuffs, the high silk hat, or the stiff and unventilated derby, are all proof of man's lack of spontaneity and harmony in dress.

How hearty, spontaneous, and direct is the sun, and the rain, and the snow, and the wind—rude, some people might call them. When the time comes, the sun appears in full glory, without reserve, without apology, without any

blowing of trumpets. Browning expresses in his "Pippa Passes" this spontaneous effect of sunrise. It is one of the wonderful descriptions in literature.

"Day!

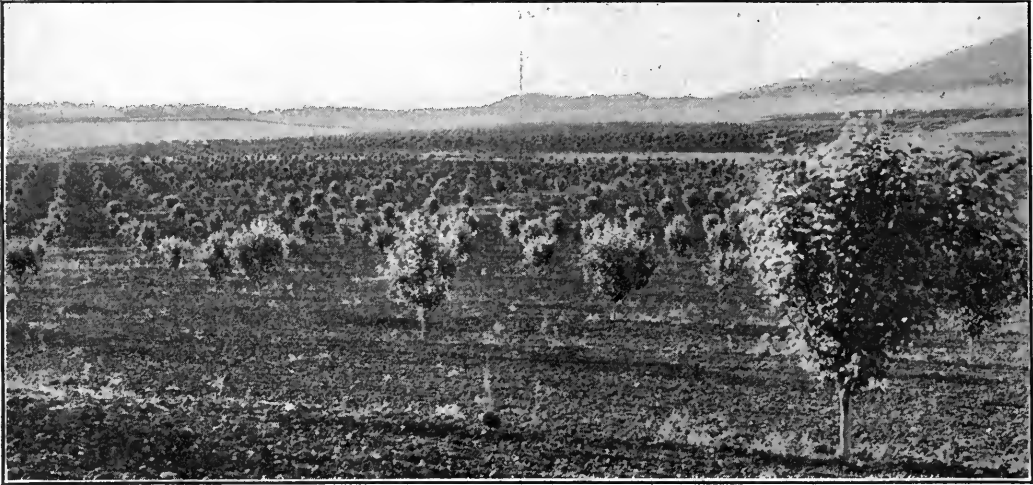
*Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day boils at last:
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cup's brim
Where spurting and suppressed it lay,
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another,
curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then
over-flowed the world."*

And the rain, how it falls! Day or night, when the conditions are right, it begins to descend, and either gently or tumultuously and peltingly it continues, washing the atmosphere and cooling it, cleansing the dust laden trees, slacking the dust on the roads, washing the streets, vivifying the lawns and flower beds, supplying needed nourishment for vegetables and grains whether in the small gardens of the poor or in the immense ranches of the rich, and bringing life and vigor everywhere. How spontaneous, frank, generous, open it all is!

And the snow! It comes down in equal spontaneity. How beautiful is a snow-storm,—these flowers of the sky falling in their feathery whiteness and lightness, and covering everything with their spotless purity! Old tin cans, garbage piles, manure heaps, rotting carrion, alike are covered and made white, just as readily as the greenest lawn or most carefully cultivated field. O the beautiful spontaneity of the snow!

And the wind! It blows everywhere, catches everything, tosses the curl of the maiden, and blows the shaggy hair of the drunken tramp. It brings freshness, sweetness, and purification into every spot which it touches, and it is not a respecter of persons or of places.

And the odors of the flowers! How they fill the air with their rich fragrance, and the beggar may enjoy them as much as the millionaire, the illiterate as the learned, the boor as the refined. In March, Southern California is one vast



An Oregon Apple Orchard in Full Bloom

perfumery. The orange blossoms are on the trees, and the rich and fragrant odor makes everything delicious. Go where you will, you cannot escape the fragrance, it is so spontaneous, so generous, so insistent. Mankind is a part of this great out-of-doors—a thought of God who created it. He, possessing the power of reason, may study its ways, its methods, and learn therefrom. All through nature this spontaneous expression of life is found. Everything springs gladly, readily, joyously to do its allotted work. The sun springs upon the world each morning, and delights in flooding the haunts of men, birds, beasts, and animals with light and warmth; the water flows freely, spontaneously, readily, wherever a way is made for it; the wind seeks out every nook and cranny, every corner and hidden place, and brings its purifying influence there; the rain falls on the just and unjust with insistent freedom; and the snow alights alike on the hovel and the mansion, the violet and towering sequoia; the grass grows as spontaneously for a peasant as for a king, and feeds alike the squirrel and the cow. Each does its best, readily, freely, spontaneously, without holding back, and in so doing there is a harmony, a perfection of service, that benefits and blesses the world.

Too often the trouble with mankind is that they are too affected, too civilized, too far away from nature to be spontaneous, easy, frank. From the hour of

birth we restrain, restrict, confine, suppress, change, alter, instead of seeking to guide the natural spontaneity of life into God-ordered channels. The result is we grow up unnatural, artificial, *unspontaneous*, affected. We say this is civilization, education, refinement. I do not believe it to be the *true* civilization, the *true* education, the *true* refinement; but a mistaken, a wrong notion of civilization, education, refinement, that takes away God-given standards and substitutes those of men. The aim of one's life should be to find God's standards and conform to them, regardless of meeting the false and harmful standards of men. We should come into the lives of our fellows with the spontaneity of sunshine, as does the rain, the good, that God bestows upon the just and the unjust. In every thought and every act it should be one's aim to be spontaneous, acting out not the selfish, evil, and human, but the unselfish, noble, and divine.

There is more to this spontaneity of nature than most of us perceive. Not one man or woman in a million is spontaneous. We dare not be. We are afraid. We have been trained to be afraid. We live unnaturally because we have not so established the principles of life, so crystallized our thoughts, that we dare allow our actions to spring into light unexamined, unstudied, untrimmed. What is the secret of Roosevelt's great popularity, in spite of the intense antagonism he creates? Is it not in the

honest, simple spontaneity of his life? He has laid down for himself the definite paths his life is to follow, and without delay, without fear, without question, he hurls the thought of his inner self outward, regardless of the consequences. This is what I mean by spontaneity in a man's life. Charles Wagner, the author of "The Simple Life," is another specimen of this spontaneous life. I watched him closely for two days. I laid traps for him with sudden questions. I wanted to see if he would "trim" or "straddle," or "fence." Never for a moment did he hesitate. His thought in every case came forth as spontaneous as the bubbling water rushes from the spring. Here is an illustration: One of the first receptions tendered him was at the palace of a society leader in New York. At dinner, all the invited guests were in full conventional costume, the plate was elaborate enough for a prince's ransom, and the flowers would have brought joy to the hearts of the inmates of a county hospital. A velvet-clad "flunky" stood behind the chair of each guest, for money was no object to this lady who wished to do honor to one upon whom the president had smiled. As the dinner progressed, the intelligent hostess turned to the guest of honor and asked, in line with some phase of the conversation, "But pray, Mr. Wagner, how would you apply the principles of the simple life to such a home as mine?" Like a flash of lightning the answer came, yet as spontaneous as a burst of sunshine: "Well, madam, I see standing behind each of our chairs these brothers of ours who are not allowed to eat with us, who do not join in the conversation. I suppose the first thing I should do would be to say, 'Come, brothers, pull up your chairs, and eat and talk and share with us these good gifts of God.'"

Would, could, dare the ordinary conventional, careful, conservative, ortho-



Wistaria and Roses. A Poor Man's Cottage in Southern California

dox man have given such an answer? He would not have dreamed of such a reply. In conventional phrase he would have uttered some vague platitude that would have meant nothing, and the world of inequality and injustice would have gone on the same as before.

O for the hearty, responsive, great-hearted, big-souled man or woman, spontaneous, ready, willing, who clasps you by the hand speedily, who looks you in the eye readily, who pours the wealth of his intellect, his soul, his experience over you in a generous flood, who shines warmth and light into the darkest recesses of your life, who sends sweeping tides of great winds of purity and love into every nook and cranny, every corner and hidden place of your life, who is frank, honest, open, unaffected, sincere.

Reprint from *Life and Health*.





The Peace Forum



NEARLY nineteen hundred years ago, in the seclusion of a garden in the suburbs of Jerusalem, curtained by the shadows of night, the Prince of Peace admonished the leader of His little band of followers: "Put up the sword into the sheath." And not only by precept but by example and self sacrifice, did the great Teacher exemplify in His own life and in His own death the great mission which had brought Him from His throne on high, to bring "Peace on earth, good will to men." And the impulsive Simon became the apostle Peter, and John the "Son of Thunder" became the apostle of Love, and Paul the persecutor was transformed into the great apostle to the Gentiles.

And the Spirit of Peace and love began to spread from man to man; from city to city; from province to province; from nation to nation; from continent to continent; until the uttermost parts of the earth have at least heard something of the message of peace and good will. And in the favored time in which we live, it appears that the nations of the earth, from the least to the greatest, are ready to accept the message as having its proper application not only to individuals, but to nations as well, in their relations with each other.

This real message of peace makes its appeal to the inner spirit and the life, rather than the outward conduct. Let the heart be filled with the spirit of good will, and there is little danger that the words or the acts will be other than those of peace. That is the real message, and that is the secret of its marvelous extension to every nation and every people, without changing their form of government or their language or their personal or race characteristics. To have genuine good will there must be sympathy, and to arouse sympathy there must be knowledge. And there never was a time in the history of the world when both men and nations had a better opportunity to know the other fellow's side of it, and there never has been an age in which more rapid progress was made in the extension of this spirit of peace and good will, than the age in which we live.

Is universal peace coming? Unquestionably. Indeed the spirit of it is here already. All nations realize the benefits of peace, the importance of peace, the *necessity* of peace, and every one in its own way is seeking to maintain peace and avoid war. The main, if not the only differences between them relate to the question as to what is the best method of accomplishing the desired result. The nations are gradually coming to adopt arbitration as a means of settlement of disputes of a certain class at least; and many of the leading nations have already made treaties with each other, whereby they have agreed that nearly every form of international complication between them shall be settled by arbitration and an international court of arbitration for the settlement of such complications between nations is already practically established.

One very practical phase of the question is whether it is necessary or best, in order to bring about universal peace for our nation or any other great nation to disarm. Whether it would really help the cause of peace to do away entirely with navy and army, battleships and fortifications.

Theoretically such a plan seems very desirable; practically it might prove to be very unfortunate. How would that plan have worked in dealing with Castro as the Dictator of Venezuela; or with Weyler, as the Military Dictator of Cuba; or with the Boxer Uprising in China? There are times and circumstances in which soft expos-

tulations would be very ineffectual and if you have peace, you must fight for it. The spirit of peace and good will has spread marvelously throughout all the world, but the millenium has not yet dawned. And it is the part of wisdom to deal with men and nations as they are, rather than as they ought to be.

A little boy came home from school with his face bleeding and his clothes torn, and told his mamma that a bad boy had thrown him down and pounded him. She asked him if he did not start the fight, but he insisted he did not. She dressed his wounds and soothed his feelings and told him how naughty it was to fight. The next day he came home again in a still worse plight, with a still worse account of the conduct of the bad boy. So mamma called papa into conference and papa gave the abused boy a still more impressive lesson on how naughty it was to fight.

The next day he came home in a still worse condition with a still more discouraging account of the uselessness of the plan of not resisting the cowardly and unwarranted attacks of the bad boy, and evidently smarting more under the injustice of his not being able to defend himself than under the smarting of the wounds he had received.

So the father changed his plan and gave the little fellow some simple instructions in the manly art of self defense, together with permission to defend himself if again attacked. And the next day it was the bad boy that went home with the bloody nose, and after that they had peace on the right basis.

J. H. MERRIAM.

THE QUESTION of Universal Peace seems to me to be a rather confusing one, to judge from the motives attributed to those who favor the maintenance of a navy sufficiently formidable to be of some use in case of war, by the so-called "Universal Peace" advocates. As a rule the advocacy of a substantial navy seems to the Peace advocates to be the advocacy of War. To my mind the surest way of preventing War is to be so fully prepared to resist attack at all times, that no nation cares to begin hostilities. An armed neutrality is the surest preventive of war.

Every peaceful community maintains an efficient police protection. Such ample protection does not indicate the community is criminal, but it is established so that those who may be tempted to commit crime will have a wholesome fear of restraint. "Universal Peace" has a beautiful sound to the sentimentalist, but with war always raging somewhere on the earth's surface conducted by one of the great European powers it is and can only be an iridescent dream. At the present time Persia is being divided between Russia and Great Britian merely because Persia had no army to resist Russia's encroachments and tyrannical demands. Inoffensive Korea has been beneficently assimilated by Japan because Japan had the Army and Navy Power and Korea had none. The people of northern Africa with no armies are being slaughtered because for centuries they have been the bone of contention between the Turks and their enemies. Does anybody dream for an instant that the Empire of China would have been practically divided between England, Russia, Germany and Japan with America enjoying trading privileges, had her Navy been sufficiently strong to resent aggression?

Under present conditions it would be national suicide for the United States to abandon its present policy of a strong and powerful navy. When all the world becomes meek and lowly, when greed gives way universally to charity and love, when every man, woman and child adopts and practices the Golden Rule: when all Nations are organized and conducted for the advancement of love and charity, and not for business, then will Universal Peace become a fact because it *will be* self existent. But today "success" is unfortunately typified by the dollar mark. Nations bow down and worship the golden rule of money. They are maintained on the principle of "Trade follows the flag." Diplomacy is today universally recognized as an effort of one nation's representatives to get the best of another for the sake of the tradesmen. Diplomatic statements in plain English are mostly beautifully couched falsehoods to embarrass the weak, or to reduce the strong. While France and Great Britian were flattering and cajoling our President by cordial invitations of

an ardent desire for a Universal Peace Treaty,—Great Britain was joining with Russia in crushing the peaceful Persians; France was operating under an agreement with Italy by which the Arabs and the Turk were to go way back into the desert and give up their lands to Italy; to either go back or be murdered. In fact the talk of "Universal Peace" is a beautiful theory for theorists who love to regard the ideal theory as the existent condition, for diplomats who have other objects to attain and conditions to ultimately impose, and for ponderous minded politicians who love to delude themselves into the sweet slumberous satisfaction of doing something by undoing everything.

F. W. KELLOGG, Altadena.

WORLD PEACE SCHOOLS OF TRAVEL

By Elizabeth Towne

In connection with my statement "For World Peace" printed in this department in the *Out West* for May, it is well to remember the significant statement of Admiral Kochleben, the great German:

"The next thirty years will unite the interests of the civilized world as never before. Civilized nations, the great people of the earth, are in closer harmony than they have ever been before. Thirty years ago, when I first visited America, the bond was not so strong. In thirty years more it will be strengthened one hundred fold. There will be no war. Perfect civilization will preclude war."

And as peace settles over us, what is the world to do with its billions of dollars worth of fighting ships and its other billions invested in military schools, and its yet other billions annually spent in maintaining a fighting equipment?

What more economical and efficient than to disarm war vessels and battleships and turn them into a White Fleet, a public university of travel, that will tour the world every year? We want these ships manned by the best instructors in Foreign Art, Literature, Travel, Sociology, Human Nature, and Universal Brotherhood.

Why not use our war fleet in the interests of peace and universal brotherhood? Why not a free post-graduate course of a year of foreign travel for graduates of our public schools? Students to be chosen by merit, so many for each electoral district.

We want this post-graduate year of travel given at the expense of the nation, the students co-operating systematically in all the work done aboard ship.

The same money that maintains our navy one year would give a year's foreign travel and education to anywhere from 50,000 to 100,000 or more young men and young women. Think of the value of such a year of travel and study to each individual. Think of the influence for world peace and oneness.

Think of 100,000 young Americans every year *taking in the world* like that. Think of the millions of foreigners *taking in* every year 100,000 visiting young Americans. Think of the whole world getting acquainted like that.

It is time to beat our swords into pruning hooks and ploughshares and turn our war ships into public schools that teach usefulness and human kindness instead of death and destruction.

We can put our war ships to this good use even before they are disarmed by peace agreement. Why not in times of peace use them for schools? Why let them lie absolutely idle between wars? Why not another tour of war vessels around the world next year, with just enough marines to run them and all the other space filled with post-graduate students and teachers?

Why not superannuate teachers for the purpose who would combine learning, experience and staidness; and to whom such a journey might mean rejuvenation as well as usefulness and honor?

Visionary? Not at all. World peace is coming, and with it the question, *What shall we do with our billions of dollars worth of war equipment?* What answer more natural than this? What course more sensible than to evolute war dogs into peripatetic Brother Jonathans to bless the world?

Quit Your Worrying

By the Editor

(This is the first of a Series of Articles which will deal with this important subject in a sane, practical and forceful manner. Worry is the bane of many an existence. It is a robber of peace, comfort and rest. It brings misery to wives and husbands, children and parents. It is an ignoble state to be in. A sign of mental inadequacy, a proof that the "worrier" has no ideals or that he has no real living belief in himself, his ideals or his God. To help the readers of **OUT WEST** to quit worrying by finding out what life is worth and getting the full value of the worth is that aim of this series.)

CHAPTER I. WHY WE WORRY.

WHY IS IT that creatures endowed with reason distress themselves and everyone around them by worrying? One can understand a wild creature of the woods, or an animal without reason worrying, but that men and women, endowed with the power of thought, capable of seeing the why and wherefore of things, should worry is one of the strange and peculiar evidences that our so-called civilization is not all that it ought to be. The aborigine of the desert, forest or canyon, seldom, if ever, worries. He is too great a philosopher. He has a better practical system of life than has the worrier, for he says: Change what can be changed; bear the unchangeable without a murmur. With this philosophy he braves the wind and the rain, the sand and the snow, the extremes of heat and cold, the plethora of a good harvest or the famine of a drought. If he complains it is within himself, and if he whines and whimpers no one ever hears him. His face may become a little more stern under the higher pressure; he may tighten his waist-belt a hole or two to stifle the complaints of his empty stomach but his voice loses no note of its cherriness and his smile none of its sweet serenity.

Why should the rude and brutal (!) savage be thus, while the cultured, educated, refined man and woman of civilization worry wrinkles into their faces, gray hairs upon their heads, querulousness into their voices and bitterness into their hearts?

Years ago I heard the famous Southern Evangelist, Sam Jones, deliver a lecture, entitled *Quit Your Meanness*. That lecture led me to formulate this series of articles, for I then came to the conclusion that worry was as great a foe

to man's physical, mental and spiritual well-being as meanness.

When we use the word worry what do we really mean? The word comes from the old Saxon and was an imitative of the sound caused by the choking or strangling of an animal when seized by the throat by another animal. We still refer to the "worrying" of sheep by dogs—the seizing by the throat with the teeth; killing or badly injuring by repeated biting, shaking, tearing, etc. From this original meaning the word has enlarged until now it means to tease, to trouble, to harass with importunity or with care or anxiety. In other words it is *undue* care, *needless* anxiety, *unnecessary* brooding, *fretting* thought.

What a wonderful picture the original source of the word suggests of the latter day meaning. Worry takes our manhood, womanhood, our high ambitions, our laudable endeavors, our daily lives *by the throat*, and strangles, chokes, bites, tears, shakes them, hanging on like the wolf, the weasel or the bull-dog, sucking out our life-blood, draining our energies, our hopes, our aims, our noble desires, and leaving us torn, empty, shaken, useless, bloodless, hopeless, and despairing. It is the nightmare of life that rides us to discomfort, wretchedness, despair and to that death-in-life that is no life at all. It is the vampire that sucks out the good of us and leaves us like the rind and pulp of a squeezed-out orange; it is the cooking-process that extracts all the nutritious juices of the meat and leaves nothing but the useless fibre.

Worry is a worse thief than the burglar or highwayman. It goes beyond the train-wrecker or the vile wretch who used to lure sailing vessels upon a treacherous shore, in its relentless heartlessness.

Once it begins to control it never releases its hold unless its victim wakes up to the sure ruin that awaits him and he frees himself from its bondage by making a great and continuous fight.

It steals the joy of married life, of fatherhood and motherhood; it destroys social life, club life, business life and religious life. It robs a man of friendships and makes his days long gloomy periods, instead of epochs of joy and happiness. It throws around its victim a chilling atmosphere as does the iceberg, or the snow bank; it exhales the mists and fogs of wretchedness and misunderstanding; it chills family happiness, checks friendly intercourse, and renders the business occupations of life curses instead of blessings.

Worry manifests itself in a variety of ways. It is Protean in its versatility. It can be physical, mental, spiritual. The hypochondriac conceives that everything is going to the "deminiton bow wows." Nothing can reassure him. He sees in every article of diet a hidden fiend of dyspepsia; in every drink a demon of torture. Every man he meets is a scoundrel, and every woman a leech. Children are growing worse daily and society is "rotten." Churches are organized for the mere fattening of the organizers. We are told that all these imaginary ills come from physical causes. The hypochondrium is supposed to be affected, and as it is located under the "short ribs," the hypochondriac continuously suffers from that awful "sinking at the pit of the stomach," that makes him feel as if the bottom had dropped out of life itself. He can neither eat, digest his food, walk, sit, rest, work, take pleasure, exercise, or sleep. His body is the victim of innumerable ills. His tongue, his mouth are dry and parched, his throat full of slime, his stomach painful, his bowels full of gas and he regards himself as cursed of God—a walking receptacle of woe. To physician, wife, husband, children, employer, employee, pastor, and friend alike the hypochondriac is a pest, a nuisance, a chill and almost a curse, and, poor creature, these facts do not take away or lessen our sympathy for him, for tho most of his ills are imaginary he suffers more than do those

who come in contact with him.

Then there is the neurasthenic—the mentally collapsed whose collapse generally comes from too great tension or worry. I know a housewife who became a neurasthenic by too great anxiety to keep her house spotless. Not a speck of dust must be anywhere. Another is so dainty and refined (!) that, though her husband's income can scarce afford it, she must have everything so dainty and fragile that no ordinary servant—Irish, Swede, Jap or Chinaman—can be trusted to wash her dishes, and the result is she is almost a confirmed neurasthenic because of the mental strain of caring for these unnecessary fragile household equipments.

The neurasthenic is a confirmed worrier. He ever sits on the "stool of repentance," clothing himself in "sack cloth and ashes for what he has done or not done. He cries aloud—by his acts—every five minutes: "We have done those things which we ought not to have done and have left indone those things which we ought to have done, and there is no health in us." Everything past is regretted, everything present is in doubt, and nothing but anxieties and uncertainties meet the future. If he holds a position of responsibility he asks his subordinates or associates to perform certain services and then "worries himself to death" watching to see that they "do it right," or afraid lest they forget to do it at all. He wakes up from a sound sleep in dread lest he forgot to lock the door, turn out the electric light or put out the gas. He soon becomes the victim of indecision. He fears lest he decide wrongly, and having thoroughly argued a thing out and come to a reasonable conclusion is forever questioning his decision and going back to revise it. Whatever he does or doesn't do he regrets and wishes he had done the converse.

These are but a few of the many and varied forms of worry I propose to attack. In succeeding articles I shall endeavor to show the underlying causes of all forms of worry, how to remove and prevent them, and how to give to life its freedom from this frightful, wearying, body-wracking, mind-torturing, man-cursing, God-dishonoring habit.

The Washwoman's Vengeance

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

THEY had come to be known as the "Happy Family" in camp, and they now sat at supper, after a hard day's work. Not that they were seated at the table, though there was one in the cabin, and Ludlow, called Doctor, as the most fastidious of the four, had rolled a nail-keg up to it, and had his tin cup and his cracked plate in front of him.

Mr. Warren—"the old man"—was eating out of the frying pan, and Breen, a dark-browed youth of twenty-two, sat outside with his beans and bacon, while Smith, the newest member of the family, kept, as usual, in the shade. Smith was not quite young, used correct language, and had good manners, which gave rise to the rumor that he had been on the stage until in a drunken row he got his eye knocked out.

Directly Breen's rough voice broke the silence:

"Mail's come; no passengers." As the mud-wagon which kept up communication between this mining camp and the outside world came in once a week, and generally empty, this announcement created no surprise, but Mr. Warren held his last bite of bread suspended in air, as he ejaculated:

"Sure enough, this is Thursday——"

"And there should be a letter from Little May," the Doctor finished the sentence.

A quick, suspicious look flashed from the old man's usually quiet eyes across to the speaker, as he set the frying pan back before the fireplace and rose slowly from his box.

"Breen," he said, "will you do me the kindness to inquire for letters for me?"

"Do anything you want me to, old man," was the ready reply as the boy started off.

As the old man stepped to the table to fill his pipe, he seemed to have forgotten his suspicion, whatever it might have been, for he spoke to Ludlow in pleasant anticipation of the letter to be read this evening. "Little May's" letters were always read aloud by the old man to "his boys"; how could the fond father have deprived them of that pleasure?

Standing beside Ludlow, who was undersized, fat and blonde, the old man looked quite imposing—tall, with flowing beard just turning gray, a handsome man still, and showing in his bearing that he had not always carried pick and shovel on his shoulder. But it was curious to note how, with the rubbing off of the outer polish, year after year, he had fallen back into the "whar" and "thar" of his old Southern home.

As there was sufficient daylight left when Breen returned with the letter, they sat outside to listen to its contents. He lingered fondly on the "Dear Papa" and then read briskly:

"Yesterday was my birthday, as you know—"

"Bless my soul, if I hadn't forgotten it!" was his conscience-stricken interjection.

"The how-manieth?" asked Breen.

"That's telling; and she won't let me," was the laughing reply—

"* * * and I want to tell you what Aunt Sally gave me. Dear Aunt Sally is just the dearest and best old aunt that ever lived, and everybody says so. She is always so ready to take any hint in regard to what I want for my birthday, and I got my diamond ring, my ruby and my sapphire ring, my bangle bracelets and my turquois set, just as I had expressed the wish for them; and now she has given me her old-fashioned corals in Etruscan setting. I knew she meant to leave them to me, but I thought I'd make sure of them now, and I've got them, together with the jewel casket. I sat up half the night figuring out how I shall have the set cut up and made over in fashionable style; but of course Aunt Sally does not dream of that."

Her father stopped to laugh at the little schemer. "Little puss—always had such a hankering after things of that kind; when I took up these claims fifteen years ago, when her mother was alive, she wanted her to see to it that she got gold enough for some jewelry."

"Fifteen years ago—was she a young lady then?" asked the Doctor in surprise.

"Well—she was not a child."

"But how big is she?" persisted Breen. "Is she full grown or does she wear short dresses yet?"

It was too much for the old man's gravity. "Full grown?" he laughed. "Well—she is taller a good deal than Doc." Then with a quick perception of how he had hurt the short man's feelings, he added with a roguish smile. "Now boys, there is no use asking me questions about Little May's age; when her mother died the young minx stuck the family Bible into the stove. She said she would always be 'Little May' to me, and it was nobody else's business how old she was."

"Cunning little rascal!" laughed Breen.

"Wasn't she?" And the proud father went on reading:

"Oh! I am the happiest girl in these mountains, and everybody says I ought to be, for Aunt Sally gives me everything I want and I have yet to hear the first cross word from her. Aunt Sallie is going to take me to Santa Cruz as soon as my new dress comes home from the dressmaker. It's a lovely composition of silk and velvet, just the shade of blue that mamma always said was so becoming to me. And I intend to go in swimming. I want to show how well I look in a bathing suit—"

Breen's pipe was strong; it made him cough so that the reading was stopped for a moment.

"It is so long since I wrote last that I have forgotten whether I told you of the new people who bought the ranch just above, 'join-

ing ours. They are so new that they seem only to have risen out of the soap-suds of the laundry they keep in the city. They are the funniest people I have ever met, but Aunt Sally will not let me laugh at them. When they first came, the woman picked up a little yellow horse, somewhere, at least thirty years old, for nothing; and then she bought at a junk-shop an old buggy weighing about a thousand pounds, and the two of them pack themselves into this rig and drive proudly by, day after day. What makes it so immensely funny is that she is large and round, and he is slabsided and flat as a board, for which reason I have named them the Washtub and the Washboard, and have thereby gained the approbation of all my friends, except Aunt Sally. I don't know which is the most ridiculous of the two, Mr. Flint—"

Smith was an awkward fellow; he dropped the pipe which he was holding for the old man and had to go down on his knees to pick it up again.

"Mr. Flint, with his stupid owl's eyes, his leathern complexion and his coat bagging on him, or Mrs. Flint, overdressed, simpering and smirking, or trying to assume a languid hauteur. She wears diamonds of the largest size, in season and out of season, on her fingers, in her ears and at her throat. On her wrists, too; and as her muscle was developed at the ironing table in the laundry, her bracelets would make good-sized dog-collars. The grammar she uses is made all the more remarkable by the absurdly affected, high-pitched voice that comes piping out of this huge pile of flesh. The woman can be impudent, too. When she was here a few days ago she poked her nose into the the kitchen, and sniffing the fumes of whisky, she asked in perfect horror: 'Oh, what's that?' I told her it was the very best of whisky being cooked with rock candy, because mamma had always said I needed something of that kind for my lungs. 'Well,' she squeaked, 'if I were your Aunt Sally I never would allow THAT.' I got even with her, though. It was so hard for them to get a footing 'in society' here that they joined the church for this purpose. Sunday afternoon, as they went bumping by here behind that mite of a yellow horse, I saw our foreman and his brother looking after them. Said Charley to Andy: 'If they have joined the church because they are Christians why do they travel down to the city every Sunday afternoon?' 'But, Charley,' I explained, 'they've got to be on hand early Monday morning to count the clothes in their laundry, don't you see?'"

A perfect shout of laughter interrupted the reading, and the old man wiped tears of merriment out of his eyes as he exclaimed: "What a little puss it is; get even or die!"

"I make that woman furnish fun for the whole neighborhood, but I don't let Aunt Sally know it. She won't let me make fun of anybody—when she knows it. Now, there was a party at the Beakin' the other night, and I accepted their invitation only because I know they are wealthy and have a fine home in the city. Every pumpkin-waisted girl in the room found a yokel to dance with, but no one asked me, because they were afraid to; and when I got home Aunt Sally said they were fine people, when I know that the oldest

daughter makes dresses for pay. Catch me making dresses for other people! Why, it's dreadfully hard work; and so common. But to return to Mrs. Flint: She has named her place 'Olita'; but I thought 'Washtub Hill' would be much more suitable, and that is the name it goes by.

"But now I must close, because it is late and I want Aunt Sally to read me to sleep. I selected a new novel the other day and I like it, so I want her to read a whole lot of it tonight."

"Read her to sleep?" Ludlow asked.

Again the proud father of Little May laughed at the kittenish freaks of the child. "Don't you know, Doctor, that some people suffer with insomnia?" he returned.

"But not young girls who take healthy outdoor exercise," was the sober reply.

"It's one of Little May's tricks, don't you see. She was never fond of rising early, so her aunt lets her sleep till noon if she chooses. Of course she cannot go to sleep when it is Aunt Sally's bedtime, so poor old Sister, full of compassion for Little May's insomnia, puts on her glasses and reads aloud to the child till she drops to sleep. Sly little puss—she often keeps it up till midnight, if she happens to like the book they are reading."

They were all so eager to hear more about the Flint people that the next letter was merely skimmed over till this passage came: "The new people have blossomed out in new beauty—or at least a new carriage and two new mustangs. The old yellow 'horsekin' had vanished, suddenly and mysteriously; but when the truth in regard to the untimely end of the unfortunate 'buckskin' came to Aunt Sally's ears she got mad. The very next time that Mrs. Flint called my revered aunt told her, in the plainest language, how unnaturally cruel she considered it in a woman to give orders that a helpless brute should be tied to a manger and starved to death, because he was unable to pull more than twice his own weight up these steep mountains. Aunt Sally did not see, or heed, the diabolical expression on the woman's face as she piped, ever so sweetly: 'But, Mrs. McCormack, the horse had to be punished in some manner for refusing to pull us out of the mud, you know.' I told Aunt Sally, as soon as Mrs. Flint left, that she had made an enemy for life—Mrs. Flint looked vengeance at her out of her half-closed eyes. But Aunt Sally said she feared no washwoman's vengeance; and Mrs. Flint came back next day, as sweet as ever. She wanted Aunt Sally to take a ride in the new carriage, but Aunt Sally had no time. Without waiting for my consent Mr. Flint picked me up and threw me into the wash—beg pardon—carriage, as if I were a bundle of the choicest dirty clothes. Mrs. Flint said it was a \$500 outfit, and she wanted Mrs. McCormack to suggest new names for the horses. They were called Tom and Jack by their late owner; but that was so low. Aunt Sally looked solemn as an owl while she suggested a change to 'Tom and Jerry.' Mrs. Flint fairly squealed, 'Why, that's a drink!' And then she bit her lips for having acknowledged acquaintanceship with anything so vulgar. Aunt Sally said yes; it was very good, too, it was said; but Mrs. Flint announced next

day that she had named the horses Prince and Grant—she pronounces it 'Graunt.' Later on we learned that the wagon was a second-hand affair bought for \$40—half cash—and the horses had cost \$50 apiece."

"In the meantime all the country jakes are prostrate before Mrs. Flint's five-hundred-dollar equipage and quite overcome by the grandeur of the fifty-thousand-dollar house she owns in the city, furnished, according to her story, with \$10,000 worth of grand pianos, point lace curtains and gilt-legged chairs and tables. It must be a refreshing contrast to their shanty up here, which is furnished principally with old flour barrels sawed into shape, stuffed with hay and covered with old carpet rugs, to represent easy chairs. No wonder Mr. Flint declares that his wife is a jewel and the best manager in all California. Aunt Sally says, however, that it is real good of the woman to come here to live, because the city must be so much more attractive to a woman like her—newly rich and of great, if only fancied beauty. They say it is unhealthy for Mr. Flint in the city, and so they have a 'carriage;' they have a lot of company, mostly in the female line; and as they always turn out to be in some way connected with the laundry, I call them, collectively, 'washtubs on vacation.'

"Occasionally there is a washtub of the other gender, and there was one here the other day. Mrs. Flint had spoken of him as a pensioner on their bounty, one of the many to whom she was lavish with money and with kindness. Early one morning, while Aunt Sally was in the kitchen and I was on the east porch, reading, I heard some one stumbling along the road, and when I looked I saw this young man, who had evidently found the place where Mrs. Flint keeps her whiskey. This was my chance. I remarked that Mr. and Mrs. Flint had gone to the city on business.

" 'Ye-es,' he hiccupped, 'trying to rope in some other girl to become hairdresser and dressmaker to Mrs. F., and teach her to read and write, and the use of grammar—all for \$20 a month.' Mrs. F. had mentioned, at one time, that in the city she always had a lady's companion, whom she paid \$50 a month. So I ventured to correct his figures.

" 'Conditionally,'—he seemed proud of his long word—'when the month is up she hands 'em a twenty-dollar piece, and when they say "fifty dollars" her ladyship says: 'I always pay \$50, but I charge \$30 for board.'

"Then I remarked how good it was in Mrs. Flint to stay in the mountains on account of Mr. F.'s health, and he guffawed till I thought Aunt Sally would hear him in the kitchen.

" 'The City is bad for his health—man there by the name of Leduc—wife's first husband—licks old Flint every chance that he gets—just mops up the street with him, and all the peace warrants they could swear out against him would not stop him. Fellow pays his fine like a gentleman and sails into old Flint again.'

"I pretended to think Mrs. Flint a saint for keeping him in her employ; to which he replied:

" 'She is afraid to turn me off—I know too much about her.'

(To be concluded in the August Number.)



In the Editor's Den.



A movement is now on foot which, to my mind, will have much to do with the development of the desert regions of Southern California and the furtherance of what is practically a new industry in the United States. Thousands of tons of dates are imported into this country. These largely come from Algeria and the Persian Gulf territory.

Mr. Paul Popenoe and his brother of Altadena, Cal. expect to make a trip shortly to these regions for the purpose of securing a large number of date off-shoots for planting in Southern California. It should be understood that when a date palm is four years old it begins to yield two off-shoots a year and this continues until the tree is probably fifty years of age.

It is only by planting the off-shoots of dates of known quality that date growing can be regarded as a commercial enterprise. While one may secure excellent palms from seeds there is always more or less speculation concerning the matter, as I have explained in my article found elsewhere in these pages. Hence I regard the trip of the Popenoe Brothers of the highest possible importance to this country, and I look for considerable developments along the line of date culture within a very short period of time.

Going to Europe, friends, are you? That is good. A trip to Europe to old world scenes and sites made famous by memorable events is something to be desired. But before you go kindly permit me to ask you a few important questions. Of course if you go to Europe, and the people over there ask you about the Yosemite Valley, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, Catalina Island, the Petrified Forest, the wonderful rides up Mounts Lowe and Tamalpais and Pike's Peak, and they want to know all about the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the Luray Cave, Niagara Falls, the Dalles, the Bad Lands of Dakota, the Great Lakes and a thousand and one scenes in your own America, you will be able promptly and clearly to tell them all they wish to know?

No?

You cannot tell them of the Bunker Hill Monument, of the National Library at Washington, the quaint old quarters of New Orleans, the stock yards in Chicago, the Singer building in New York, the Metropolitan Museum, the Albright Art Gallery at Buffalo, the Puritan Monument at Springfield, Mass., the Theosophical Headquarters at Point Loma, and various and sundry other sights and places of interest?

You surprise me!

Then I assume you have not heard of the expression, or are oblivious to its deep significance: See America First. Kindly let me commend it to your careful consideration, and by all means, if you are going from California, know California first, and be able to give a good account of all of its salient wonders, at least, to everyone who questions you.

A few days ago I had the pleasure in company with friends, of riding in an old fashioned stage (in this day of speeding automobiles) to the summit of Mount Hamilton. There we were met most kindly by the astronomers who are doing such wonderful work in the temple of science built to the memory of that strange character, James Lick. The night was clear, and save for a little wind, the conditions for observation perfect. The big telescope was turned upon the cluster in Hercules and never was it more beautiful than on that occasion. There, billions of miles away, reflecting

calmly and serenely the light of some stupendous solar system that dwarfs our own into insignificance, twinkled the myriad stars of one of the most resplendently attractive objects of the heavens. The silent, immutable, unchanging stars! These three words kept repeating themselves, again and again, as we rode down to the delightfully home like inn at Santa Ysabel, where we spent the remaining hours of the night. With all the turmoil of Mexican rebellion, Cuban uprisings, Italian and Turkish conflict, and the deadly struggles going on in Chicago and Baltimore, something is stable, serene, immutable, unchanging. This was what I thought.

Then, all at once, George Sterling's graphic and enlarging words sprang before my mental vision, where he describes these same stars as merely

*Foam of the cosmic tides that urge
The battle of contending skies.*

We have seen "the stable and immovable mountains" rock and shake, rise and fall in the billows of an earthquake, and if the unchanging stars that have hitherto been the rhetorical synonym for eternity are to be converted into "foam of cosmic tides," what is going to become of us?

Politics now seems to be absorbing a large part of popular attention. The Chicago and Baltimore Conventions have said their say, and still unrest is felt on every hand. Have the leaders of the two great political parties rightly sensed the situation? Have they really felt the pulse of the people? Have the votes of the conventions simplified the problem to one Republican and one Democratic candidate? I doubt it! Today is the people's day. Bosses may come and bosses may go, but the will of the people from now goes on forever. The people are awake now as never before. Magna Charta, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation, the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall are bearing fruit as never before. With all its faults—and they are many and glaring—the public press is dinning into the ears of the people, Awake! Your hour is at hand. The knell of feudalism was sounded when the noise of the lever of the Guttenberg printing press was first heard; the knell of class distinction sounded when the whirr of the Hoe rotatory and many cylindered press was heard throughout the world. I believe more and more with little Pippa:

*God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.*

Roosevelt and Johnson and Pinchot and the governors who rebelled against regular Republican rule think they are the progressives. Perhaps so! But equally perhaps not so. Perhaps they are but the mouthpieces of the deeply moving thought of the arousing masses—those who for countless centuries have been inarticulate and dumb. In France, at the end of the eighteenth century, the masses cried out; but it was with the voice of mad revolution, murder and vengeance. The guillotine cut through many knots tied by man's inhumanity to man. The torch set fire to many class distinctions raised by man's unbrotherliness. God grant that the age of that kind of revolution has passed and that the voices of the people may be heard in more peaceful and kindly strain. Personally I am not a partisan of either the Republican, the Democratic or the Progressive types. But I do believe thoroughly that the Constitution of this country provides for a government of, by and for the people, and that *whatever their clearly expressed opinions* are by majority vote, whether this or that class likes them or not, those opinions crystallized into laws should be operative and in control until new laws are set in motion by new majorities.

The Colorado River has again been on the rampage. It is a genuine Western river, wild, woolly, turbulent, unrestrained, free. It is still in the "mining camp" stage of its existence. Free to the extent of license, it refuses to recognize decent bounds. Drunk with the exuberance of its mighty flow it has left its proper confines and overrun the rights—the lands—of others. The Palo Verde Valley, the Imperial Valley and the Cottonia Valley have all been more or less injured or threatened by breaking of levees and overflows. Possibly thirty million acre feet of water will run to waste

into the Gulf of California down this turbulent channel this year. Yet the settlers of Mexico, Imperial Valley, Yuma, Cibola, Cottonia, Palo Verde Valley and other regions whose lands are watered by this untamed river are all clamoring for "their share" of this water. The claims all told in exaggerated figures will not foot up to more than two million acre feet annually and yet the Imperial Valley is afraid it will not get water enough unless it is awarded *all the flow* of the Colorado River at low season. Truly our own necessities often blind us to very potent facts which affect the welfare—even the lives and happiness—of others as much as ourselves.

May I not suggest a course of procedure to all the interests involved in this Colorado River water-division dispute. Let representatives of all the interests involved be appointed, and a meeting of them called in the city of Los Angeles, where the claims of all shall be duly presented and passed upon in a large-hearted and broad-minded manner. Let the reports of the engineers for the past twenty years as to the flow of the river be studied and the average carefully found. Then let the representatives of the varied interests decide upon a plan of action to suggest to the Government officials in Washington. If they carefully have considered the whole situation and generously and wisely have decided upon a solution which is fair to all concerned let them send a delegation to present their united conclusions to the Interior Departments. Let the claims of Mexico be fully considered and generously treated; let each claimant for water be fully heard. There is more than ten times enough for all if only the water that runs to waste be conserved. And surely our government officials of the Reclamation Service, our Army Board of Engineers, our Interior Department can cope with a question like this without much irritation, friction or delay. It is to the interest of the people of the Imperial Valley that the government conserve the flood waters that now and forever menace their levees and threaten their very existence if these levees should be destroyed. By conserving the waters they are saved from this menace, and at the same time their own water supply, and that of the other claimants, is assured. It is to their highest advantage, therefore, to join hands with Mexico in urging its claim, with the Yuma, Cibola, Palo Verde and all other interests in urging their claims, for thus they will secure the protection they need and at the same time assure their own water supply as well as that of those who now seem to be desirous of robbing them.

With such a plan of harmonious action the consent of all the operative departments of the federal government could doubtless speedily be gained and a bill passed by Congress which would set aside the necessary money for the conserving of the Colorado's waters, construct the necessary protecting levees wherever needed, and determine the amount of water each claimant should be entitled to. We urge the calling of a meeting of the representatives of all the interests involved and hereby give notice that we propose to seek with all the energy of which we are capable to bring about this or some other plan which larger wisdom may reveal as a better one.

The petition for parole for Abe Ruef was refused, mainly, so I understood, on the ground that the rule of the prison directors is that no prisoner's petition for parole shall be filed even until he has served out one half his time, unless certain urgent reasons justify the speed. The law of the State expressly says that a prisoner shall be entitled to ask for parole at the end of one year. The prison board says No! not until the end of half his sentence, be that five, ten, twenty or forty years. Abe Ruef's sentence is fourteen years. Hence he must wait seven years—less the time-reduction earned by his good behavior under the credit system—until he is even entitled to be heard.

It seems to me that here is a direct clash of wills—the will of the people as clearly expressed by the law; the will of the prison directors as clearly expressed by their rule. Which is correct? The issue is fairly joined. Experts in the reading and interpretation of the law differ as to the real meaning of this law. Would it not be better to settle by a clear statement and an appeal either to the courts of interpretation, or by a new expression of the will of the people. If it was the intention of the law to give prisoners—Abe Ruef and all other men serving a sentence in one of

our State penitentiaries—the *right* to ask for parole at the end of one year provided they had behaved themselves during that period of their prison life, the prison directors should be taught most clearly that it was not intended that they should issue a regulation that nullifies that law.

Personally I believe the law was intended to give to every prisoner the chance to get out on parole as speedily as possible. I believe the growing sentiment of the healthfully sane, clear-visioned and humane people of our land, the real optimists, the sincere christians and pagans, heathen and agnostics, the genuinely good and clean-conscienced men and women of America—all, indeed, except the fearful, the afraid, the pessimistic, the inhuman, the intolerant, in other words, the abnormal and sickly of mind, body and soul—is to give to every prisoner a chance, as quickly as is expedient, to rehabilitate himself, to make good. Oh men and women who have been tried and tempted yourselves, and perhaps have had strength and power given you to overcome your temptations, can you not be more gentle and tender in dealing with your fallen fellows? Granted that they have sinned; granted that they have deserved punishment; granted all you say and ask for the protection of the innocent, can we not be a little less harsh and unforgiving, a little less tolerant of the weaknesses aye, and even sins of our erring fellows? I ask for a decision of the courts upon the ruling of the prison board; but I plead, I beg, I entreat for a wiser, kinder, more human treatment of those whose sins have been discovered and openly punished, that they may once again breathe the free air of God, listen again without heartache to the sweet singing of winging birds, roam again the hills of sunshine and purity and feel the influence of Nature and mankind leading them back to sunshine and purity and away from darkness and sin.

Memorials to our beloved dead have assumed many forms, from Taj Mahals, Pyramids and rock-hewn Temples to the common head board of the pauper's graveyard. But I doubt whether, in the whole gamut of memorials, there is anywhere to be found a more sincere memorial than that described in other pages of this magazine under a title that the most acutely perceptive would scarce think applied to a memorial. I refer to Mrs. Taylor's description of the E. L. McLeod Collection of Indian Baskets. This collection was made under the circumstances narrated by Mrs. Taylor, and when her brother passed on, all too soon, she determined to make it the perpetual reminder of his beautiful and helpful life. His was a big, generous nature, simple as a child, pure as a woman, sensitive as an Arabian horse. He was loyalty itself to his family and his friends, urging them ever on to higher endeavors, and profoundly sympathetic in their failures and errors. His memory of persons and events was wonderful, and his keenness of perception amounted almost to infallible intuition. He was ever ready to relieve the needy, and his hand was outstretched in kind brotherliness to young and aged alike. None of the petty vices of men were ever fastened upon him and he was manly to the last degree, his only self indulgence being his hobby for his beloved Indian baskets, and that was more a manifestation of loyalty to California than an exhibition of personal gratification. He so loved California and so appreciated the wonderfully artistic work of her Indians that he wished to keep for her *forever* these, the finest specimens that would ever be procured. He saw that the choicest and best specimens were being "snapped up" and taken away by collectors, and many a time he denied himself that he might not lose a rare treasure which he coveted for his distinctively California collection. It is the knowledge of these facts that makes his most intimate friends feel that this collection, standing in his name, where it can be studied and enjoyed, is a better monument to his memory and what he was to California than any that money could fashion in marble or bronze.



Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor



Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* will be written by the Editor.

A sweet, tender and beautiful story is *The Man in Lonely Land*. It is written with consummate skill, and is the work of love, as well as of an artist. Winthrop Lane is a spoiled son of fortune to whom everything has grown dull, stale and unprofitable. His eye is too keen to be taken in by the shams of life, so he stands aloof. It remains for a sweet, fresh maid from Virginia to kindle in him a new insight, to teach him that there were other people, who were his own people, who needed him as much as he needed them. In this teaching, the Virginia maid was materially helped by the lonely man's little niece, who loved them both, and with the frank innocence of childhood, asked some very pertinent questions, as well as told some home-thrusting truths. It is a story with a real health-grip. *The Man in Lonely Land*, by Kate Langley Boshier, (the creator of *Mary Carey*), \$1.00 net. Harper & Bros.

I have just read a novel that has a sweep and power as great as that of a mighty river. It deals with no surface indications of life, but bores down into life itself, its principles, its fundamentals. It is a real love story, yet as different from the ordinary sensuous or erotic novel as heaven is from hell. Not even the novel masters, Scott, Thackeray, Eliot, Dickens, Balzac, Hugo, have presented so marvellously high a conception of womanhood and the divine responsibilities and glories of motherhood as has this man, Will Levington Comfort, whose name was scarce known to me a year or so ago. Page after page of this novel—and it is a true piece of artistic work, without any forcing of a problem upon the mind of the reader—strikes home and shows man how much he needs the real spiritual motherhood of woman, and equally shows to woman how she is to become the savior of the race by pouring forth of the spiritual of her life in an abundant stream. Mr. Comfort contends that "love is the genius of mothering, the greatest of all arts," but he is equally emphatic in affirming that mere physical motherhood is only the beginning of the real work. The book is so stimulating to the higher faculties—those of the soul—that if I had my way, I would make it a text book for three month's study in every woman's club in the land. And if exalted idealism, put in concrete form, in a flesh and blood man and woman, pictured with a vigor and force that make them as real as Becky Sharp, Maggie Tulliver, *Oliver Twist* or *Old Mortality*, have any effect upon those who observe and study it, then Mr. Comfort's *Andrew Bedient* and *Beth Truba* will "raise the spiritual temperature of the race." There is not a preacher in the land who would not preach better for reading this book and grasping Mr. Comfort's estimate of real man and womanhood, and the power of the life of Christ as capable of being lived by every man. There is not a teacher, man or woman, who would not be able to thrill into more exalted aspiration the lives of their pupils after feeling the moral uplift of this book. Yet, again let me assert, that, as a novel, it is artistic, interesting, absorbing. *Fate Knocks at the Door*, by Will Levington Comfort. 374 pages, \$1.25 net. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

A book of exciting adventure, of filibustering expeditions carried on in direct defiance of law, is *A Captain Unafraid*. While Horace Smith is ostensibly the author, he merely acted as scribe for Dynamite Johnny O'Brien, whose experiences the book purports to relate. O'Brien had a natural sympathy for the Cubans in their struggle for freedom, and he reasoned that while the law of nations prohibited the citizens of one nation selling arms and ammunition to the citizens of another nation who were in revolt, they had a moral right to revolt, and therefore he had a moral right to give them every possible aid to make the revolt successful. His pleading for the exercise of the natural law in these cases is very ingenuous and effective, provided one values fundamentals more than man-established rules and regulations.

Every page of the book is exciting. The inside history of the expeditions which gave help and comfort to the rebels of Cuba and that ultimately broke the cruel domination of Spain is graphically related. One cannot help laughing, as O'Brien relates how he tricked and dodged the revenue and naval officers and secret service men who were set to watch him. He certainly had a natural

penchant for misleading the sleuths, and however illegal it may all have been, the reader feels his sympathies keenly aroused on behalf of the struggling Cubans all the time.

He tells with enthusiasm of the bravery of Lieut. Heard, of the Third Cavalry, who was detailed with thirteen sharps-hooters to accompany him on an expedition in which he was required to land a lot of arms, ammunition and old clothing for the Cubans just before our own forces were landed. The Spaniards were waiting for them in ambush and gave them a lively brush, in which Heard so distinguished himself as to win O'Brien's unstinted praise. The book is a useful addition to the literature of the freedom of Cuba and makes one feel that so long as war is necessary—or seems to be—it would be well if it were always in such capable hands as those of O'Brien. *A Captain Unafraid*, by Horace Smith, 296 pages, \$1.25 net. Harper & Brothers.

If you are able to look Life as it is lived by many people, squarely and fearlessly in the face without being too much horrified by what some men and women do, that you would never think of doing, you will be surprised to find these same men and women very human and swayed by much the same kind of motives that influence the other kind of men and women—that kind to which you belong. These sage and trite, but nevertheless important truths are called forth by the perusal of *The Unknown Woman*. This is a story of the discovery of a fake antique statue which was foisted upon a parvenu pretended art critic. He inveigles a really great sculptor into a tacit commendation of the statue as genuine. The plot is intricate, interesting and well worked out. Several flesh and blood "unknown women" appear, as the story unfolds, and, of course, the interest of the reader centers upon their self-revelation. It is not a book for a child, or a "young person," but for men and women who are familiar with metropolitan life in its many and complex phases it will be found interesting, and, possibly, beneficial. *The Unknown Woman*, by Anne Warwick, John Lane, New York. 345 pages, one illustration in color. \$1.50 net.

To pick up a really interesting novel nowadays, with well written and accurate descriptions of the localities described and with character drawing that is sane, natural and wholesome, is a somewhat unusual experience. But the most exacting can find very little fault with *The Mountain Girl*, by Payne Erskine. The story tells of an aristocratic English physician, broken down in health, sent by a medical friend of his into the mountains of North Carolina to recuperate. Here he meets with the usual elements of a mountain community, women "snuffers," secret distillers and rude characters, but amongst others is a girl of highest ideals and purest spiritual quality, who exercises such a marvelous influence upon him that, by and by, he marries her out of hand. Soon after their marriage he is called to England, owing to several deaths in the family, caused by the Boer war, and he then discovers that he is the heir to one of the important titles and lauded estates in England. Fearful lest his mother should make a scene at the news of his marriage, he says nothing about it, and, naturally, complications arise. In addition, the pressure of his new obligations rests heavily upon him, so that almost a year elapses and he has not yet been able to return to his mountain wife, whose heart, however, still remains true and steadfast to him in spite of his inexplicable absence. A child is born to the couple, unknown to the father, but the mother hugs her secret proudly to her heart, determined that she, and she alone, shall be the attraction that shall bring back her long-absent husband. Some of the rude mountaineers begin to suggest that he has left her for good, and when she hears this, she is determined to go and find out for herself. On her arrival at her husband's home, she discovers that he has not yet returned from South Africa, where he has been called on urgent business. Without revealing herself, the wife returns to her mountain home where she is immediately followed by her now repentant and awakened husband.

The descriptions of the mountains of North Carolina are exquisitely drawn by a master hand. The chief characters are vividly and intensely human, of the higher and better sort, with one exception, and he is more to be pitied than condemned. There is humor in the book, as the following characteristic quotation will reveal.

"I reckon thar wa'n't 'nuff hell'n' damnation in hit. Our people here on the mountain, they're right kind and soft ther'selves. They don't whop ther' chillen, nor do nothin' much 'cept a shootin' now an' then, but that's only amongst the men. The women tends mostly to the religion, an' they likes a heap o' hell 'n' damnation. Hit sorter stirs 'em up an' gives 'em somethin' to chaw on, an' keeps 'em contented like. They has somethin' to threaten ther men with an' keep ther chillen straight on, an' a place to sen'd ther neighbors to when they don't suit. Yas, hit's right handy fer th' women. I reckon they couldn't git on without hit."

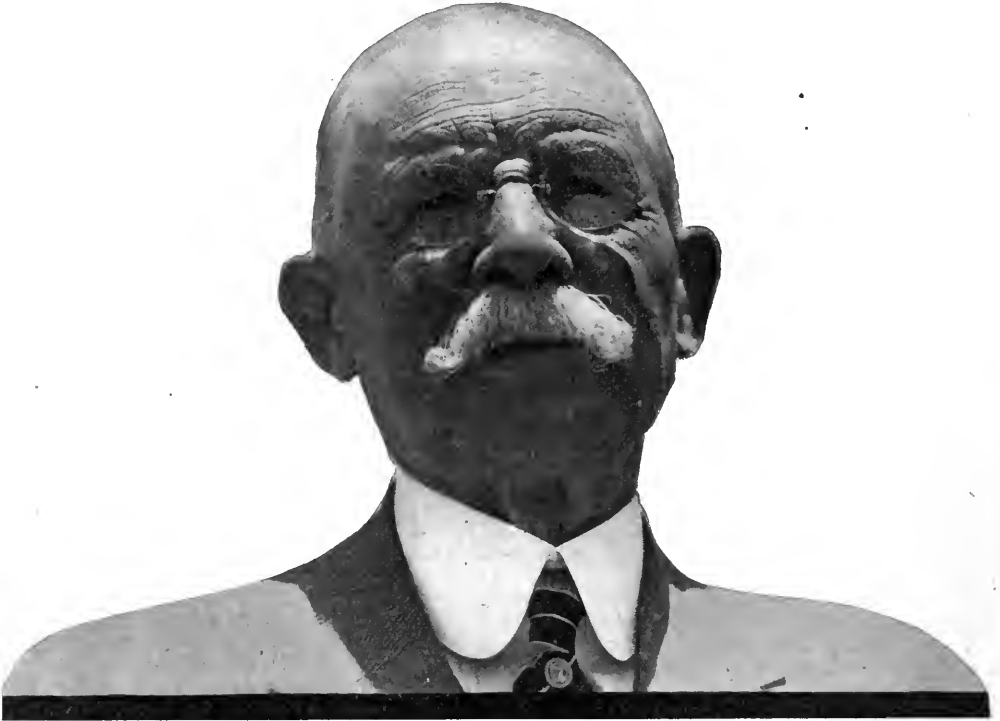
The Mountain Girl, by Payne Erskine. 312 pp. \$1.25 net. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

To the one who wishes to while away a pleasant hour or two, seated under the shadow of a rose bush, an orange tree or in an old Franciscan mission patio, I can commend Mrs. Una Nixon Hopkins's *A Winter Romance in Poppy Land*. The descriptions of Southern California are vivid and true, written by one whose long familiarity has deepened her affection rather than generated contempt. An interesting love story with rather an unusual plot of misunderstandings gives a dramatic interest to the book. *A Winter in Poppy Land*, by Mrs. Una Nixon Hopkins, \$1.00, Richard G. Badger, Boston.



Hemet

IN THE VALLEY OF A THOUSAND HILLS



W. F. Whittier, President Hemet Stock Farm and "The Daddy of Hemet"

SURROUNDED by gigantic mountain peaks that reach 9,000, 10,000 and even 13,000 feet into the pure blue of the Southern California sky, Hemet Valley is one of the most strikingly beautiful valleys of a country noted for its many scenic glories. And one of its great charms is the fact implied in the name I have given the valley in the title to this brief sketch, viz: the Valley of a Thousand Hills. Most of these hills are boulder hills, somewhat after the fashion of the famous hills near Riverside, many of which are already preempted as the sites of homes for the wealthy. The outlooks they afford are incomparable and their slight elevation above the surrounding level attracts all the cool breezes and makes living delightful, even thru the warm summer months.

Hemet Valley lies just about in the center of Riverside county. It is "up grade" from

the time the Santa Fe train pulls out of the Los Angeles depot until Hemet is reached, and here the sign board shows that an elevation of 1,600 feet above sea level has been attained. A few years ago the entire Hemet Valley was practically a desert, the rich, sandy soil with which it is covered, taking on a green hue for but a short time during the winter months, owing to the slight normal rainfall. Here lived a few pioneers who found the pure, dry air invigorating, and who raised hay and grain in a few favored spots and owned large herds of cattle and sheep that found splendid grazing during part of the year on the rich, wild grasses of the mountain and glades surrounding the valley.

On the first low hills at the foot of the snow-capped San Bernardino and San Jacinto mountains which rear their lofty crests thousands of feet into the blue sky, California quail formerly abounded, and over thirty years ago Mr.

W. F. Whittier, an enterprising merchant and capitalist of San Francisco, accompanied by his friend, Col. E. L. Mayberry of Alhambra, visited the valley in quest of these toothsome birds. With the eyes of men of affairs, who see opportunities when they are presented, these gentlemen at once realized the great possibilities of an irrigation system that would impound the waters running annually to waste during the rainy season, and distribute them over the rich alluvial soil of the valley during the summer months.

To Messrs. Whittier and Mayberry, to see an opportunity, was to grasp it; and they soon had a preliminary survey made which showed the feasibility of the gigantic scheme. The site for a reservoir was selected in a deep, narrow gorge in the mountains at the southeast end of the valley, and in 1890, work was begun on the great Hemet Dam, which was completed in 1895. This dam, of solid masonry, is built into the granite walls of the mountains on either side of the gorge and is 250 feet long at the top, 125 feet high, and 100 feet thick at the base. It cost a quarter of a million dollars. It receives the drainage of one hundred thousand acres of water-shed, impounding much of the water that formerly ran to waste during the winter, and retaining the flow from slowly melting snows that crown the great San Jacinto peaks during the summer. Hemet Dam forms a great reservoir that is nearly

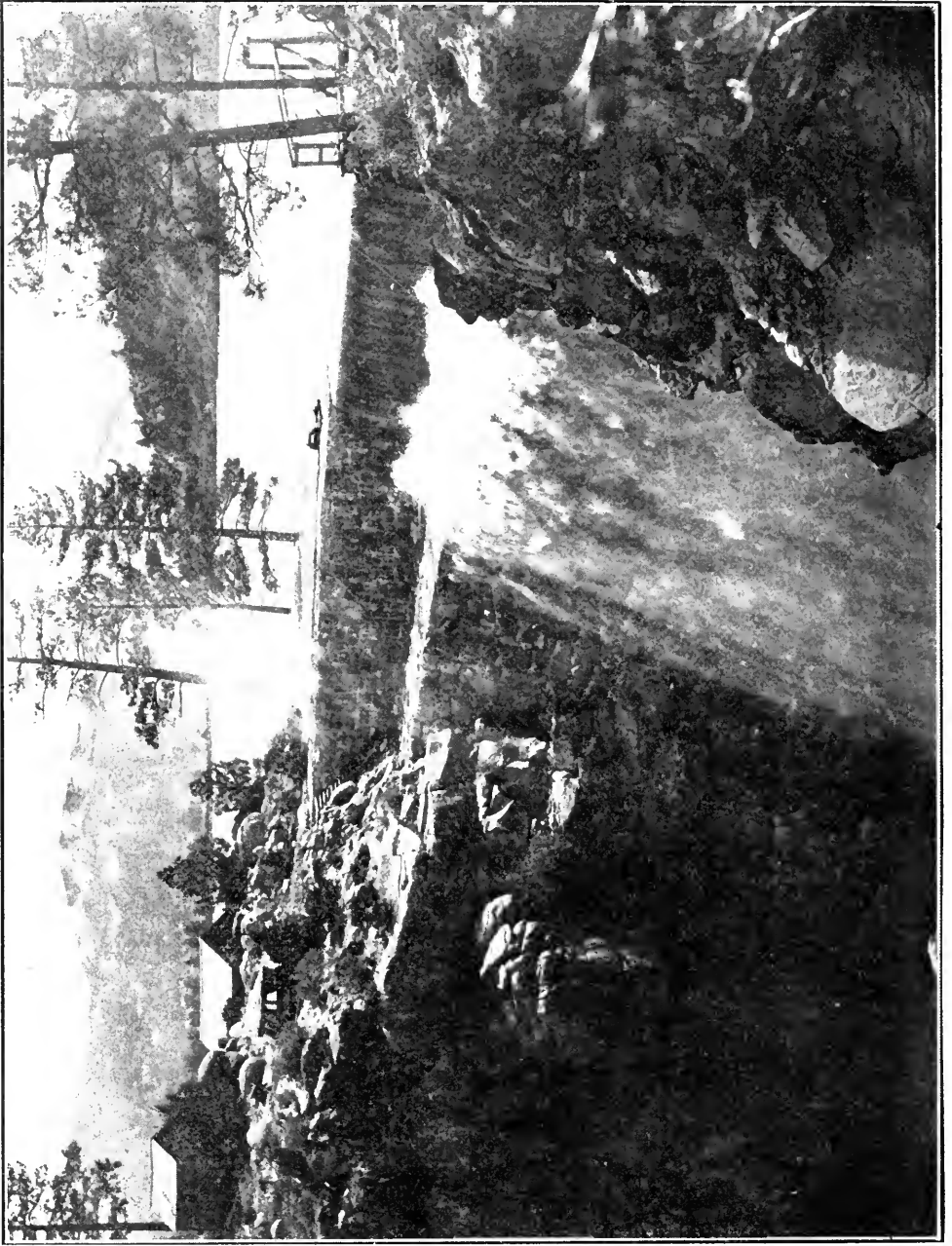
three miles long, a mile wide in its greatest width, and in average years one hundred feet deep at the end of the irrigating season in November. The elevation of this dam is 4,400 feet above sea level and 2,800 feet above the floor of the valley. There are several retaining reservoirs at intervals lower down on the mountain, and about two hundred miles of conduits, pipe lines and cement ditches to distribute the water to hundreds of orchards and alfalfa fields in the valley.

For twenty-five years Mr. Whittier, with that persistence and untiring energy which has made him so successful in every enterprise he has undertaken, urged forward this great irrigation project, the others associated with him passing away one by one, leaving him now the only survivor of the group and almost the sole owner of this and many other great enterprises of the Hemet Valley. The water from Hemet reservoir is carried to thousands of acres, and one can ride for miles and miles over fine roads thru most beautiful groves of orange, lemon, olive, walnut, peach and apricot trees, while luxuriant fields of alfalfa intervene and give a most pleasing variety to the landscape. Seven crops of hay are cut annually from these fields, and dairying is beginning to be a leading industry of the valley. The land is mostly owned in tracts of from five to forty acres, the smaller tracts being generally nearer the town. The land

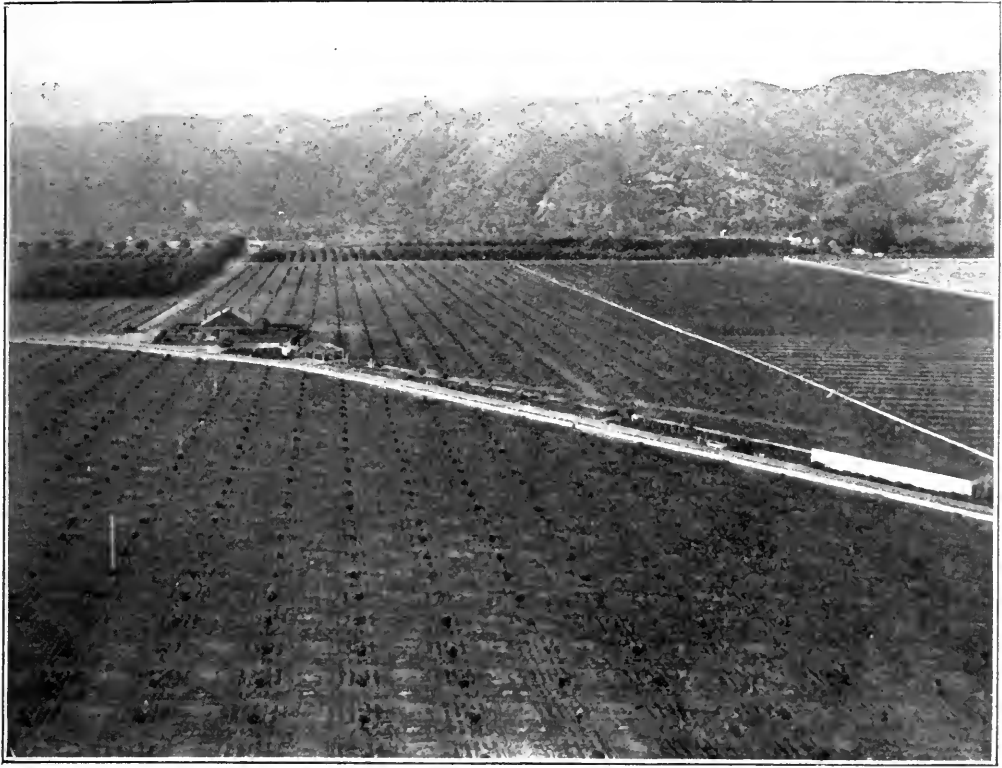


Photo by Staff Photographer, George D. Heisley.

HOTEL HEMET—One of California's best and most beautifully located. Mr. D. D. Whitten, Prop. in the foreground. Headquarters for Sou. Cal. Auto Ass'n and Commercial Travellers.



The Great Hemet Dam, built by W. F. Whittier



A Glimpse of W. F. Whittier's 260 Acre Orange Orchard showing his Bungalow

under the system is sold without improvements, but with a perpetual water right, at around \$300 per acre, and the water cost is \$2.00 per acre per annum, which on a ten-acre tract amounts to but \$20.00. This entitles the owner to a run of $37\frac{1}{2}$ inches for 24 hours, every thirty days from April 15th to November 15th, which is a very low price for water in Southern California.

Another writer has truthfully said:

"Nature has set the sign and seal of good luck on this beautiful valley, since it is shaped exactly like a four leafed clover, the city of Hemet being in, the center. The valley is open toward the West, admitting the daily in-sweep of the cool, life-giving coast breeze.

In summer the coast breeze dies with the sun, and then in the twilight comes the soft, cool zephyr from the mountains; it is too soft, too elusive to be called a breeze, but it falls like a balm on tired nature and soothes to sweet refreshing sleep.

In winter the encircling mountains completely protect the valley from the cold winds which occasionally sweep down from the frozen North. The results are a climate that, winter and summer alike, is generally pleasing and always agreeable—never too cold, seldom too hot for perfect comfort. The altitude—1,600 to 1,800 feet—in itself is a health factor, and there being no wet or marshy land, mosquitos and malaria are unknown and practically impossible. The water supply comes

from the pure mountain sources as before described, without any possibility of pollution, and the close proximity of ocean, towering mountains and desert, makes the daily breezes as pure as God's own vast laboratories can create them. Hence Hemet is already somewhat famous for its health-giving climate, and this reputation is added to by the close proximity of over a dozen hot springs, where hot mineral and mud baths are given to those who desire.

The city of Hemet has been slowly but surely growing since its foundation, and it now numbers upwards of 1,500 inhabitants. With the



The Home of Banker Scales



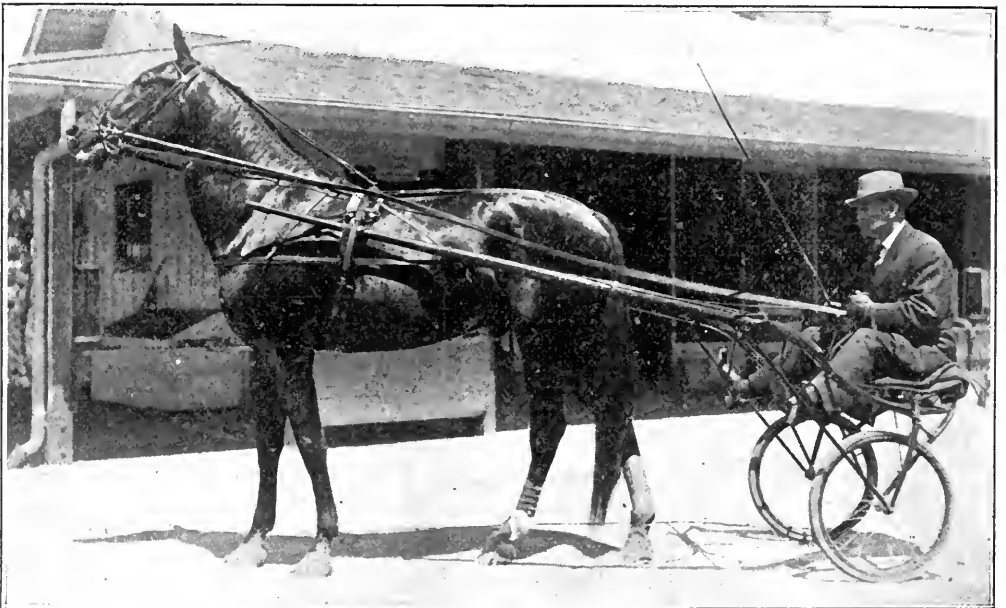
A Group of Thoroughbreds at W. F. Whittier's Ranch

surrounding tract of fertile orchards and groves, its population is rapidly nearing the 3,000 mark. The town has a first-class fire-proof brick hotel, managed in a much better fashion than the majority of country-town hotels. The Bank of Hemet is established in a building that would do credit to a Los Angeles or San Francisco institution, and a sister institution is deservedly popular and strong in the confidence of the business men.

The Union High School, surrounded by its ten acres of campus, was recently erected at

a cost of \$50,000. The students graduated from this school are admitted to the colleges and universities without examination. A new grammar school has been built during the past year, and is considered the best of its kind. The educational facilities here are ample, supplemented by a good library which is growing in usefulness. Two good lots recently have been secured for a Carnegie library, which will cost \$7,500. The work of construction has already begun.

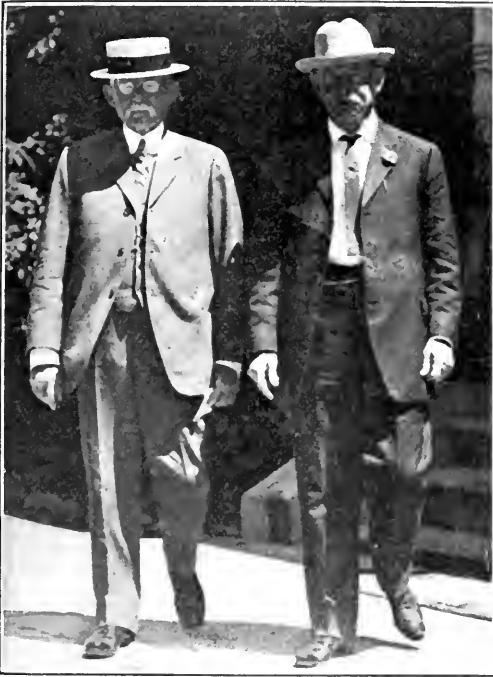
The business interests of the city are in the



Budd Doble driving "Wilbur Lou," holder of the Yearling's World Record of 2:19½



Office and Stables of the Hemet Stock Farm



W. F. Whittier and Budd Doble

hands of a newly-organized Commercial Club, which includes in its membership every man and woman of any pretence to public spirit and civic patriotism. A telephone system reaches throughout the valley, as well as a rural free delivery of mail, gas and electricity. The *Hemet News* is a weekly newspaper growing in power and usefulness, as the city grows and standing always for progress and the best things. There are nine religious denominations, most of which have substantial houses of worship, and there is also a strong W. C. T. U. organization, while Club life is vigorous, with a number of lodges and fraternal organizations, all thriving and healthy.

Hemet also has the honor to be known to horse-lovers throughout the world as the home of the World's Champion Yearling Trotting Stallion. Mr. Whittier's former partner, Col. E. L. Mayberry, was a lover and breeder of good horses. At his death, the noted trotter, George W. McKinney, 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, fell into Mr. Whittier's hands, and he decided to start a stock farm and breed from him. He set aside for the purpose forty acres of absolutely level land, adjoining the town, built a perfect half-mile oval, regulation track, erected splendid barns and box stalls for the horses, neat quarters and club house for the help, a fire-proof structure for the hay and grain, a well appointed



office for the manager, and all other buildings that were required. Having once established an enterprise, it is Mr. Whittier's motto to allow nothing to deteriorate, and this plant is at all times kept in immaculate neatness. The buildings and fences are all bright with paint and whitewash; there are smooth, sanded drives, clean cement walks, beautiful ever-green lawns and blooming flower beds on all sides, while spreading pepper trees give grateful shade over all the walks and drives. The distance from the Hotel Hemet to the Hemet Stock Farm is only about four blocks, and there are broad cement sidewalks all the way. At the entrance to the farm, a handsome arched gateway has been erected, on which the following inscription greets the eye:

HEMET STOCK FARM.

"Home of Wilbur Lou (1) 2:19½,

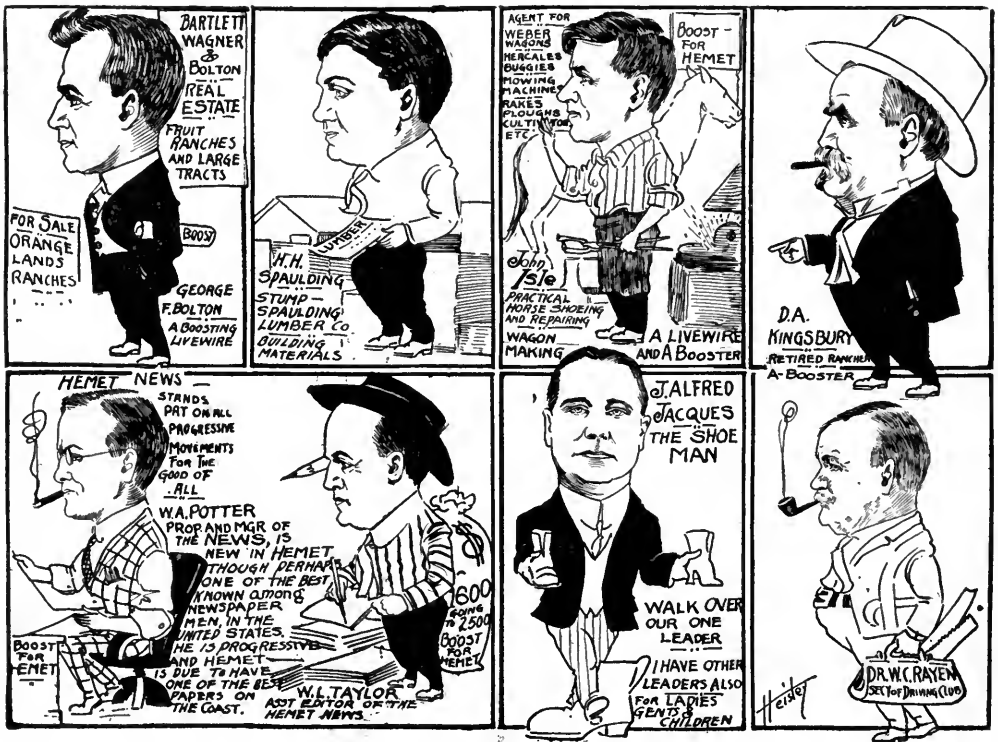
"World's Champion Yearling Trotting Stallion."

From this gate to the grandstand and other buildings, one passes between rows of beautiful pepper trees. On the right are three five-acre paddocks in which the brood mares and colts are feeding at this time of the year, knee deep in the alfalfa. At the left is the track,

the infield of which was this spring sown to alfalfa, and is making a fine growth. This track is as near perfection as one can be. It is only a half mile in circumference, it is true, but the soil is a silt loam that works easily does not clod or cup, the turns are well thrown up and the track safe to work on the year round, requiring no water in the rainy season, but supplied with an abundance at all times. That it is fast is attested by the fact that it holds the California half mile track record for a trotting mile in an actual race, and a three year old pacing colt worked it in 2:11 last fall.

In a later article, *Out West* will present to its readers a full description of this famous stock farm, and the animals that have been bred here under the able administration of that gentlemanly sportsman, Budd Doble, who, for some years, has had charge of all Mr. Whittier's horse interests.

From this brief survey it will be seen that Hemet and its valley is a desirable place for the home-seeker, be he rich or poor. It is a place for the healthy, and those who seek health, and to every class of desirable citizens it stands with open doors, bidding them welcome to advantages and privileges that few cities can boast.



LIVE WIRES OF HEMET



SOME BOOSTERS OF HEMET

SHEPARD DEEGAN REALTY CO.
REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENTS SUB-DIVISION OUR SPECIALTY

MR. SHEPARD HAS TAKEN AN ACTIVE PART IN ALL THAT HAS BEEN DONE IN ORGANIZING THE NEW BOOST CLUB AND HE IS A LEADER!

LEE SHEPARD

H.L. THOMPSON - HEMET REALTY CO.
ONE OF THE LARGE LAND OWNERS OF THE VALLEY.

F.G. SILVER - HEMET REALTY COMPANY

W.C. GOODHUE OF THE HEMET LAND CO.

CO. GILLET POSTMASTER

GUY W. PARQUETTE ASST. POSTMASTER

EL. SMITH & SON - GENERAL GROCERY
STRICTLY UP TO DATE AND ONE PRICE TO ALL

BOOST FOR HEMET

H.P. HERMAN GENERAL REAL ESTATE AND A BOOSTER

THE PROUD POSSESSOR OF THE BEST ORANGE GROVE IN THE VALLEY

YV. H. MANN Boost For HEMET - HEMET HARDWARE COMPANY.

BILLY WHITTIER
A REAL LIVEWIRE BOOSTER AND RANCHER, CONDUCTING ONE OF THE BEST ORANGE GROVES IN THE STATE SET OUT OVER 3000 ORANGE TREES THIS YEAR.

BOOST FOR OUR OUTDOOR SUNSHINE ALL THE TIME

BROTHER WM. KINGMAH REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE AN ACTIVE BOOSTER FOR HEMET

JOHN M. CLAYTON ATTY AT LAW AND A BOOSTER FOR HEMET.

FARMERS MERCHANTS BANK

H.C. WILSON

MY MOTTO BOOST - HEMET

J.O. PERCIVAL VALLEY ICE AND LAUNDRY CO.

AMOS CHURCHILL

2200 BOXES OF ORANGES

RANCH AND ORANGE GROWER

GEO. J. CLEMENS

BRIEF BOOST HEMET

C.R. MOODY ATTY AT LAW.

AGENT FOR STODDARD DAYTON AND OVERLAND SUPPLIES AND REPAIRING

BOOST FOR HEMET

AUTO SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS

E. TAPPER

SOME MORE OF HEMET'S BOOSTERS

Reliable Expert Advice

given to

Homeseekers in California

Are you seeking a home in God's Garden Spot of America?

An orange or lemon grove, a date palm orchard, a rose garden, a chicken ranch, a hog or alfalfa ranch—or anything else that California's wonderful resources offer?

All the productive, profitable and pleasant spots are here awaiting you, but the problem as to the exact location of the best place for YOUR PARTICULAR REQUIREMENTS—is a hard one to solve.

Disinterested, expert, reliable advice is hard to get—we might say next to impossible to obtain, without considerable expense and lapse of time.

We can help you Greatly.

We have trained experts in our organization who know this magnificent and productive country well as you know your front yard.

They have no land interest or connections or obligations to hamper them. They have studied the conditions for years and years and can give unbiased, trustworthy advice as to the best location to suit your particular needs or desires.

We have nothing to sell—not even our advice—but to eliminate the simply curious and to show your good faith and earnest desire for practical, dependable advice, we will require you to send us One Dollar in two cent stamps with your request for information—for which we GUARANTEE to give you advice and suggestions which you probably could not get elsewhere for \$100.00.

We will spare no pains to give you the practical, detailed, expert advice that you want—advice which you may place absolute confidence in as to accuracy.

If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the reliability and helpfulness of our advice, just say so and we will IMMEDIATELY RETURN YOUR FEE.

Are you ordered Out West for your health?

Our experts have given years of study to the health conditions best adapted to various diseased conditions and our services are at your command and included in the small fee named.

These experts are on the staff of OUT WEST—brilliant students of the productive and health conditions of the Pacific Coast, whose investigation and experience covers a period of thirty years.

This is not a money-making proposition but rather a desire on our part to render additional service and helpfulness to our many subscribers—who are looking for just such advice.

These privileges are available only to those who are actual yearly subscribers to OUT WEST.

Address
ADVISORY BUREAU

Out West,

218 New High Street,

Los Angeles, California



T. S. Brown, Hemet, Cal.
 Agent and Dealer in Real Estate. Oldest
 Agency in San Jacinto and Hemet
 Valleys.
 Perfect Knowledge of Soil and Climatic Con-
 ditions. All Information Absolutely
 Reliable.
 Reference:- Any Bank or Citizen.

A DOG'S FOOT

Has a number of raised cushions which prevent slipping
 and take up the concussion over hard surfaces.



BAILEY'S "WON'T SLIP" RUBBER HEELS
 Embody this principle and insure ease and safety over
 all surfaces. The tread surface formed with "U" shaped
 ribs, together with flat ended rubber studs, form a sur-
 face that is positively non-slipping on ice or other slip-
 pery surfaces. Mailed upon receipt of price.

35 cents per pair. For Men or Women.

When ordering send a correct outline drawing of the bot-
 tom of the heel of your boot. Order from your shoe
 dealer. Dealers write for prices. 100-page Catalogue of
Everything in Rubber Goods Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.

22 Boylston Street,

BOSTON MASS.

Pierce & Co. **KODAKS**
 PHOTO. AMATEUR FINISHING IS OUR STUNT
 WE FLY HIGH ON QUALITY
 BUT HAVE HIT THE GROUND ON PRICE

127 WEST SIXTH ST. NEXT TO THE ALL NIGHT BANK.

ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it re-
 moves them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St, Los Angeles

PATENTS \$180,340.00 \$ **PATENTS**
 MADE BY MY CLIENTS
 YOU Should Have My FREE BOOKS telling HOW OTHERS will do
 the same IN THE FUTURE. "What and How to Invent." Book Free!
E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer **803 F., Washington, D. C.**

DATES

We are preparing to make an importation of offshoots of the choicest varieties of early ripening Persian Gulf dates. A member of our staff, well equipped for this work by previous experience, will sail from San Francisco about August 1. He will spend the winter in the date gardens, locating the most desirable varieties and arranging for a shipment of offshoots to reach Arizona and California about April 1, 1913. Delivery of palms in good order guaranteed. Orders placed before his departure will be filled at \$1.00 per offshoot less than those received after that date.

We are desirous of communicating with anyone who is interested, especially those who contemplate engaging in the commercial culture of dates.

WEST INDIA GARDENS,

Horticultural Importers and Growers
of Subtropical Plants and Trees
Altadena, California.
Bank References

"HOUSE OF COMFORT"

Hotel Manx

Powell Street at O'Farrell.

San Francisco's best located and most popular hotel. Running Ice Water in each room. Commodious lobby. Metropolitan service.

TARIFF.

12 rooms.....	\$1.00 each
50 rooms.....	\$1.50 each
50 rooms.....	\$2.00 each
60 rooms Private Bath.....	\$2.00 each
50 rooms Private Bath.....	\$2.50 each
30 Suites, Bedroom, Parlor and Bath	\$3.50
	to \$4.00

50 large light sample rooms \$1.50 up
Reduction by week or month.

Under management,
CHESTER KELLEY.

"MEET ME AT THE MANX"

Important Announcement

The Old Adobe Spanish Restaurant, formerly known as CASA VERDUGO will hereafter be known as

LA RAMADA

(The Arbor)

and will continue to be operated as a strictly high-class resort, where genuine Spanish dinners will be served in the quaint old dining room or under the ancient pepper tree. Service a la carte or table d'hote.

Special Facilities for Private Luncheons, Teas,
Dinners, or Banquets.
FREE GARAGE

Sunset, Glendale 69 Home, Glendale 691

Management of

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Glendale Cars from Sixth and Main Sts
Stop Directly in Front of Entrance

Name of Station "LA RAMADA"



ARE YOU RECEIVING SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS ON YOUR SAVINGS?

Where can you find a safer investment or a greater producer of large dividends than in building "HOMES" such as shown in the illustration?

We are building just such "HOMES" in the Hillandale Tract, comprising 204 of the most slightly foothill lots.

Would you not like to be a shareholder in a company that builds such "HOMES?"



Information can be obtained by addressing—

PRUDENTIAL BUILDING & INVESTMENT COMPANY

Dep't of Publicity

575 Eagle Rock Ave., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

**The
ART of
BAKING**

RUSSIAN
LEATHER
\$1.50

By P. E. Laskowski

Designed for both the amateur and professional Baker

Result of twenty-five years experience

Hundreds of excellent receipts

Western Pilgrim Publishing Company

218 NEW HIGH STREET

Los Angeles, Cal.



unusual trains

The Saint

Los Angeles to San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley.

The Angel

San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley to Los Angeles and San Diego.

Discriminating Travelers tell us they are California's finest trains.

The equipment is superior.
The dining service is superior.
Employs are courteous.

Offices:

673 Market St., San Francisco
1218 Broadway, Oakland
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

A REPUTATION for good printing is an enviable thing. It can not be gained in a day. Years of good work—good presswork—good composition, prompt delivery—which counts in these days of keen competition, tell the story.

Good Printing is cheaper in the end—Try ours

WILL A. KISTLER CO.

218 NEW HIGH STREET

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Hello Number—Home A 2297—Main 5610

NAILINE

THE
FINGER
NAIL
SHINE



Send **10c** For a Sample pkg.

Brilliant
Stylish
Inexpensive

218 New High Street
Los Angeles, Cal.



323 CITIZENS NAT'L
BANK BUILDING
L . A . C



Blanchard Hall Studio Building

Devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science Studios and Halls for all purposes for Rent. Largest Studio Building in the West. For terms and all information apply to

F. W. BLANCHARD

233 South Broadway 232 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

TRADE MARK
LOS ANGELES BREWING CO'S
Fast Side
BOTTLED BEER
**FEW AS GOOD
NONE BETTER**
TEL HOME 10857 SUNSET EAST 820

THE
**Southern Pacific Railroad
of Mexico**

traversing the Mexican Pacific states of

SONORA-SINALOA-TEPIC-JALISCO

gives access to

RICH NATURAL RESOURCES AND OPPORTUNITIES FOR WEALTH

in

**Cattle - Ranches - Farming - Mines
Timber**

Let us list you for a copy of our new booklet which will be published shortly.

**H. LAWTON, G. P. A.
GUAYMAS, SONORA, MEXICO**

STAMPS--Stamp Album and 155 ALL DIF. RARE, incl. China (dragon), Malay (tiger), Rhodesia, Tasmania (l'dscape), Jamaica (w't'r-fall), etc. only 10c; 1000 mixed for 'gn only 10c. 1000 hinges 5c. 112 pp. Lists, coupons, etc., free! Agts. W't'd. 50%. WE BUY STAMPS. Hussman Stamp Co. Dept. S, St. Louis, Mo.

Arizona Ruby FREE
To Introduce Our Genuine Imported
Mexican Diamonds
We will send you FREE a genuine Arizona Ruby in the rough, with illustrated Catalogue of GENUINE MEXICAN DIAMONDS and other gems. Mexican Diamonds exactly resemble finest genuine blue-white diamonds, stand acid tests; are cut by experts, and yet we sell at one-fortieth the cost. Only gems of its kind guaranteed permanently brilliant. **SPECIAL OFFER.** For 50c deposit as guarantee of good faith, we send on approval, registered, either 1/2 or 1 carat Mexican Diamond at special price. Money back if desired. Write today. Catalog FREE.
MEXICAN DIAMOND IMP. CO., Dept. 3 - Las Cruces, N. M.

Suitlorium
DYE HOUSE
Incorporated

HOME 10983 - BROADWAY 961

**LOS ANGELES
GREATEST
GARMENT
CLEANERS**



4 STORES

YOUR IDLE MONEY

Or your savings should be in an account with this Bank which offers unequalled facilities and the most liberal interest consistent with sound banking.

On Term Deposits the interest is 4 per cent a year and on Special (Ordinary) Checking accounts 3 per cent per year is paid.

This Bank has the Largest and Best Equipped Safe Deposit Department in the West.

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Oldest and Largest Savings Bank in the Southwest

Resources - - - - \$45,000,000.00
Capital and Reserve - \$ 3,300,000.00

SECURITY BUILDING, SPRING AND FIFTH
Los Angeles

EQUITABLE BRANCH, Spring and First

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

THE EVER-READY MESSENGER

Noon or Night
Week-days or Sundays
Always Ready—Never Tired

“JUST HOMEPHONE”

Home Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.

BAILEY'S RUBBER COMPLEXION BRUSH



TIS THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. Mailed 50 cents.



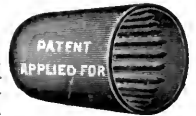
BABY'S TEETH

cut without irritation. The flat-ended teeth expand the gums, keeping them soft; the ring comforts and amuses the child, preventing convulsions and cholera infantum.

Mailed for price, 10c.

BAILEY'S RUBBER SEWING FINGER

Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the forefinger in sewing or embroidery. Three sizes—small, medium and large. Mailed 6 cents each.



Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1 for 25c.; No. 2. 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.



BAILEY'S WON'T SLIP TIP

This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17 5-8 in.; No. 18 7/8 in.; No. 19, 7-8 in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21, 1 1-8 in. Mailed upon receipt of price 30c per pair

Agents Wanted

100 Page Rubber Catalogue Free.
C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, Mass.

. . . Books by George Wharton James . . .

- HEROES OF CALIFORNIA.** 515 pages, with eighty illustrations. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.16.
- THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA; HOW TO SEE IT.** An entirely new and complete guide book. 265 pages, with maps and 48 pages of pictures. \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.63.
- IN AND AROUND THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER IN ARIZONA.** Mr. James's original and instructive work on the Grand Canyon. 346 pages, with 23 full-page plates and 77 illustrations in the text. Crown 8vo. \$2.50 net; postpaid, \$2.70.
- THE INDIANS OF THE PAINTED DESERT REGION.** 268 pages, with 16 full-page pictures and 50 half-page illustrations from photographs. Crown 8vo. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.18.
- IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.** An Historical and Pictorial Account of the Franciscan Missions. The best book on the subject. 392 pages, with 142 illustrations from photographs showing the architecture, the interior decorations, furniture, pulpits, crosses and candlesticks of the Missions, pictures of the Saints, etc. 8vo. \$3.00 net; postpaid, \$3.20.
- THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT (Southern California).** Its Rivers and its Mountains, its Canyons and its Springs, its Life and its History pictured and described. The standard work on the Colorado Desert Region. With a colored frontispiece, 32 full-page plates, and more than 300 pen and ink sketches by Carl Eytel. 8vo. \$2.50 net; express paid, \$2.75.
- THROUGH RAMONA'S COUNTRY.** 406 pages. Fully illustrated from photographs. Crown 8vo. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.20.
- THE STORY OF SCRAGGLES.** An autobiography of a Song Sparrow. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.07.
- INDIAN BASKETRY.** Fourth Edition, including "How to make Indian and Other Baskets. 412 pages. With 600 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, \$2.50 net; postpaid, \$2.75.
- HOW TO MAKE INDIAN AND OTHER BASKETS.** 140 pages. With 225 illustrations. \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.15.
- TRAVELER'S HANDBOOK TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.** Baedeker size for pocket. 507 pages, with illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10.
- WHAT THE WHITE RACE MAY LEARN FROM THE INDIAN.** 269 pages. 84 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.50; postpaid \$1.75.
- CALIFORNIA BIRTHDAY BOOK.** Selections from the writings of Living California Authors, with biographical sketch of each and lists of books. 43 pages. 16mo. Cloth \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10.
- AN APPRECIATION OF CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.** With four choice selections from his writings. \$1.00.

Copies will always be autographed for those who desire and who order direct from the author, George Wharton James, 1098 N. Raymond Ave., Pasadena, Cal., or "Out West," 218 New High St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Are You Going to

LOS ANGELES

- LOS ANGELES** is without question the most **Comfortable** city in the United States, both Winter and Summer.
- LOS ANGELES** climate in winter is like that of the Eastern and New England States in May and June.
- LOS ANGELES** in winter has roses in abundance, and its neighboring city of Pasadena has its annual Rose Tournament on New Year's Day.
- LOS ANGELES** has a score of delightful beach resorts, such as **Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Redondo, Long Beach, Alamitos, Bay City, Huntington Beach, Newport and Balboa**, all within an hour of the center of the city by commodious electric cars.
- LOS ANGELES** has **500** hotels and apartment houses, including some of the best appointed hotels in the United States, at moderate prices, conforming to the accommodations.
- LOS ANGELES** has the largest and best Cafeterias in the nation, affording a most economical method of living for tourists of moderate means.
- LOS ANGELES** county is constructing 300 miles of model roadways, for which it has bonded itself for \$3,500,000 and is a Paradise for Automobiles. Take your automobiles with you.
- LOS ANGELES** roadways in winter are fragrant with the odor of orange blossoms, which frequently cover the trees while the yellow fruit is still hanging to the branches.
- LOS ANGELES** is famous for its sea fishing. Tuna, Black Sea Bass (up to 300 pounds), Yellowtail, Barracuda, Rock Bass and Mackerel are abundant, and sportsmen from all parts of the world go to Los Angeles to fish.
- LOS ANGELES** is about completing the Los Angeles Aqueduct, one of the greatest water conduits of the world, 240 miles long, of which 30 miles was tunnel work through the mountains, at a cost of **\$25,000,000**, and with a capacity of **20,000** miner's inches—sufficient to supply a city of **2,000,000** inhabitants with an abundance of pure mountain water. For further information and literature address

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Just the Information We Need

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL —THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

Every day in your talk and reading, on the street car, in the office, shop, and school some new question is sure to come up. You seek quick, accurate, encyclopedic, up-to-date information.

This NEW CREATION will answer all your questions with final authority. 400,000 Words Defined. 2700 Pages. 6000 Illustrations. Cost \$400,000. The only dictionary with the new divided page. A "Stroke of Genius."



Write for specimen pages, illustrations, etc.

Mention this publication and receive FREE a set of pocket maps.

G. & C.
MERRIAM
CO.

Springfield,
Mass.
U. S. A.

It's Baker's and It's Delicious



Made by perfect mechanical process from high grade cocoa beans, scientifically blended, it is of the

finest quality, full strength and absolutely pure and healthful

Sold in 1/5 lb., 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. cans, net weight.

Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS

Polarine

Polarine Oil is the best oil you can get for your motor, whatever the make.

It retains its body and feeds uniformly under all running conditions.

It leaves no carbon.

POLARINE TRANSMISSION LUBRICANTS. Prepared in different consistencies to meet the particular mechanical conditions existing in different types of motors.

POLARINE GREASES. Unequalled friction-reducing value wherever a solid lubricant is required.

Write to-day for the Polarine booklet to the nearest agency of the

STANDARD OIL CO
(INCORPORATED)



THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

Savings (The German Bank) Commercial (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.)

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Guaranteed Capital.....	\$1,200,000.
Capital actually paid up in cash.....	\$1,000,000.
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	\$1,631,282.
Employees' Pension Fund.....	131,748.
Deposits Dec. 30th, 1911.....	\$46,205,741.
Total assets.....	\$48,837,024.

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, Express Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.
Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M. except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturdays evenings from 6:30 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. Receipt of deposits only.

OFFICERS — N. Ohlandt, President; George Tourny, Vice-President and Manager; J. W. Van Bergen, Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; William Herrmann, Assistant Cashier; A. H. Muller, Secretary; G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse, Assistant Secretaries; Goodfellow Eells & Orrin, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Ign. Steinhart, I. L. Walter, F. Tillmann, jr., E. T. Kruse, W. S. Goodfellow and A. H. R. Schmidt.

MISSION BRANCH—2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Streets. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH—601 Clement St. Cor. 7th Ave. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH—1456 Haight Street between Masonic Ave. and Ashbury St. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. O. F. Paulsen, Manager.

VOSE PIANOS

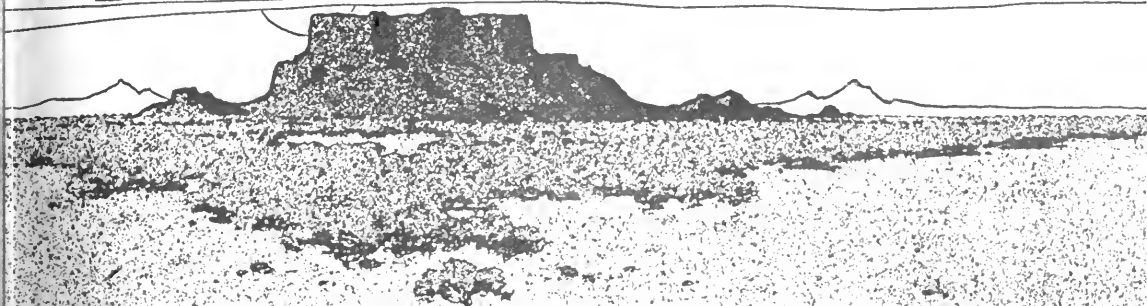
have been established over 60 years. By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

Boston, Mass.

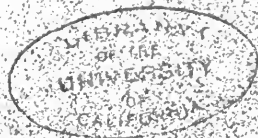
OUT WEST

George Wharton James, Editor



Archives of the
Edward J. Bruff
Historical Society
California Historical Society
Out of the West
Quit your Valley

August 1912



7 TRAINS Daily

San Francisco Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley

Some via Coast Line

100 miles along the ocean shore.

Some via San Joaquin Valley

LAST TO LEAVE FIRST TO ARRIVE

Three leave between 5 and 8 p. m.
and reach San Francisco by or before
9.30 a. m.

THE FAST ONES

SHORE LINE LIMITED

Leaves Los Angeles 8 a. m.
Arrive San Francisco 9:50 p. m.

OWL via San Joaquin Valley

Leave Los Angeles 6 p. m.
Arrive San Francisco 8:10 a. m.

Lark via Coast Line

Leave Los Angeles 7:40 p. m.
Arrive San Francisco 9:30 a. m.

\$25 Excursions

Southern Pacific

LOS ANGELES OFFICES:

600 South Spring Street
STATION, Fifth and Central Ave.

Coachella Valley

Riverside
County

**WHERE DATES
GROW**

Visit the Valley and see the heavily laden trees on the Government Farms and private ranches. "Deglet Noor", the highest priced Date in the world, will be ripe in a few weeks.

Southern Pacific Date Lands, sold in 20, 40 and 80 acre tracts. Ten Years' time. One-tenth cash.

C. E. WANTLAND, General Sales Agent,

410 Grosse Bldg.,

Los Angeles, Cal.

STORY of the HUGUENOTS

NEW EDITION



A FLORIDA HISTORICAL
TALE
OF THE
SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Where the French, Spaniards
and Indians were the actors.

By F. A. Mann

\$1.50 Postage
Paid

F. A. MANN,
Lompoc, California.

"Should be in every American library."—New York Journal.

"An intensely interesting Story of the East Coast of Florida, well told."—Review of Reviews.

"I have read this book to my pupils as an American classic. It should be in every school library."—Prof. Griffiths, Jacksonville, Fla., in School Exponent.

"A splendid story of fortitude, daring and suffering."—Mail and Express, N. Y.

"A story of thrilling interest."—S-rand Magazine London, England.

Out West Adlets

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Bring Buyer and Seller Together

In this classified department will be inserted advertisements of a clean and reliable character up to 14 lines, at the rate of 50 cents per line. None will be inserted of less than 2 lines. No illustrations nor display features will be permitted in this department. Our policy, which excludes medical, palmistry, fortune-telling or misleading advertisements, or advertisements of unreliable parties or commodities, also prevails in this department, and the business management will appreciate prompt notice from *Out West* readers of any such that may get in by false pretense. Address all letters pertaining to this department to

OUT WEST

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT,

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

AMUSEMENTS—

BELASCO THEATER

MAIN STREET, bet. 3rd and 4th sts.,
Matinees Thursday, Sat. and Sun.

ORPHEUM

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE,
Broadway, bet. Sixth and Seventh.

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

BROADWAY NEAR MERCANTILE.

MASON OPERA HOUSE

BROADWAY BETWEEN 1st and 2nd.
All week—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

MAIN STREET NEAR SIXTH.

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

BROADWAY NEAR EIGHTH.

FISCHER'S LYCEUM

FORMERLY ORPHEUM, Spring near Third.

HOTELS—

ALEXANDRIA HOTEL

FIFTH AND SPRING.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

FIFTH NEAR MAIN.

BOOKS—

LIFE, HISTORY AND CHARTER of the Commission Form of City Government, by William Hamilton McGoldrick, 218 New High St. You cannot afford to vote without it. Send \$2.00.

Metaphysical Circulating Library

611 GRANT BLDG. Los Angeles

BOOKS FOR SALE

Hours 12 to 8 p. m.

Dues 25c. per month

Home Phone A1715

\$2.50 per year

Mail Orders promptly Filled.

ADVICE

HAVE YOU PROPERTY to rent or sell? There's a customer or a tenant waiting to reach you through the Want Columns of *Out West*. Results are certain.

ARE YOU SUFFERING from ignorance as to the best foods you ought to eat? Are you below par physically and unable to do your best every day?

Then consult Miss Clara B. Lambert expert on diet.

(Trained under Dr. J. H. Kellog at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.)

739 N. Marengo Ave.

Home phone 3816.

Pasadena, California

STUDIO BUILDINGS—

BLANCHARD HALL

STUDIO BUILDING devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science. Largest Studio building in the West. F. W. Blanchard, 233 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

SECURITY TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK.

MORE THAN 80,000 depositors. Resources exceed \$46,000,000.00. Special Savings Accounts, 3 per cent. Term deposits, 4 per cent. Largest Safe Deposit Vaults in the West. Security Building, 5th and Spring Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

TOILET ARTICLES—

FINGER NAIL POLISH

SEND 10 CENTS for a 25 cent package of Finger Nail Polish. A trial order of just what you want. 218 New High St., Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED

MANY TEACHERS WANTED for schools in the West. All positions good salaries. Address, D. T. Bladwin, San Antonio, Texas.



OUT WEST

New Series Vol. 4

AUG., 1912

Number 2

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS

69. Muir of the Mountains *By Bailey Millar*
70. Frontispiece—ON THE PACIFIC OCEAN, near Dr. Tell Berggren's Health Home and School, Coronado, California.
71. The Christian Science Architecture of California *By George Wharton James*
With Five Illustrations
80. The Call of the Desert *By Constance Fitch*
81. Edward Fitzgerald Beale—A California Pioneer *By Stephen Bonsal*
With Nine Illustrations
93. From "Song of the Redwood Tree" *Walt Whitman in Leaves of Grass*
94. The Historic Elements of California Literature *By George Wharton James*
100. Bare-Back Lem *By Helen Combes*
101. The California Out-of-Door Health Home and School *By the Editor*
With Eleven Illustrations
112. The Washwoman's Vengeance *By Josephine Clifford McCrackin*
120. Quit Your Worrying *By the Editor*
123. Poem *Joaquin Miller*
124. In the Editor's Den.
127. Under the Study Lamp.
130. Pomona *By W. H. Truitt, Secretary Pomona Board of Trade*
With Thirteen Illustrations
137. San Diego—The Place of Opportunity
With Fourteen Illustrations

GEORGE D. HEISLEY, Cartoonist and Department Mgr.
A. H. DUTTON, Cartoonist

Published monthly by the Western Publishing Company, 218 New High Street, Los Angeles, California. Price Fifteen Cents. Yearly subscriptions \$1.50 per year in advance. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Los Angeles Postoffice.

POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila, Samoa, Canal Zone, Cuba and Mexico.

HOW TO REMIT. Remittances should be sent by Check, Express Order, or Postal Money Order, payable to the Western Publishing Company. Currency, unless mailed in a registered letter, is at the sender's risk.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent One Week before the date of issue on which the change is to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising in the Magazine must be received Ten Days before the first of the month on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by its author.

WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LOS ANGELES
218 NEW HIGH STREET

Get Reliable Information !

The Free Information Bureau of the Security Trust & Savings Bank is the only complete information bureau established for the sole purpose of distributing reliable information on all possible subjects to newcomers and visitors to Los Angeles and Southern California and more especially to the visitors and customers of this Bank.

If intending to come to California, write us for maps and any other points of information you may desire. A lot of interesting booklets, folders, etc. are at your service.

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Savings—Trust—Commercial.

OLDEST and LARGEST in the Southwest.

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

THE EVER-READY MESSENGER

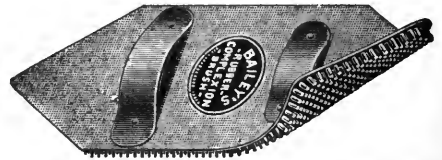
Noon or Night
Week-days or Sundays
Always Ready—Never Tired

“JUST HOMEPHONE”

Home Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Los Angeles, Cal.

BAILEY'S RUBBER COMPLEXION BRUSH



IT'S THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. Mailed 50 cents.



BABY'S TEETH
cut without irritation. The flat-ended teeth expand the gums, keeping them soft; the ring comforts and amuses the child, preventing convulsions and cholera infantum.

□ Mailed for price, 10c.

BAILEY'S RUBBER SEWING FINGER

Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the forefinger in sewing or embroidery. Three sizes—small, medium and large. Mailed 6 cents each.



Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums.

Used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1 for 25c.; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.



BAILEY'S WON'T SLIP TIP

This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17 5-8 in.; No. 18 1/2 in.; No. 19, 7-8 in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21, 1 1-8 in. Mailed upon receipt of price 30c per pair

Agents Wanted

100 Page Rubber Catalogue Free.
C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, Mass.

Muir of the Mountains

By Bailey Millard

*A lean, wild-haired, wild-bearded, craggy man,
Wild as a Modoc and as unafraid,
A man to go his way with no man's aid,
Yet sweet and soft of heart as any maid.*

*Sky-loving, stalwart as the sugar-pine,
Clean, simple, fragrant as that noble tree,
A mountain man, and free as they are free
Who tread the heights and know tranquility.*

*A man whose speech hints of no studied art,
But careless straying as the stream that flows,
And full of grace, poetic as the rose
Which to the wind its pure song-petals throws.*

*A relish of the larger life is his
And reverence rapt and wonder and deep awe
For any beauty Nature's brush may draw,
A man of faith who keeps each primal law.*

*Along the secret ways of Nature he
Makes careful quest, and she unto him speaks
And shows him that so eagerly he seeks,—
How toils the Hand that sculptures all the peaks.*

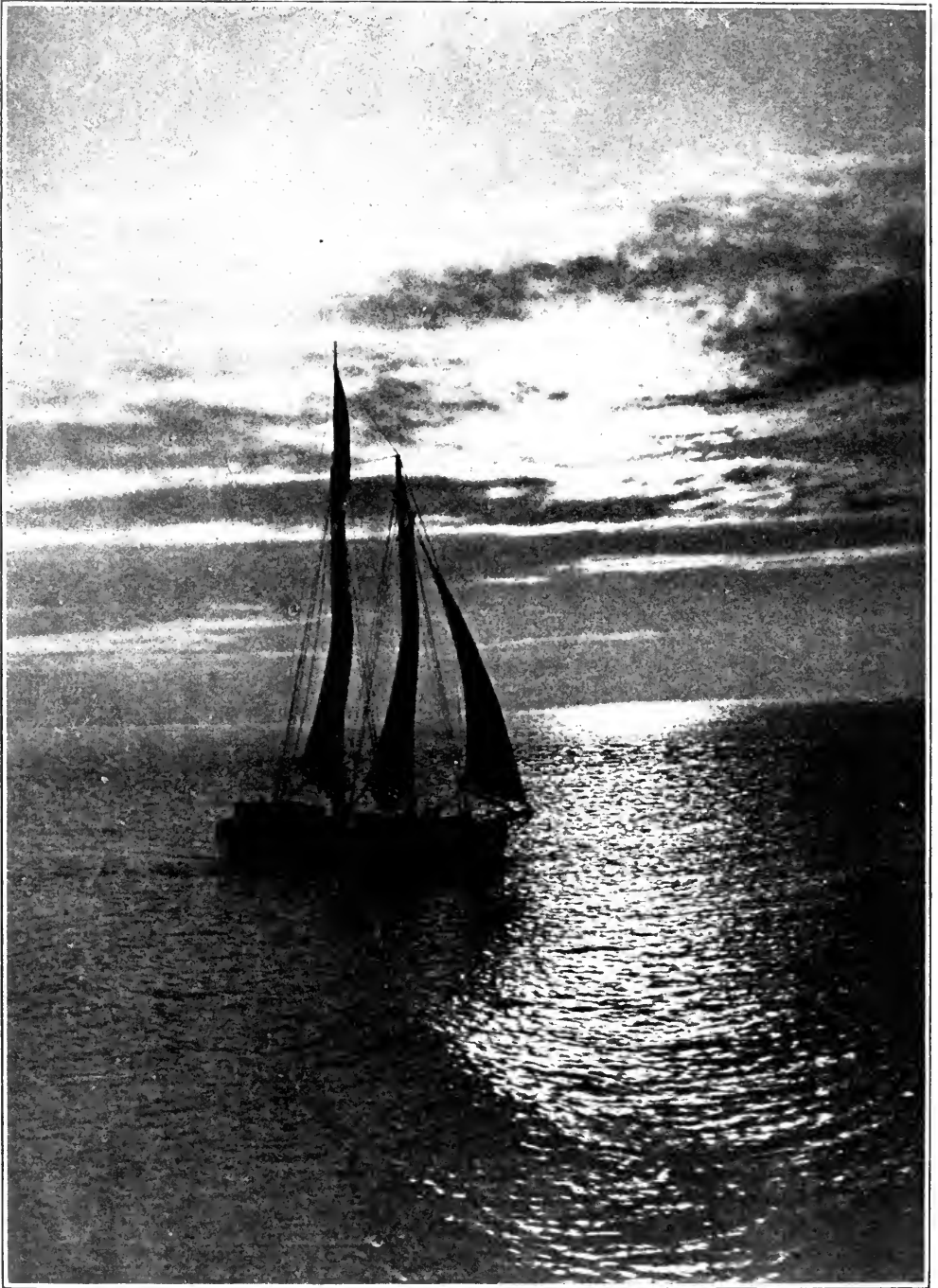
*The skylands brown, the blest sky-waters blue
He haunts and has a curious, kindly eye
For glaciers, where his bold feet dare to try
The dizziest summits and their threats defy.*

*A coarse and stunted fare to him is rich
If it be seasoned with the savory
Sweet airs, while his glad eye is feasting free
Upon the blue domes of Yosemite.*

*He makes his bed among the sheltering rocks
Where at his head a blood-red snow-flower blooms;
There sleep more sweetly comes than ever comes
In the stale, heated air and dust of rooms.*

*Unarmed, he greets the grizzly in the woods,
Birds trill him friendly notes from tree-tops tall;
The ouzel, thrush and quail and whimsical
Gray squirrel and raccoon—he loves them all.*

*Alone he treads the heights, yet not alone,
For with him go sweet Thoreau and the blest
Kin-spirits all who share his noble zest
For Nature's ways and with him walk and rest.*



*On the Pacific Ocean, near to Dr. Tell Berggren's Health Home and School,
Coronado, California.*

OUT WEST

AUGUST

1912

The Christian Science Architecture of California

By George Wharton James

IF IT BE TRUE that all the works of man's hands are a revelation of his inward thought, then we are justified in seeking to find, in architecture, an indication of the thought of its creators. By this I do not mean to suggest that one can find in architecture a perfect key to all the thoughts of the time that produced it, but that, in a general way it will prove to be a fair indication of the mental conditions existent at

the time of its conception and execution. A simple-minded people, for instance, would never have created the complex and ornate Tudor-Gothic structures of Europe, nor a debased and sensual, extravagant and showy people, the strictly pure and simple types of architecture of ancient Greece.

In the minds of many people—Christian Scientists, as well as others—there seems to be a belief quite current that an adulterated or modified Greek style



Christian Science Church—San Diego, California

of architecture is essentially characteristic of Christian Science. That this belief is erroneous, can well be shown. One of the leading writers of Christian Science thought, in the *Journal* of May, 1909, p 75, says: "Mrs. Eddy has not, to my knowledge, even suggested that such a type be considered Christian Science architecture. The original Mother Church, built in 1894, upon Mrs. Eddy's suggestion, and upon which she devoted much time and energy, is Romanesque. The Church in Concord, her gift, erected in her home city, dedicated in 1904, is a Gothic edifice. The immense new Mother Church, dedicated in June, 1906, is of Italian Renaissance. These three buildings, one her gift, and the other two suggested by her, seem to show that she preferred the type of building which, when seen at such a distance that no inscription or title can be observed on its face, is known immediately as a church edifice.

"Arguing the question from the point of the reflection of religion upon architecture, it can truly be said that the Greek style of architecture is no more the interpretation of Christian Science in architecture, than is the New England meeting-house. If the Greek type for Christian churches had not appeared in this country, or in Europe, and Christian Scientists were the first to erect such edifices, then there might be some excuse for stating that they feel it to be typical of their religious belief. But, scattered over this country, and over Europe, are hundreds of churches of other denominations built after the Greek style."

I believe that a complete explanation of the large use of the Greek style, in the earlier days of Christian Science, is found in the following extract from a letter I recently received from an eminent architect who has devoted considerable time and study to this question in its larger and more important aspects. He says:

"It is true that a considerable number of Christian Science Churches have followed more-or-less the same style; that style being some variation, or rather adaptation, of the Greek. But this has been due, not to any particu-

lar suitability of an adulterated Greek style of Christian Science Churches, but rather to the fact that a few churches were designed in this style in Chicago many years ago, and the Christian Science Faith happened to be particularly successful in Chicago.

"The result was that many Chicago people scattered about, carrying the seeds of the Chicago architectural idea with them, but the Chicago idea was an architectural idea especially adapted to Chicago, but not so well adapted to many other places.

"One of its chief characteristics was a very large foyer on the ground floor, with the main auditorium placed above this foyer, the auditorium being approached by stair-wells cut through this floor. This was done, because, in those parts of Chicago, where those churches had to be built, property was extremely valuable, and they did not have space enough to plan the church with a large foyer on the same floor level as the auditorium.

"It was also economy of space to run the stairs up through the floor of the auditorium, instead of making separate stair halls, which would have been a much more dignified method."

To rightly apprehend any subject, its fundamentals must be understood, and in all building, whether it be of a chair or table, a desk or a church, there are certain primary and fundamental principles that *should* guide the builder. In a church, for instance, the primary need is of an assembling place for a certain number of people for purposes of worship. Hence, the *interior* is the place of *prime* importance. As most of the attendants must be listeners, the arrangement must provide for a platform from which speakers or readers may be both seen and heard; the acoustics must be perfect; the ventilation as good as modern methods know how to secure; seating capacity in an easy, commodious and comfortable way must be provided; the exits and entrances must be simple, capacious and ample, and the vestibule or foyer suited to the habits and customs of the organization.

In these things we find little to differentiate the essentials of Christian Science

Churches from those of any other denomination. All churches need these elements as far as inside arrangements are concerned. Let us look, therefore, to the outside needs. A church building should certainly typify aspiration, hence it must tower above its fellow structures. As Mrs. Eddy herself said in criticism of a plan for the Concord church presented to her: "I should like to see something on it pointing upward."

A church should also be a commanding enough edifice, if possible, to demand interest and attention. In this world of rush and hurry, commercialism and absorption in business, it is well that upon man's physical senses something shall constantly be before him as a reminder that these things are not all there is to life, and that in and through them all he must not forget that he is a spiritual being, seeking spiritual expression.

It must also be a building of invitation. "Come unto me," is the Christ message, and his church must be inviting to all men. Hence it must be distinctly a church, so that no one can mistake it for anything less important, or that its purpose is less beneficial to mankind.

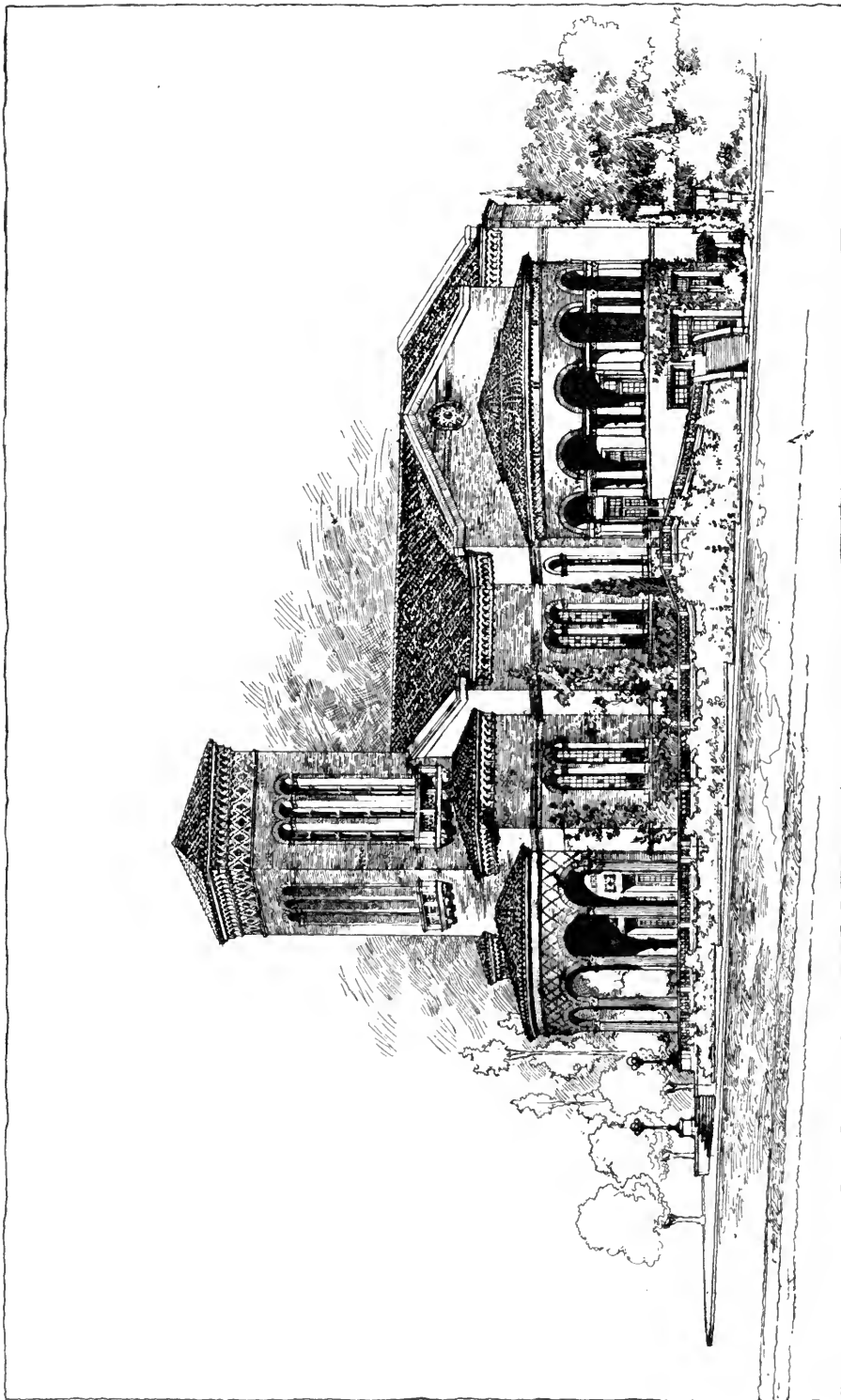
To be these things, however, in this age of democracy, it must be free from the repulsiveness of extravagance, mere display, pride of wealth, suggestion of aggrandizement, or appearance of exclusiveness. Any one of these things would be a serious and fatal distraction, each of which would unconsciously, perhaps, but nevertheless surely, influence those to whom the Church should ever be most tender and solicitous—those struggling in the fearful mazes of error and evil.

True, these ideas enter somewhat the realm of architectural symbolism, and it is impossible that architecture be any other than symbolic.

In following out this idea of architectural symbolism, however, some writers have gone into error. As Elmer Grey, the eminent Los Angeles architect says in an article in the *Arena*, Sept. 1908: "One writer has objected to the Gothic style (for Christian Science purposes) because of its 'symbolism.' But all forms of art are symbolic; any-

thing that expresses thought, language, music, all styles of architecture. The Bible is full of it, the Book of Revelations is almost entirely made up of it. It is not a question of symbolism, but of the kind of thought expressed by it. The Gothic, for centuries, stood for the only form of Christianity then existing (that is, in the Western world.) True, it was not Christian Science, but much of it was sincere, reaching out for the truth Christ, earnestly clinging to all of that truth then discerned; and if it were not for those earnest efforts toward perpetuating Christianity, Christian Science might not be known today. Symbolism has been used by Christian Scientists in places, and with a freedom which should go far toward warranting its further use. In the original Mother Church, the Director's Rose Window is almost entirely symbolic. In Mrs. Eddy's room is another window of that nature. Instead of symbolism declining with the growth of Christian Science,' writes one Christian Scientist, 'I feel that the case will be exactly the reverse; that there will be other symbols added to those that have accumulated during the last nineteen hundred years, for Christian Science will find new expressions and will take from those of the past the ones which appeal to it as higher types by their suggestiveness of spirituality.'

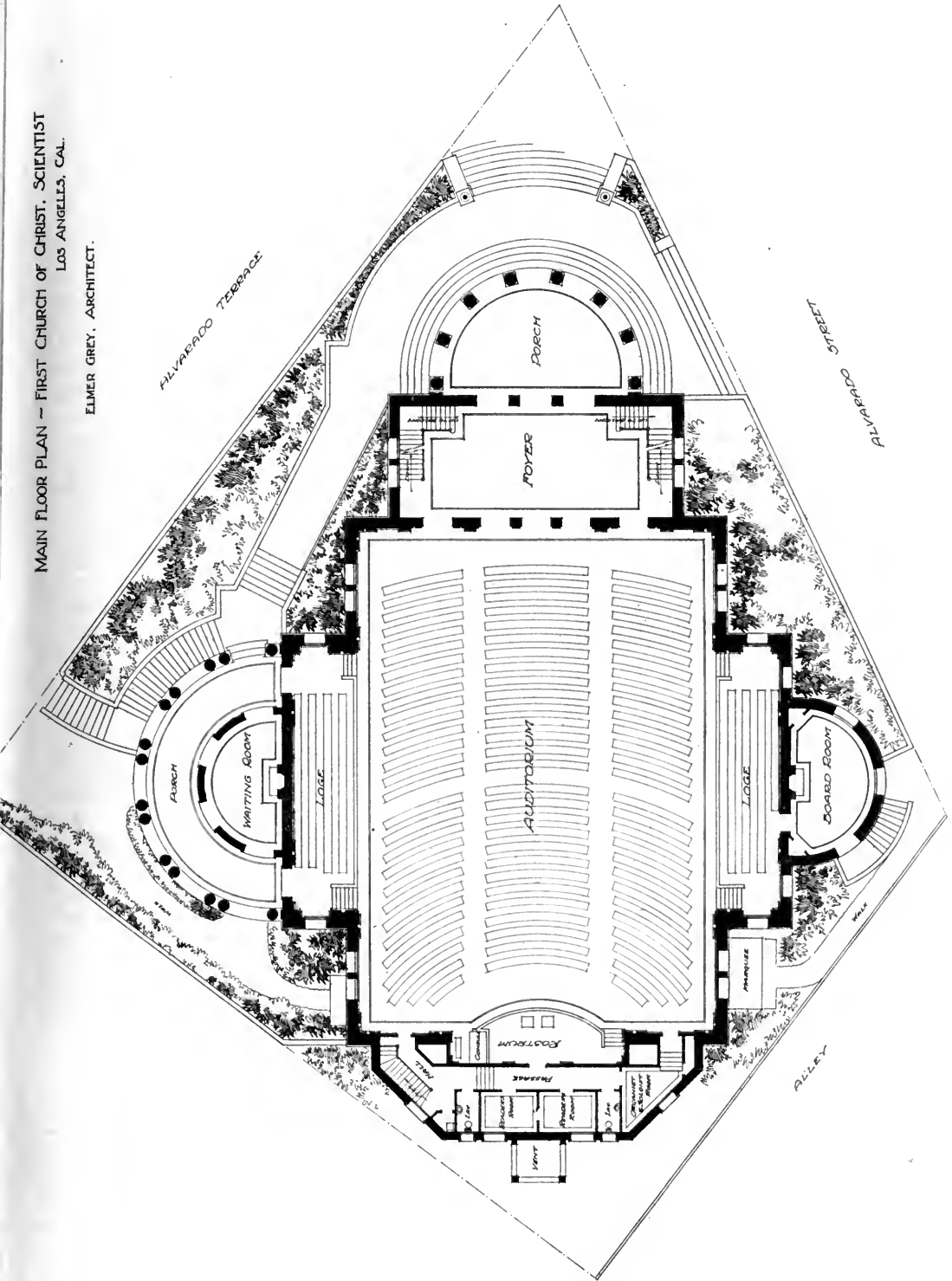
To my mind, therefore, Christian Science architecture can be distinctive only as it differentiates itself by the emphasis placed upon the differences in belief between Christian Science and that of other Churches. Wherein these Churches are spiritual, they are in accord with Christian Science; wherein they lean towards materiality and a grosser view of God and man, they are differentiated. Christian Science claims to be a rational system, complete and perfect, purely spiritual, hence its architecture must make this idea predominant. It must be of the highest that human art has yet achieved, it must be pure, refined, simple, strong. Yet it does not follow that it be entirely original. For as we have seen with Mr. Grey, the Gothic stood for the highest expression of the purest Christianity of its times; other writers have

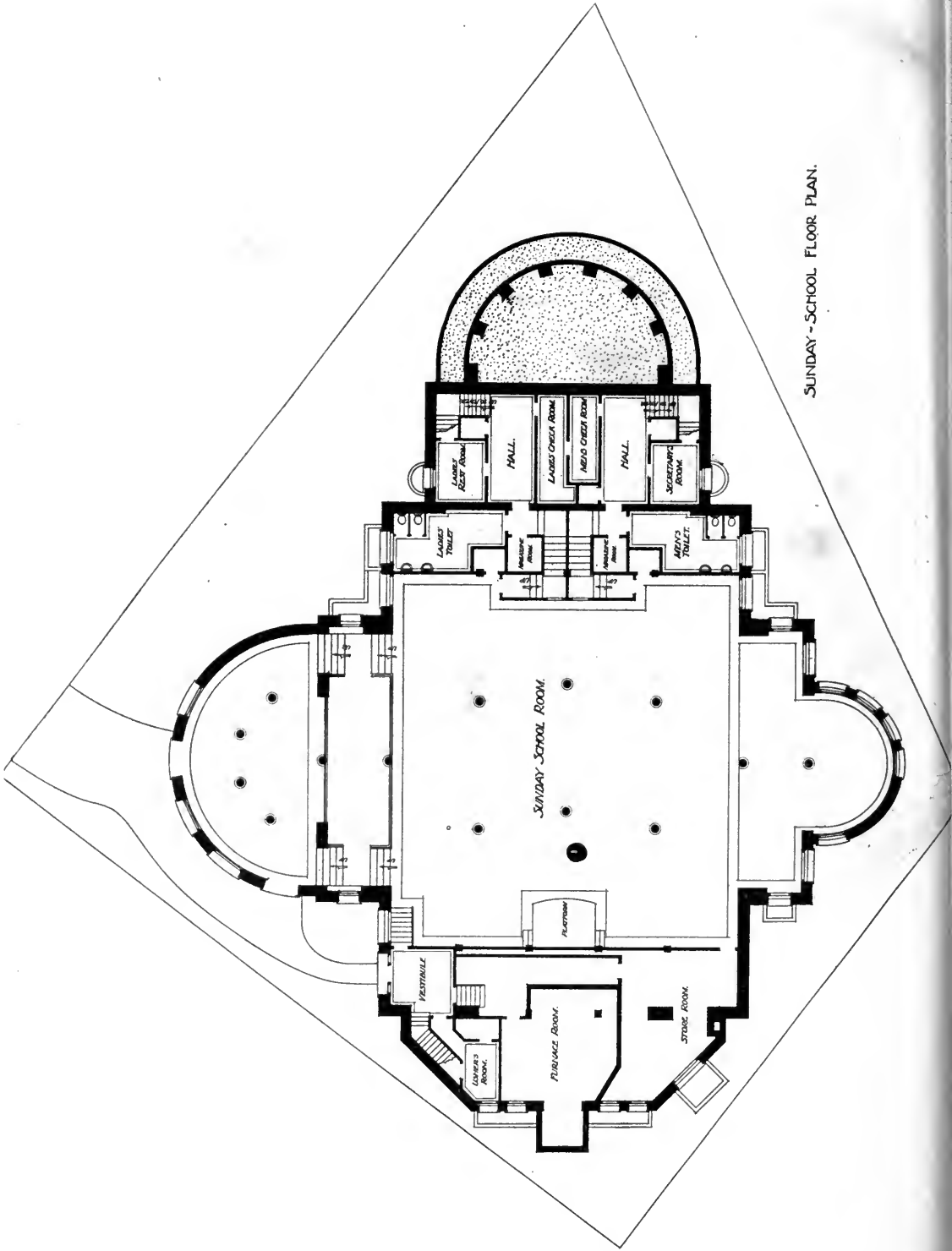


Drawing of First Church of Christ, Scientist, Los Angeles, California

MAIN FLOOR PLAN - FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ELMER GREY, ARCHITECT.





SUNDAY - SCHOOL FLOOR PLAN.

felt the same of the Grecian; and still others of the Roman. But there should be no servile copying of others. To merely copy is fundamentally wrong. If the Greek style is used, it should be made rigidly conformable to the ideas of Christian Scientists of today and adapted to their present day needs.

As one prominent Christian Science writer has well said:

"Since Christian Science is devoid of mysticism and formalism, and has no other mission than to give understanding to its students, its adherents are inclined to discard many time-honored customs, and to introduce entirely new designs for church auditoriums planning simply for convenient and comfortable rooms wherein to congregate and hear the truth. These places of assembly are distinguished for extreme simplicity, for freedom from historic decoration, for the absence of pagan symbolisms adapted to ornamentation, and for the disregard of obsolete ideas; which features indicate that Christian Scientists have departed from tradition and are animated by a real and unfettered purpose."

Being free from traditionalism and a departure rather than an evolution, Christian Science is free to develop an architecture all its own, equally free from tradition and old standards. One of its fundamental ideas is that reliance upon Spirit, God, brings all necessary things for living the harmonious and perfect life. This is a modern way of repeating Christ's words: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Hence, in the erection of their temples of worship, it naturally follows that Christian Scientists are freely liberal, and that they do not believe in debt. This former idea is expressed in the stately and dignified characters of their structures; it makes them striking in the community of other structures; they attract attention by their strength, power and simplicity, and they invite to thoughts over and above the material and commercial. In their interiors simple dignity and freedom from ornateness are evident; a light and airy auditorium is provided for the congregation; large room is

given for social converse in the convenient and expansive foyer; plenty of space is devoted to the Sunday Schools for the benefit of the young.

Here, then, are the points in which Christian Science architecture ought to express itself, and in the three structures illustrating this first article upon the subject, to be followed by others in subsequent issues of *Out West*, it will be seen that they have been duly considered, though all the edifices are widely different from each other.

On page 74, we have a drawing of the new structure in process of erection for the First Church of Christ, Scientist, of Los Angeles, California. As his descriptions of the edifice are clear and bear out the philosophy I have herein endeavored to express, I shall leave Mr. Grey to give an account of this structure, for which he is responsible as its designer and architect:

"Contracts have been let and work has been started upon a new church edifice for First Church of Christ, Scientist, Los Angeles. The situation is the corner of Alvarado Street and Alvarado Terrace, and a very unusually shaped lot is partly responsible for a decidedly unique plan and equally unusual exterior.

"The lot is shaped somewhat like a kite with the pointed or tail end of it facing the intersection of the two streets. The church is planned with its main entrance at this point of intersection. From this point Alvarado Terrace runs down hill at quite a rapid rate, which circumstance has been taken advantage of by placing the Sunday School room with its entrance at the low end of the lot on Alvarado Terrace. This enables the Foyer and Auditorium to be placed upon the same level, and but a few steps above the grade of Alvarado Street, which is a very desirable arrangement for several reasons. No shop-keeper, wishing to impress the public with the idea of welcome, would set his shop many steps above the sidewalk. Similarly, the sense of welcome in a church is conveyed much better when the necessity of mounting many steps to reach the Auditorium is obviated. Another advantage of having the Foyer and Auditorium on

the same level, is that the several sets of doors between the two can be thrown open on lecture nights, thus practically making the Foyer a part of the Auditorium upon such occasions. Still another advantage of this arrangement is that invalids, seeking aid in Christian Science, may wheel their chairs up to a porch at one side of the Auditorium and a short distance from Alvarado Street, thus doing away with the necessity of using an elevator.

"The whole planning of the church has been an endeavor to exemplify that a building should be the logical outcome of the peculiar conditions which happen to pertain to any particular architectural problem, rather than merely a compilation of some historic style mechanically adjusted to a plan, but having little organic relation to it.

"The main Auditorium is approximately 95 feet x 91 feet in size and seats approximately 1125 persons. Over the Foyer is a Balcony, easily reached by two flights of stairs and seating about 175 additional persons, making a total seating capacity of 1300 people.

"One of the features of the Church will be two large alcoves on either side of the Auditorium floor, like the loges of a theater. Another notable feature is a spacious arched porch on the south side of the building, semi-circular in shape and upon which one of these loges opens. The idea of this porch with its adjoining waiting room is to provide an attractive place for people who have brought children to Sunday School, to wait while Sunday School is in session and before the regular church hour begins. The porch will look down upon a court which will be planted out with flowers and shrubs as a garden, thus enhancing its attractiveness. It will be reached from the outside by means of a staircase, leading up from a point near the entrance to the Sunday School room.

"Opening from the loge, on the north side of the Auditorium, is a Board room, also semi-circular in shape and which is easily accessible from Alvarado Street.

"One of the notable features of the planning of this Church is the fact that

its acoustical qualities have been anticipated and expert advice sought in this matter before this Church is built, instead of afterwards, as is usually the case. Professor Wallace Sabine, of Harvard University, who has made an exhaustive study of the subject, and whose advice has been followed with excellent results in the reconstruction of several auditoriums of national importance, has been the counsellor in this instance. As a result of his advice, the ceiling of the Auditorium will be coffered, many of the side walls will be lined with felt, instead of being plastered, and a high wooden wainscoting will be placed around the Auditorium.

"The Rostrum, Readers' Desks and Organ Consoles of the Church are arranged in the usual way for Christian Science Churches. Back of the Rostrum are the Readers' Rooms, Organist and Soloist's Room and two Toilet Rooms, all accessible from Alvarado Street.

"The entire basement of the building, below the main Auditorium floor, will be excavated. The major portion of it will be taken up with an immense Sunday School room, receiving an abundance of light and air from a court on the Alvarado Terrace side, and also amply lighted from the opposite side. The Superintendent's platform is placed intermediate between these two sources of light. The Sunday School room will seat approximately 900 people. In addition to it, there is on this floor, toward the front, a Lady's Rest room, Treasurer's room, Check rooms, Toilet rooms and Literature rooms, all of which are accessible both from the Sunday School room and the Foyer above. Toward the rear of the basement, is a Vestibule, forming the entrance to the Readers' rooms above, an Usher's room, Furnace room and large Storage room.

"The building will be constructed of solid brick, faced with a gray tapestry brick, which will be laid up in Flemish Bond with darker headers. A spacious entrance porch, with columns of unusual height surmounted by arches, and a shapely Tower, rising from above the Foyer, will constitute notable features of the exterior. The roof will be tiled with red Mission tile. The style of



Christian Science Church at Stockton, California

architecture adopted as a motive for the exterior, was the outcome partially of a feeling that the building should clearly look like a church, and partially of the peculiar shape of the lot which made the semi-circular features of the plan desirable ones to adopt. These semi-circular features are to be found in the Romanesque Architecture of Italy, which country has similar climatic conditions to Southern California, and all these circumstances combined in furnishing the motive for architectural style in this case, namely, Italian Romanesque."

On page 71 is an engraving of the Church at San Diego.

Here is an architecture entirely different from that of the Church designed

by Mr. Grey for Los Angeles. In general effect, it suggests the Franciscan Mission style, with its arcade, or arched corridors and its solid mural faces. But in its large elliptical arches, covering the small Roman arched windows, in the flat-roofed tower, and the general arrangement of the building, it has nothing in common with the Mission style. The building, including lot upon which it stands, organ, bell and chimes, and furniture, cost about \$86,000, and its seating capacity is 1,300, 950 being in the main auditorium, and 350 in the Sunday School.

In the next issue a fuller account will be given, if possible, of the special architectural details of this interesting structure.



The Call of the Desert

By Constance Fitch

*I come again in answer to your call,
Knowing that somewhere in your broad expanse,
Somewhere beneath unchanging, cloudless skies,
Where the black buzzard soars with tireless wing
And the gray lizard scuds before my step,
You keep for me my fortune—great or small
I know not; but you call me and I come.*

*My soul replies with eager memories.
I feel again your breeze against my face.
I see again your mountains brown and bare.
I lie again beneath your starry skies
At peace with all the world, not least myself,
Far off I hear the dogs bark; near at hand,
A horseman breaks the silence as he jogs
With jingling spurs, a limp and careless figure,
Across the dim-lit, star-illuminated desert.*

*And so I come and leave behind me here
A land where little things make all my life,
A land where men are like the things they do,
Where there's no place for any questioning,
A land where even Nature closes in
Around us, so to hide her own expanse.
And seeing Nature narrowed so, we feel
Dissatisfaction with herself and us.
Conventions take from us the joy of life.
The rank another holds belittles me.*

*But you are different, and I come again,
Knowing that you can give me peace and joy,
Knowing that your expanse of sun and sky,
Smiling and calm, serene and ever so,
Can take the petty meanness from my soul
And bring me back to reverence for myself,
Reverence for you and God and all things true,
And milder hatred for the wrong things here.
All this you hold for me, my desert, and you call.
I hear you in the long, dim hours of night
When sleep is far off and I cannot rest,
When I have naught in common with my world
And there is none who understands and leads.
Your call has eased me then, and eases now:
You call me, oh my desert, and I come!*

Edward Fitzgerald Beale

A California Pioneer

By Stephen Bonsal



General Edward Fitzgerald Beale

By kind permission of Putnam's Sons, from Bonsal's "Life of General Beale."

ONE of the "heroes of California's earliest days was General Edward Fitzgerald Beale, and it is well that Californians should know as much of his active and stirring life as is possible. Born of distinguished parentage on both sides, he early made himself known to the powers that be in Washington.

The boys at the Capital, where the

Beales spent their winters at this time, were much given to politics, and their ranks were divided by allegiance to antagonistic statesmen, Jackson at that time being president.

Fortunately for himself, our hero at this moment was a stalwart Jacksonian. There were many adherents of Adams at the Capital, and after hot disputes, it was agreed to have all political differ-

ences settled by the ancient test of battle.

"Ned" Beale was chosen by the Jacksonians, while the Adamites were represented by a boy named Evans, who has since become a distinguished citizen of Indiana. A day or two later, the fistic encounter took place under a long white arch, which at that time, marked the southern entrance to the grounds of the White House. While the battle raged, and the enthusiastic spectators shouted encouragement to their respective champions, a tall figure appeared on the scene, scattered the boys, and seizing Beale by the collar, asked him what he was fighting for. He replied that he was fighting for Jackson and that his opponent, the Adams boy, had expressed a poor opinion of the President's politics and personality.

"I am Jackson," said the newcomer. "I never forget the men or boys who are willing to fight for me, but of course I do not wish them to do it all the time. Now put on your coats."

After the elapse of several years, Beale went to Georgetown College, but when he reached his fourteenth year, the desire to enter the Navy became overwhelming. One afternoon, he called at the White House with his mother to see General Jackson, and put in an application for a midshipman's warrant. Mrs. Beale told her story, insisting upon the fact that her boy was the son and grandson of men who had served their country and had been wounded in battle.

Jackson listened with courtesy and interest, but seemed somewhat uncertain as to how he should act upon the request. Suddenly the boy interrupted his mother and said, "Mother, let me speak to General Jackson in my own behalf." He then approached the General, in a moment reminding him of the fight and the promise he had made, at least by implication, to serve him should the opportunity present. Without a word, General Jackson tore off the back of a letter lying near him (this was before the days of envelopes), and wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, "Give this boy an immediate warrant," and handed it over to Mrs. Beale.

A few hours later, Ned Beale's name was on the Navy list and soon he was on his way to the receiving ship at Philadelphia, which then served as a Naval School.

After passing creditably as midshipman, he was appointed to the frigate *Congress*, in August, 1845, under Commodore Stockton, and then Fate led him to California. It will be remembered that Stockton relieved Sloat after the U. S. flag had been raised in Monterey, and that he became the first governor (under the U. S. regime) of California. He it was who sent Captain Gillespie and a handful of soldiers, with a field piece, under the direction of Midshipman Beale, to help relieve General Kearny who had just arrived in California from Santa Fe, over the desert, and whose forces, worn and exhausted by their arduous journey, were in danger of being surrounded by the Californians, who in six times their number and mounted on first-class and unwearied horses, were sure to give them all they could do to preserve their lives. Foolishly and unwisely, Kearny's forces began an attack upon the Californians, whereupon two captains were killed and several officers and men dangerously wounded. Kearny himself did not escape a severe wound. After the combat, the U. S. forces were in desperate straits. Completely surrounded by the Californians, escape rendered impossible, another attack by Kearny was less liable to succeed than the first. Help must be secured from outside. But how? Kit Carson and Beale volunteered to go to San Diego for help. Of that heroic journey, nothing need here be said further than that it has become forever enshrined in the memory of the nation.

On Beale's arrival at San Diego, he reported: "Kearny has been defeated, and his whole force is besieged on a small hill of rocks, or mesa, so completely surrounded by the enemy that it seems impossible for them to escape, or to long maintain their position." Beale also reported that the Californians were commanded by Don Andres Pico, the brother of the Governor, who had proven himself to be a very capable and energetic officer, and that Kearny's



The method of crossing Laguna Creek

By kind permission of Putnam's Sons, from Bonsal's "Life of General Beale."

men, when he started out on his mission to obtain relief, had been reduced for some days to eating mule flesh, and had been without water for sixty hours.

That was a busy night in San Diego. Beale was taken to the hospital, where for days he was near death. While the young sailor was raving in the hospital, three hundred marines and blue-jackets, sent by Stockton, pushed on through the dark night, and at dawn on the

morning of the eleventh, they reached their beleaguered countrymen. The enemy, baffled of their prey, disappeared with the mists of the morning. The march to the sea was resumed, and that night the little band of dragoons, that had looked down the very jaws of death, entered San Diego in safety.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered from the illness induced by the frightful hardships encountered in this



Sacramento City, from the South, 1849

By kind permission of Putnam's Sons, from Bonsal's "Life of General Beale."

adventure, Lieutenant Beale was honored by Stockton as the bearer of dispatches, in company with Kit Carson and twelve men across the plains to Washington. On the Gila, a band of hostile Indians followed them, bent on attack and destruction. When he considered that the psychological moment had come, from indications that were anything but enlightening to his companions, Carson met Indian strategy with trapper's ruse. Carson and Beale and the other riflemen cooked their supper rather early in the evening, and wrapped in their blankets, threw themselves on the grass, apparently asleep, but as soon as it was dark, the men were ordered to rise and to march forward for something more than a mile, again to picket their animals and to arrange their pack-saddles, so that they might serve as a protection from the arrows of the Indians. At midnight, the yell of the savages was heard, and a shower of arrows fell around, but wide of the mark. The attacking party had not ascertained with accuracy the changed position of the travelers. They

dared not approach near enough to see, for in that case they knew the fate that awaited them from the unerring aim of Kit and his companions. After many random shots and many unearthly yells the discomfited savages fled before the approach of dawn.

Kit thus characteristically tells of the measure of Beale's bravery: "Things whirring like birds on the flight wuz flying over us as I wuz trying to sleep by the campfire, and Ned wuz sleepin' or leastwise he wuz snorin.' Then suddenly he sits up an' says, 'What's that Don Kit?' and I says, 'Them's arrers' and they wuz and, could you believe it, before I could hold him down, Ned was wrapping his buffalo robe about him and standing in the fire kicking out the embers. 'Now,' sez he, as them arrers' came whizzin' along like a raft of geese going South before er North wind. 'Now,' sez he, 'Don Kit, they won't be able to get our directions any more and you know they don't dare rush us;' then he tumbled down on the ground and went on with his sleepin'."



San Francisco in 1846.

By kind permission of Putnam's Sons from Bonsal's "Life of General Beale"

After a serious illness in the East, Beale was sent back in November, with Carson, as bearer of special dispatches to Col. Washington at Santa Fe, Col. Mason in California and General Lane in Oregon. Of the hardships of this trip, few can form an idea. At Santa Fe, seven of his men "had had enough," and their places were taken by braver and more adventurous men. When these reached the head waters of the Gila, where, as the *Mobile Register* says it was falsely said they would find a good road to California, they found it "a continuance of the most rugged and inaccessible mountains, with vast gorges and peaks and declivities covered perpetually with snow, and presenting barriers to be passed only with incredible exertions. No track for a wagon or any wheel vehicle can ever be made along this route. The men could only press on along the ascents by the aid of their hands, as well as their feet, and even the tenacious mules were often precipitated from the declivities, and, rolling down the slopes, were crushed to pieces with every bone

broken and even their saddles so damaged they could not be used again.

"This route crosses the headwaters of the Gila frequently, so as to avoid the barriers which constantly jut upon and overhang the streams. That river in this portion of its extent is not susceptible of even canoe navigation. Its currents are of arrowy swiftness, shooting over rocky and irregular falls with short, serpentine windings, through narrow and dangerous canyons that produce whirlpools and cascades which would engulf any water craft entrusted to their control."

It was these experiences that led Lieutenant Beale on his next journey West to seek out the route afterwards known as the Santa Fe trail. Years later, in 1880, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad was built along Beale's route and the company very gracefully requested General Beale to become the engineer-in-chief, if only in a consulting or honorary capacity, of the great trans-continental line which he had first explored and later opened to the passage of prairie "schoon-



The Harbor of San Francisco in November, 1849

By kind permission of Putnam's Sons from Bonsal's "Life of General Beale"

ers," an honor which on account of other engagements, he was compelled to decline.

In the meantime, gold had been discovered in California, and there evidently was keen rivalry between the officers of the Army and the officers of the Navy, as to which branch of the service should have the honor of carrying the epoch-making news to Washington. This finally resolved itself into a race against time and distance between Captain Loeser of the Engineers and Beale of the Navy. Loeser was sent with three thousand dollars worth of gold purchased by Col. Mason, while Beale had to supply his own gold. Loeser set out for Panama, but Beale decided on the bold and daring course of going by vessel to La Paz, on the Peninsula, and thence to San Blas, on the Mexican West coast, where he outfitted, and, disguised as a sportsman, crossed overland a thousand miles by way of Guadalajara and Mexico City to Vera Cruz.

He dressed himself for his journey in a sombrero, a red flannel shirt, leather

breeches and boots. He carried four six-barrelled revolvers, and a knife. Being very much sunburned and speaking Spanish well, his chances of being taken for a Mexican by casual observers, were fairly good.

Though we know but little of the trip, it surpasses all romances, in the wildness of its experiences. By the time he arrived at Tepic, he had been held up once by three *gente de camino*, who however, had made off when confronted with great resolution and the four American revolvers.

He traveled night and day, taking no rest but by throwing himself on the ground at each post while the saddles were being changed to fresh horses.

Once before arriving at Guadalajara a *banda*, coming out of the woods just at nightfall, chased him for several hours, but he finally outrode them, though not before the foremost of them had shot at him a number of times with their carbines. At the next post, after this adventure, he heard of a party of eleven travellers just ahead of him, but before he could come up



The Lower Bar, Mokelumne River.

By kind permission of Putnam's Sons from Bonsal's "Life of General Beale"

with them, they were attacked by a large party of ladrones, and murdered to a man. Beale found their blood still staining the muddy ground.

After leaving Guadalajara the rainy season set in in full force. Furious storm succeeded furious storm, the water courses swelled into raging torrents which could only be crossed by swimming. The roads were blocked by uprooted trees and avalanches of stones and mud, and at night Beale found his way chiefly by the most incessant flashes of the lightning. When on the eighth day he arrived at Mexico City, he was literally eased in mud, and dried himself for the first time since leaving San Blas.

He finally covered the ninety leagues between Mexico City and Vera Cruz in the extraordinary time of sixty hours, in spite of being held up once more by ladrones, from whom he only escaped by the speed of his horse and the reckless daring with which he rode him down an almost precipitous mountain-side.

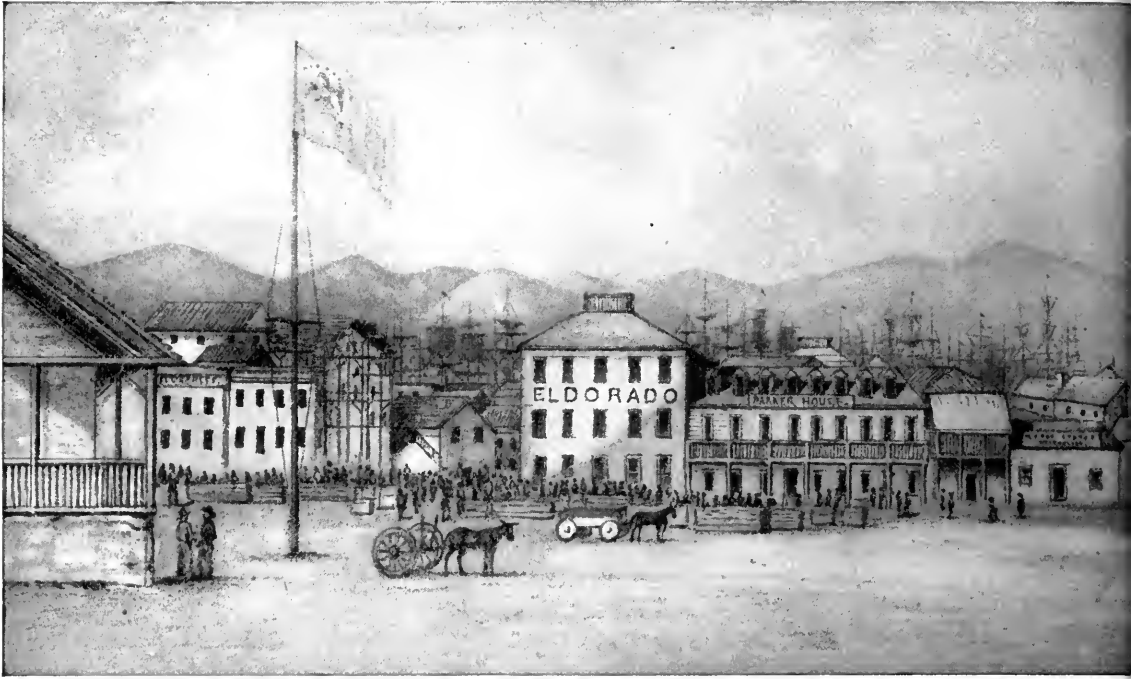
Four days after his arrival, Beale

left Vera Cruz in the sloop-of-war *Germantown*, which, after a tedious passage, put him ashore at Mobile.

In less than a month (October 14, 1848), he was again on his way back to the Pacific Coast and arrived at Santa Fe December 25th, on foot and nearly naked. His brief memorandum states: "Continued journey and arrived at San Francisco about April 10th, 1849. Left San Francisco with despatches for Washington April 13th, 1849, and arrived at Washington about June 17th, 1849."

"Left Washington with despatches for California overland for Commodore Jones, June 27th, 1849, and arrived at San Francisco about August 17th. Returned almost immediately with despatches and arrived at Washington during December, 1849."

Beale now married, and for a time it was believed he would undertake a trip to the Arctic regions for the relief of Sir John Franklin, or head an expedition to explore the Gulf of Darien with the idea of ascertaining the exact location of the water-way across the



Portsmouth Square, San Francisco, 1850

By kind permission of Putnam's Sons, from "Bonsal's Life of General Beale"

Isthmus, which, curiously enough, despite the innumerable scientific surveys which have been made, the San Blas Indians to this day maintain exists, at least in the rainy season. But he finally made an arrangement with Commodore Stockton and Mr. Aspinwall to return to California in charge of their business interests. It was a fortunate day for Commodore Stockton and the great New York merchant, when they confided their interests in California to the young naval hero who, in view of his increasing family, had decided to resign from the service that he loved.

Stockton and Aspinwall had invested in mines and ranches which could not immediately be made remunerative, yet they expected their young agent to make their enterprises "go", or allow them to lapse into bankruptcy.

In this crisis Beale gave a foretaste of the remarkable business ability which distinguished him in after-life. He made a hurried trip to the mines and haciendas in which his backers had invested with such haste. In the mines there was promise of wealth in the

future and in the haciendas there was also the assurance of comfortable returns in later years, but for the present there was no money in sight and he knew nothing more could be expected from the East, at least not for many months to come. In his journey Beale had personal experience of the difficulty of obtaining transportation and of its costliness when once obtained, and like a flash the business inspiration came: The mines could wait and even the haciendas vegetate, gold-seekers thronged every trail and people were willing to pay any price to get to the rivers of Golden Sands. In a few days Beale had converted the great mining and real estate enterprises into a transportation concern, the mining experts were turned into the leaders of mule trains, bookkeepers were learning how to drive, and Beale was king of all the transportation on the roads that led from Sacramento and Marysville to the American Fork and the lands adjoining Sutter's ranch and mill, then the center of the first mining region.

Beale knew of course that this stream

of passengers who were willing to pay any price for accommodations would not flow on forever. He worked the make-shift, however, for what it was worth, and at the end of nine months, when they were expecting anything but favorable news, he reported to his principals in the East that profits slightly exceeding one hundred thousand dollars were awaiting their orders. Rear-Admiral Harmony, U. S. N., retired, one of Beale's few surviving shipmates, to whom the writer of this narrative is indebted for many personal notes and intimate touches which could not otherwise have been obtained, relates that he rode on the Marysville stage with a pass from Ned Beale when a ticket would have cost him three months' pay, and that he witnessed a test which he did not expect even Beale's popularity to survive. The company was charging one dollar a pound to transport freight from Sacramento to the diggings and yet Ned Beale remained the most universally beloved man in the country.

In the late fall of 1852 Beale was appointed by President Fillmore General Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California and Nevada. It would be a gratifying task to expatiate upon Beale's wise and humane conduct while occupying this arduous and responsible position. Though but thirty years of age, his practical grasp of the vexed question of the rights of the Indians, as against the conflicting claims of the white men, was masterly and complete. He allowed no specious plea of "the white man's superiority and manifest destiny" to swerve him from the course of strict justice and humanity, and it would be well, even today, if politicians and others, dealing with this subject, would absorb and set in active operation a full measure of his spirit.

The trip across the country to take charge of his new office was more romantic and arduous even than his dash across Mexico, and every boy and girl in California, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Arizona and all the great South-Western world should become familiar with its exciting and thrilling details.

His letter to *The Republican*, of Chester, Penna., at the time of the

uprising of the Modocs, and the murder of General Canby, proves his sane and righteous conception of the rights of the Indians. In part he said:

"Let us pause for a moment, before committing ourselves to a policy more savage and remorseless than that of the Modocs whom we propose to smite hip and thigh. Let us ask ourselves if we are not reaping what we have sown, and of the treachery to which the gallant and lamented Canby fell a victim, is not the repetition of a lesson which we, ourselves, have taught these apt scholars, the Indians? Are we to think ourselves blameless when we recall the Chivington massacre? In that affair, the Indians were invited to council under flags of truce, and the rites of hospitality, sacred even among the Bedouins of the desert, were violated as well as all military honor, for these poor wretches, while eating the sacred bread and salt, were ruthlessly fallen upon and slaughtered to the last man. The Piegan massacre was another affair in which we industriously taught the uncultivated savages the value of our pledges; and if we are correctly informed, the very beginning of the Modoc war, was an attempt while in the act of council to which they had been invited to make Captain Jack and two others prisoners. As to the bloody character of Indian warfare, as far as we can see, it is carried on by us with about the same zeal. We read of a sergeant in the service of the United States who in the late attack on the Modocs 'took the scalp of Scar-face Charley who was found wounded in the lava beds.' And, if we desire to feel very good and free from barbarism, we have only to read what comes to us side by side with news from the Modocs of the humane and civilized treatment we are meting out to our brothers in Louisiana, who differ from us on political questions; or recall the massacre and robbery and mutilation of unoffending Chinese, which was committed in broad daylight by American citizens in California a year or so ago.

"The Modoc Indians are fighting for a right to live where God created them. The whole testimony of their neighbors when the war against them was first



Kit Carson Statue. Frederick MacMonnies, Sculptor.

By kind permission of Putnam's Sons from Bonsal's "Life of General Beale"

talked about, is to the effect that they were intelligent and inoffensive; and we have exasperated them by insisting on our right, which they do not see, to remove them to a distant and unknown country. Having been taught by us a violation of flags of truce, they have followed our example, and unhappily, a noble victim to our teaching of false-

hood and crime is the result; whereupon there goes out a cry of extermination throughout the land.

"We enter our protest against this course, and we ask for justice and a calmer consideration by the public, of the Indian affairs of our country. We cannot restore the good men who have been killed, by an indiscriminate slaugh-

ter of all the tribe of the Modocs; and it does not become a Christian people to hunt to death the poor remnant of those from whom we have already taken the broad acres of thirty-seven states of this Union."

We now come to an episode in Beale's life that is of peculiar interest to Californians and others of the South West. It was the organization of the almost forgotten "Camel Corps." In 1854 the War Department had its hands quite full endeavoring to solve the difficult problem of army transportation to the remote stations of the newly acquired territory in the South-West. This vast region, added to our possessions by the Mexican War and the subsequent purchase, was chiefly peopled by Indians and Mexicans who were held in check with much difficulty and no little danger by a few scattered army posts. To furnish the desired transportation facilities, all manner of plans and agencies were proposed. When Beale presented himself at the Department, with his suggestion of a "Camel Corps," it was regarded as quixotic, it is true, but at all events as having as much substance as a relayed line of balloons which was at this time warmly advocated for the same purpose.

The then Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, was receptive to the new idea, and in due time Beale and his friend and kinsman, David Dixon Porter, were sent to Tunis, Alexandria and Smyrna for camels. Two shipments were brought and landed on American soil, one of thirty-three and one of forty-four "ships of the desert."

Without any expert who knew how to handle them, Beale marched them from Texas to Los Angeles, and at El Paso wrote: "They are the most docile, patient and easily managed creatures in the world and infinitely more easily worked than mules. From personal observation of the camels, I would rather undertake the management of twenty of them than of five mules. In fact the camel gives no trouble whatever. Kneeling down to receive his load, it may be put on without hurry at the convenience of the master, and the process of packing is infinitely easier than mule packing.

These animals remain quietly on their knees until loaded. Contrast the lassoing, the blinding, the saddling, the pulling and hauling of ropes, the adjustment of the pack on an animal like the mule, flying around in all directions, to say nothing of a broken limb received from one of its numerous kicks, with the patient quiet of the camel kneeling for its load.

"We had them on this journey sometimes for twenty-six hours without water, exposed to a great degree of heat, the mercury standing at one hundred and four degrees and when they came to water, they seemed to be almost indifferent to it. Not all drank and those that did, not with the famished eagerness of other animals, when deprived of water for the same length of time."

Upon their arrival in Los Angeles the following statement, dated January 21, 1858, appeared in several San Francisco and other papers:

"General Beale and about fourteen camels stalked into town last Friday week and gave our streets quite an Oriental aspect. It looks oddly enough to see, outside of a menagerie, a herd of huge, ungainly, awkward but docile animals move about in our midst with people riding them like horses and bringing up weird and far-off associations to the Eastern traveller, whether by book or otherwise, of the lands of the mosque, crescent or turban, of the pilgrim mufti and dervish, with visions of the great shrines of the world, Mecca and Jerusalem, and the toiling throngs that have for centuries wended thither, of the burning sands of Arabia and Sahara, where the desert is boundless as the ocean and the camel is the ship thereof.

"These camels under charge of General Beale are all grown and serviceable, and most of them are well broken to the saddle and are very gentle. All belong to the one hump species except one, which is a cross between the one and two hump species. This fellow is much larger and more powerful than either sire or dam. He is a grizzly looking hybrid, a camel-mule of colossal proportions. These animals are admirably adapted to the travel across our continent and their introduction

was a brilliant idea, the result of which is beginning most happily. At first, General Beale thought the animals were going to fail, they appeared likely to give out, their backs got sore, but he resolved to know whether they would do or not. He loaded them heavily with provisions, which they were soon able to carry with ease, and thence came through to Fort Tejon, living upon bushes, prickly pears and whatever they could pick up on the route. They went without water from six to ten days, and even packed it a long distance for the mules, when crossing the deserts. They were found capable of packing one thousand pounds weight apiece and of travelling with their load from thirty to forty miles per day, all the while finding their own feed over an almost barren country. Their drivers say they will get fat where a jackass would starve to death. The 'mule' as they call the cross between the camel and dromedary, will pack twenty-two hundred pounds.

"The animals are now on their return to the Colorado River for the purpose of carrying provisions to General Beale and his military escort who, it is conjectured, will penetrate from thence as far as possible into the Mormon country. Afterwards, General Beale will return by the new wagon route that he has lately surveyed to verify it and so on to Washington. He is expected to reach the capital before the first of March in order to lay his report before Congress."

Unfortunately, camel transportation met with opposition, and was soon allowed to sink into innocuous desuetude. Many camels were allowed to escape from the army posts where they were herded and not a few died from neglect. Some of the animals that were allowed to regain their liberty, seem to have increased and multiplied, and for years they wandered over the plains of Arizona and New Mexico where they were a terrifying object to man and beast, to all Indians and whites who had not enjoyed Oriental experiences.

The few camels that remained were finally condemned by an army board as unsuitable for transportation and

sold under the hammer. General Beale, loyal to the end, bought them and marched them off to Tejon, where they had free quarters as long as they lived. One of Truxton Beale's earliest experiences, which any boy might envy, was in driving with his father from Tejon to Los Angeles, a distance of one hundred miles, in a sulky behind a tandem team of camels with whom General Beale, when necessary, would carry on a conversation in Syrian which he had with characteristic energy taught himself for this purpose.

Of General Beale's later work for his country I have here no space to write, further than to say that he explored a new route for a wagon road from Fort Defiance, New Mexico, to California, still known as the Beale road, and another in 1858 from Fort Smith, Arkansas, to the Colorado River. President Lincoln then appointed him Surveyor General of California, after which Grant sent him as Minister to Austria.

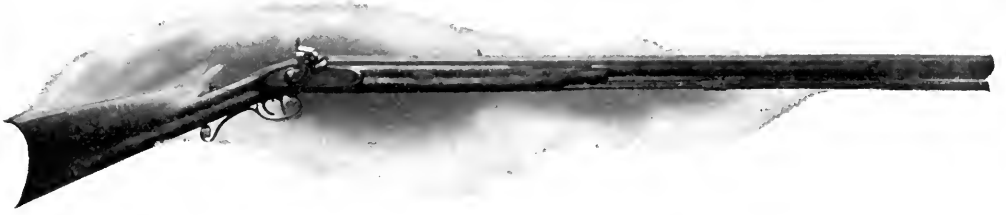
He died in Washington April 22, 1893, and of this event, nothing more pathetic and characteristic can be told than the following: "Down on the Tejon Rancho (owned by General Beale) in the San Joaquin Valley, there still lived two Indians who had followed General Beale across the plains when, in the heyday of youth in 1847, with his San Pasqual wounds still open, he had carried the news of the conquest of California to Washington. These men had long outlived their usefulness, they were crippled by the weight of years and the burden of hardships undergone, but the Patron, as they called the General, by the most adroit and long-sustained diplomacy, had always succeeded in convincing them that they could still do a day's work with the best and more than earned their rations.

When Raimundo the scout, whom even Carson relied upon, heard the sad news that the wires brought with such marvelous rapidity from the capital, he said simply, 'I do not care to live any longer,' dressed himself in his fete-day clothes, wrapped his serape about him, and, stretched out upon his blanket in the sunshine outside his adobe hut, soon passed from sleep to death.

"Juan Mohafee, the incomparable

packer who had been charged with the General's mules on many a desert journey, was all bustle and excitement. He told every one that the General would want him on the long journey that lay before him, longer indeed than any they had ever undertaken together. 'I will go, too,' he said decidedly, and then, with a touch of pride, 'I may be able to help him, he always said I could.' Juan continued his active prepa-

rations for a long journey, and when not busily engaged in burnishing saddles and oiling creaking packs, could be found waiting patiently under the spreading fig-tree outside of the great house where he had awaited the coming of the Patron so often in the earlier active years, and here now his children found him one morning, but his body was cold and his faithful soul had fled."

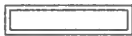


The Gun Used by Kit Carson.

By kind permission of Putnam's Sons from Bonsal's "Life of General Beale"

This gun was given by Kit Carson to General Beale, after a brush with the Indians, in which Carson claimed that General Beale had saved his life. It was afterward presented by Truxton Beale to Theodore Roosevelt, who in turn gave it to the Boone and Crockett Club.

(This fascinating sketch of one of the most notable of California's pioneers and heroes is condensed from Mr. Bonsal's admirable *Life of Edward Fitzgerald Beale*, a book of 312 pages, just issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, to whom we are indebted for the use of the accompanying illustrations. This *Life of General Beale* is one of the books absolutely indispensable to any school or public library in California and the whole South West that makes any pretense to completeness.)—*Editor.*



From "Song of the Redwood Tree."

*Lands of the western shore,
I see in you, certain to come, the promise of thousands of
years, till now deferr'd,
Promis'd to be fulfill'd, our common kind, the race.
The new society at last, proportionate to Nature,
In man of you, more than your mountain peaks or
stalwart trees imperial,
In woman more, far more, than all your gold or vines,
or even vital air.
Fresh come, to a new world indeed, yet long prepared,
I see the genius of the modern, child of the real and ideal
Clearing the ground for broad humanity, the true America,
 heir of the past so grand,
To build a grander future.*

Walt Whitman in *Leaves of Grass.*

The HISTORICAL ELEMENTS *of* CALIFORNIA LITERATURE.

(Continued from *July Out West*)

By George Wharton James, Litt. D.

This is the third article in a series by the Editor dealing with California Literature. The first article appeared in the June issue of **OUT WEST** *and was entitled, "The Spirit of California Literature." When completed the series will afford a historical and analytical survey of the subject that should be useful to all students and lovers of California.*

WHILE CALIFORNIA was in the throes of the sensational and epochal political change consequent upon her seizure from Mexico, the establishment of a new form of government, the settlement of the old Spanish and Mexican land grants, the adoption of a State Constitution, etc., another epochal event occurred which not only shook California to its very foundations, but practically affected the civilization of the whole world. This event was the discovery of gold, in 1848, by Marshall, in the Sutter Mill-race at Coloma. The immediate result of this was to bring upon the land a flood of as motley a horde of adventurers and gold seekers as was ever before gathered together in the history of the world. They came from North, South, East and West, by land and sea, from all quarters of the globe, over the Pacific, across the Atlantic and around Cape Horn, over the Isthmus of Panama, through the Russian and English possessions in the North, and over the plains of Iowa, Nebraska and Illinois and the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains. A few men came even up through Mexico and by the Gulf of California.

The story of the Crusades is one of a marvelous movement of mankind. Peter the Hermit's preaching stirred France to its very heart, and his followers aroused England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany and Austria to war upon the infidel Turk and attempt the wresting of the tomb of the Savior of Men from his unclean hands. But while this movement extended over three centuries, and engaged hundreds of thousands in its warfare against the Saracen, it was not more interesting in its development, and

potent in its influences than was the movement of the world towards California in "the Days of Gold."

And what a marvelous literature was created by those California argonauts and the travelers of every class and character who came to look on in the new "land of gold." Books by the score were written, a mere list of which would fill a dozen pages of any ordinary book. What stories of adventure, of wild travel, of unbelievable hardship, these books recount, what stories of perils overcome, dangers braved and accomplishments achieved. Was there ever a movement in the history of mankind that was so romantic, so alluring, so attractive, and that so stirringly influenced the thought and life of men? The literature of this epoch can be described only by the terms phenomenal and colossal.

Yet it sinks into insignificance when compared with the literature of the early mining days, the "days of gold, the days of '49." Among the gold seekers were men of almost every possible type except the cowardly, the puny, the weak, the incompetent. Whatever may be said of the gold seekers, this must never be forgotten, that they were brave, daring, strong, courageous and competent.

At the same time it must not be overlooked that among this crowd were the pure adventurers,—the gamblers, whore-masters, ticket-of-leave men, cut-throats, cut-purses, pick pockets, bandits, dance-house proprietors, harlots, hurdy-gurdy girls, whisky-vendors and others of similar ilk who invariably rush to any scene where easy gold is likely to be secured. It was the presence of this

"scum of mankind" that led to the organization of the Vigilance Committees, and thus made a great impression upon the literature of this period. But in the main, the new-comers were the miners, the men of the pick, shovel, gold-pan and cradle, the sluice-box and the nozzle, great, brave, stalwart, raw-boned, good-hearted giants, with never a care so long as they had enough to eat and drink today; men who were equally ready for a fight, a gamble, a carouse, a practical joke or a good deed. And then there were the thoughtful steady men, those who had left loving families behind and who worked with these stedfastly in view,—the true pioneers of those exciting days, who, as soon as they fully understood the qualities of the land to which they had come, sent home for their wives and children and settled down.

What an environment of exciting scene this influx of the gold seekers gave to the author, the poet and the novelist. This was the mine Bret Harte so successfully worked; even Mark Twain made a book upon it, and his *Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* belongs to this stirring epoch; William Wright (*Dan de Quille*), Bayard Taylor, Ross Browne, J. W. Galley and a score of others used to great advantage the picturesque environment of these days. In a thousand and one ways this epoch influenced our literature and the movements of the whole civilized world, for instance:

In mining, new conditions were found which gave new problems for solution. The preconceived theories and notions of "experts" were often found to be contradicted by the facts. The result was that the dogmatism of the scientific geologists soon came to have no weight with these hard-headed pioneers. It was nothing to them that an expert had studied geology in London, Paris, Berlin, Harvard or New York, and had a parchment written in Latin and signed by forty or even forty-one professors. If an ignorant laborer came along and he could find gold where the scientist failed, these independent and self-willed '49'ers had the hardihood to prefer the laborer to the scientist. The result was the discrediting of dogmatism on things not yet proven. This worked out in a larger way than it might seem it should have

done. From discrediting dogmatism about one thing men were led to discredit dogmatism about other things—law, medicine, theology, etc. Every dogmatist was required to "deliver the goods," and if he showed himself unable to do so, he was regarded with a certain degree of disfavor. Authority had to "show cause" for its existence, and no parchment, no profession, could be substituted for the cold facts required.

Here was a great good. It was the beginning of a new day of freedom for the human race. Freedom is as much a growth as is education. Only step by step does the race free itself from ignorance, superstition and fear, and freedom from the fear of unjustifiable authority is more highly to be desired than freedom from physical slavery. I regard it of the highest importance that man be mentally free—free from the fetters of precedent, of assumed authority, of scholasticism, of books. Every man who has broken new ground has had to rely upon his own thought, has had to reject the traditions of authority of the past. It is a wonderful demonstration of the unconquerable spirit of freedom in the human soul that in spite of all opposition, bitter and cruel as it has always been, and ferocious, even to torture and death, as it has shown itself at times, man has still asserted it.

The original California spirit is one of perfect freedom. Authority, precedent, tradition, law even, must demonstrate their right to exist ere they be obeyed. The true Californian asks: "Why should I bow my neck to the yoke of some other man's idea, whether it be in social life, in theology, in law, in medicine, unless it be justified by incontrovertible facts?"

The physical environment of California, no less than the mental, calls for this freedom. Freedom thought is one of the essential elements of the California spirit. It is in the air, in the mountains, in the canyons, in the forests, in the deserts, on the great ocean. Everything—away from the haunts of men—cries aloud for freedom, demands of the human soul that it breathe nothing but freedom. The Swiss mountaineer is known the world over for his free spirit. The slave cannot long be a slave if he climbs into the

serene and expansive heights of the mountains. His lungs expand, his muscles expand, his blood vessels expand, his heart expands, and with it all comes a corresponding expansion of mental and spiritual vision. Freedom is in the air, for the wind bloweth where it listeth, and no man can tell whither it cometh or whither it goeth. The trees grow as they choose, and the birds fly as they will. The animals roam to and fro, up and down, hither and yon, regardless of the will of any other being and the sun shines everywhere, while the springs bubble and gurgle and flow in creeklets and brooks, happy, joyous, bounding, exuberant in their freedom in their journey to the plains or the far-away ocean. Hence the Austrian tyrant, Gessler, found his William Tell, and the Swiss today is a free man, a republican, owning only a government of the people, for the people and by the people. It is the same, only more so, in California. While the mountains are no higher, if as high, they are larger, the expanse of territory is greater, there is more of it, and in that larger physical expansion has grown up a larger mental and spiritual expansion.

I long for and look for the day when this spirit of freedom will permeate every fibre of every human body and every ultimate atom of every human soul, for only in the fullest freedom can all that is best in man grow to fullest and most perfect expression.

California, in its literature, enshrines this spirit of freedom as a precious jewel. Notable instances of it are found in the work of such men as John Muir, Henry George, Frank Norris, Jack London. It was asserted by "scientists"—the greatest this country had hitherto produced—that there were no glaciers in California. Who was John Muir that he should question the authority of these men? He—the shepherd of the Yosemite Valley, the lumberman, the poverty-stricken mountain climber? Yet he did! And he demonstrated his truth in spite of all pseudo authority.

Who was Henry George that he should dare assail the whole social fabric in his *Progress and Poverty*; that he should denounce inhuman and unjust the present system of taxation, the legal methods of

getting wealth and of forcing poverty upon others? It was outrageous, revolutionary, contrary to all precedent. Yet Henry George, poor printer, himself a victim of improper conditions, dared to arraign the ideas of the past, and laid the foundation for an ultimate change in our present selfish, inhuman, and largely unchristian civilization.

Frank Norris was a mere lad, yet he dared attack with force, power and much truth the immoralities of the great railroads that controlled the transportation—and even the production—of the people's food in California, and Jack London, even before the down was grown upon his upper lip, was preaching the unpopular doctrines of socialism upon the streets of Oakland and San Francisco.

I am well aware that, where men gather themselves together into societies and organize themselves into communities, personal freedom must yield to the opinions of the majority as to what is best for the greatest number. And this is right, not that the opinion of the majority necessarily is more nearly right than the opinion of a single individual, or that of the combined minority, but as a matter of public policy and convenience.

There were many other elements, however, in the lives of the pioneers that have entered into California literature and built up the remarkable spirit to which reference was made in my first article. It is worth while to look at these in some detail, seeking to understand the philosophy of their existence and influence at the same time.

The law of evolutionary progress, as practically stated by Joseph Le Conte, is that there must be a disturbance of the equilibrium on the lower plane in order that there may be a readjustment on the higher. The pioneer rush to California destroyed many equilibriums—social, political, legal, theological, educational. There pioneers were thrust into more primitive conditions than they had left. As society advances, its laws become more fixed and crystallized. If these laws were always good, this crystallization would not be such a serious thing, but unfortunately, experience and increasing wisdom demonstrate that many of the laws and customs that crystallize

are far from good,—they are actively and positively pernicious. Hence our frantic endeavors at reform. Someone is always seeking to reform something or somebody. Why is this? It must be that man is not content with what has already been achieved. He sees when things can be, or ought to be improved. All progress has come from dissatisfaction. A holy discontent has been the ground work upon which all reform has been built. The medicine methods of a thousand years ago seem imbecile to us of today; yet it was a serious matter for those who attempted originally to change them. Progress has come slowly and its advocates have often had to walk over thorny, rocky, bloody roads, many of which have led to the scaffold, the block and the dishonored grave. Galileo did not find his path an easy one, and Savonarola and Bruno, Cromwell and George Washington, Garibaldi and Kosuth, William Penn and Abraham Lincoln and the whole army of reformers and progressionists in every walk of life, of all ages, countries and social conditions, have ever found their fellows ready with a crown of thorns and a cross with which to arrest their onward march.

Kings naturally oppose republican ideas as damnable and revolutionary; the allopath deems as dangerous the heresy of the homeopath and osteopath, and all three regard Christian Science as a delusion and a snare. The believer in the plutonic theory of geology was astounded that the believer in the neptunic theory dare assert his foolish ideas, and the followers of Darwin and Herbert Spencer are ready to fight "tooth and nail" against the absurdities of Weismann.

But in a new country as California was in the days of the pioneers, the conditions were such that men were allowed a freedom of life and expression that had seldom been granted to so large a part of the human race before in the whole period of its existence. Freedom was in the air. Hence the rapid growth of elements of thought in the hearts and minds of men that immediately stamped themselves upon the literature of California and gave to it that peculiar flavor that we call "pioneer."

What are some of these elements? In the first place, every pioneer nec-

cessarily was a man of *initiative*. It required considerable of the personal urge we call initiative to "pull up stakes" and cut loose from the old home, old friends, old associates, old habits, old customs, old modes of life. Here was a long, tedious and practically unknown journey ahead—thousands of miles over strange country—alkali plains, waterless deserts, pathless forests, impassible canyons, dangerous fords, threatening quicksands, steep and almost unscalable mountain heights. There would be the constant danger from wild animals and wilder men. Were it not for the spirit of eternal hope that ever springs up in men's hearts, these men must have felt uncertainty in every step they took. They knew not what would befall them; nor what would be their lot when they arrived in the new land. Yet, regardless of fears, of doubts, of dangers, of hardships, they resolutely set forth—their power of initiative mentally overcoming every obstacle as it arose in the future. Think of the tremendous urge of this initiative that must have been called into existence by this desire to reach the land of gold, and every pioneer that reached the desired haven, brought with him an excess of this quality which had differentiated him from his fellows—the more timid, slow, cautious, doubtful,—whom he had left back East. Could a thousand, a hundred thousand, of such men meet together and not form a remarkable assemblage, people, state? Were there no other mental quality predominant in them, this one alone would have set them off as distinguished from the rest of mankind.

But they were equally distinguished for their *foresight*. They were about to start on a long journey with no places of call, no stores, no recuperating depots on the way. Every need and requirement had to be considered before the start was made. Tools and materials for repairs, food for the months required, ammunition for hunting and protection; vessels for water when crossing the waterless deserts. What if trees fell across their pathway and hemmed them in; what if they found themselves before great rivers that could not be forded; what if they were to be entrapped in blind canyons from which there was no

escape save by climbing out up the steep and apparently impassable sides; what if the canyons narrowed so that their wagons could not be got through; what if roads had to be built over the steep and rocky mountains; what if—aye, what was there not to be considered? It would never do to find oneself a thousand miles away from the base of supplies and then to wake up and discover that absolutely necessary things had not been brought along. Everything *must* be provided for. *Foresight* was an essential condition of success in reaching the far-away land of California.

Then, too, every pioneer of very necessity had to possess great *physical strength and robust health*. The weak and puny, no matter what their spirit and courage, could never have endured the hardships that such a journey entailed. The wearisome riding day by day, for months at a time; the fierce heat of summer; the intense and bitter cold of winter; the raging wind-storms, thunder-storms, blizzards, snow-storms that had to be encountered; the sleeping out of doors under adverse conditions; the mental harassment and worry when surrounded by fierce and blood-thirsty Indians—any other than strong men and women would have died before the journey was ended. Only the strong could have endured. If one started out with will-power enough to overcome physical disability or poor health, he either developed strength and power or died on the way. Hence everyone who arrived in California necessarily was strong and robust. He knew little or nothing of the aches and pains, the irritating and distressing "megrims" and "nerves" and melancholia and neurasthemia and a thousand and one manifestations of ill health. Think what a people, a perfectly well and strong people this must have been; doctors needed only for surgery and special cases; drug stores of far less importance than shoe-shops and grocery-stores. It is hard to conceive a whole people healthy, strong, vigorous, robust, able to do whatever they wished to do; exemplifying in every act Browning's forceful lines from *Saul*:

"Oh, our manhood's prime vigor! No spirit feels waste,

Not a muscle is stopped in its playing
nor sinew unbraced.

Oh, the wild joys of living!"

* * * * *

"How good is man's life, the mere living!
how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses
forever in joy!"

And think, too, what a marvellous influence such a healthful spirit must have had upon the growing literature of the time. How different from the writing in which fainting women, weak-hearted ladies, and nerve-irritated men appear in the pages.

I believe the world of critics and expounders of literature have utterly failed to take into consideration the important element of health in the creations of literature.

To me it seems almost an axiomatic proposition that literature only can be healthy that comes from a healthy writer,—healthy in mind and body and soul. For literature to be virile, mentally invigorating and morally stimulating it must have the red blood of life, the clear illumination of a pure and unclouded intellect, and the moral stamina of character that, at least, aims at the highest of which it is capable. No writing produced by cigarette-stimulated intellects, alcohol-soaked bodies and depraved morals can ever be pure and healthful literature. The thing is *prima facie* impossible. It may *seem* to be strong and pure and healthful, but the decadent influence will assert itself somewhere. The normal strength of the man may for a time withstand the evil influences, but sooner or later they will assert themselves.

In so far as men are physically, mentally and morally imperfect, their literary work consciously or unconsciously will bear the stamp of their imperfections.

How can the writing of a man steeped in artificiality, in conventionality, in the sham and glitter and gaud of the ordinary drawing-room palpitate with life? How can the poetry of the shut-in mystic stir into being the real life of a real, living man or woman? Life only begets life, and the reason we have so much of the merely intellectual, or the merely emotional in what is written, is that the men

and women who write are themselves not well-rounded characters, well balanced in body, mind and soul, not truly quickened to the mere joy of living.

Take the criticisms of the staid, dignified, dry-as-dust indoor city-dwellers upon the writings of men and women who have lived—literally, actively, humanly, humanely, lived. What are they worth? Not the cost of the paper and ink spoiled in writing them. How can a half dead person criticise life and especially if he regards his half dead condition as the "most perfect life"? I long ago made it an axiomatic proposition upon which to base my own judgments that only the healthy can produce healthy literature, and that writing is nearest *true* literature which depicts a healthy, virile, creative, active life, written by one who himself is healthy, virile, creative, active. This, as I have shown, was largely the condition of the pioneers. Physical health came from their every day experiences, and one is far surer to have a healthy mind when his body is a radiant center of health and strength than when it is sickly, weak, and diseased.

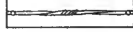
The pioneers were men and women of *bravery*. It needed bravery to make the start for this long and arduous journey, and the conditions called for bravery day after day after the fringe of civilization was passed. One has but to read a few of the books written by, or about, the old-day pioneers to realize how much this quality was called for, whether possessed or not. When I come to quote from the works that tell of the Donner party, the Death Valley party, and the various expeditions by sea and land that came at this time no one will question the actual bravery of the men and women who participated in these expeditions. A craven heart soon showed itself in craven acts, and those were no times for passing over, glossing over, the deeds of men. Frankness was the order of the day and every coward was told of his cowardice to his face, before his act grew cold to himself. Hence the coward was shamed into bravery, and found qualities in himself that he did not know he possessed. The bravery of Stanton who went on ahead to secure help for the Donner party, and who brought it, though by so doing he not

only placed his life in peril but lost it; the heroism of Manly and Rogers, told in simple fashion in Manly's *Death Valley in '49'*, where these two went over the divide and brought back provisions needed to sustain the life of a party in which were women and children; the daring of those who braved the dangers of the Colorado river in its dark and awesome canyons; who crossed the desert before water-holes were located; who scaled the mountain heights and made roads; who dared the hostility and murderous attacks of the Indians; who circumvented the unexpected treachery of wicked and designing whites—all these things called for bravery and courage. Then there was the bravery that attacked the unknown problems of the new land without fear or hesitaion. Work must be done, and new methods of doing it designed, for the pioneers were thousands of miles away from sources of supplies where machinery and tools to do things in established fashion could be obtained. He would be a brave man, indeed, who would attempt merely to recount the new methods followed by the pioneers in those days, many of them an improvement on the old as the persistence in their use has demonstrated. Paul the Apostle, in writing to the Hebrews who had accepted the new faith, sought to arouse in them a keener trust and activity by recounting to them the accomplishments of the heroes of faith in the past, and then, in a fervor of exhortation he bursts forth: "Wherefore seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

And this is the effect the mere recounting of the deeds of bravery of the men and women of pioneer days has upon me. I am incited to renewed energy and courage, to a higher standard of bravery, and greater persistence in what may be a difficult and dangerous path. At the same time I feel like exhorting the youth of our highly-favored State, first to study and know the history of pioneer days and acts, and then to emulate and follow them. When I hear young men and women finding fault with the hardness of their lives—

lives that, compared with those of the pioneers, are as comfortable as being carried along on flowery beds of ease—complaining of the difficult pathway Fate has made them tread, I would like to call to them with a trumpet note of arousing power: Wherefore, seeing you are compassed about with so great a

cloud of witnesses—these brave, heroic, daring men and women who helped lay the foundations of our State—I beg you to set aside all repining, all complaining, all fault-finding and with thankful and joyous hearts, cheerful spirits and undaunted courage, perform the duties that lie before you.



BARE-BACK LEM.

By Helen Combes

*The tang o' the prairies' bred right in the bone, I was born in a plainsman's but,
You can put me down where a city's grown, but danged if I'm staying put.*

* * * * *

*I started out as a barefoot kid, with a colt between my knees:
They bet on the bronc, the outfit did, but a dead game sport who sees
He's his way to make, an' his share to take, of cusses and kicks and blows,
Lays low at the start, an' plays his part, an' don't tell all he knows.
I hadn't no doubts of his whereabouts, though he reared and bucked like sin;
I followed the curve of his ins and outs, till his nerve was all cashed in.
The gang they patted HIS reeking hide, an' christened ME "Bare-back Lem;"
I won my spurs, an' a lot beside—they counted me one of them.*

* * * * *

*They's got to be cities an' burgs an' towns, they'll do all right for yours,
But mine's the plains with their ups an' downs, the stretch of the great out-doors.*

* * * * *

*They's lots o' heathen beside the Chink, an' some is a darned sight worse,
They own the earth so they seem to think, they gamble an' drink an' curse!
We drew one once on the Flying Cross, (don't advertise the fact!)
He cut the tongue out o' Red Pete's hoss,—an' I caught him in the act.
I don't go hunting nary fuss; ain't spoiling none for fight;
But I lost no time on that sneaking cuss—Lord! wan't he a pretty sight.
Pete grumbled some—"He'd a killed the slob," but he plumb forgot his grouch
When he took a look at the finished job, an' seen that it wan't no slouch.
The gang kept mum about what I'd did, they never have praised it none,
But I noticed they buried the "Oh, you kid;" 'twas "Mister" from that time on.*

* * * * *

*There's law an' jails for the heartless brute, back there, where the cities bum,
But here we've punishment made to suit,—an' doesn't it fetch 'em some.*

* * * * *

*A little old saint, is what I ain't, but once in awhile I stop
When I've started out on a drinking bout, an' say, "Not another drop."
A mother's something I never knew, but at times I sure believe,
Where the sky's so blue, that she's looking through, at the boy she had to leave;
I hear her crooning a baby song, to the kid across her knees,
And how in Time can a man go wrong, when he knows his mother sees?
So I jog along in a quiet way, an' does my daily task,
I rouses up when the boys get gay, for peace is all I ask:
An' I hope somehow, when I've hoed my row, an' my last round-up's been rid'
That my soul will go, where I'll surely know, the things that now is hid.*

* * * * *

*By God's good grace, to a shining place, a palace with golden floors,
And pearly gates, where my mother waits,—in the midst of a great out-doors.*

UNIVERSITY
PUBLISHED

The California Out-of-Door Health Home and School.

By the Editor

CALIFORNIA is essentially the place for the development of unique and practical ideas. It is so "different" in its climatic conditions that things are possible here that are impossible elsewhere. And yet, so slow is the human mind to take advantage of new conditions, so conservative are we to change from what the Indian calls "the way of the old," that it has been left for a Swede from far away Northern Europe, to really teach the people of California the advantages of their own singular, unique and "glorious climate" as a health giver. In Europe there are many Nature Homes, where men and women are taught to bathe in the sunshine and open air and avail themselves to the full of Nature's healthful and curative processes. All physicians and experts know that there is nothing more healthful in keeping the body in perfect health than the effect of sunlight and air directly upon the skin. Why are the boys who run off to the "old swimmin' hole," and who romp around naked after their bath so full of life, energy and radiant health? What is the reason the children down by the seashore, boys and girls alike, who are allowed to run around, wearing nothing but their bathing suits, so healthful, happy, buoyant and strong? Nature, herself, gives the answer. They are obeying the God-ordered plan of health. They are following the rational, the natural way of life. They have not yet become conventionally civilized out of all semblance to naturalness, and, provided they eat anything like what they ought to eat, Nature does the rest and gives to them that perfect health which is the normal inheritance of every human being. The sooner we get the idea established as a fundamental and basic principle of life, that God's plan for man is perfect, absolute, un-failing health, the better it will be for

humanity. Disease is not of God. It is of the devil! or of many devils! and the closer we live to the natural, the simple, the God-ordained way, the nearer shall we come to the health that means so much to the race.

Only the healthy man or woman really knows what Life is. There is a vast difference between "life" and the mere existence tolerated by the majority of men and women. The California mocking-bird is my type of life. It is the most radiantly joyous, happy being known to me. Singing continuously, morning, noon and night, in the rain or in the shine, on the bough or on the wing, in the fog or in the glare; with head high up; walking as if on air when it condescends to touch the earth; or bounding along as if the ground were a rebounding rubber ball from which it bounced every step; flying with an abandon known to few other birds, it is the most rollicksome, joyous, devil-may-care, happy, healthy, vigorous, active, radiant creature the eye of man is blessed to fall upon. Alive to the tip of every feather, and to the end of its tail; eyes as bright and shining as stars or diamonds in electric glow; every muscle taut and springing; vital organs held up as if by unyielding steel as flexible as rubber; so happy that it must sing through the night as well as the day, and even bursting into song as it flies from limb to limb, from chimney top to ground, what living creature more nearly approximates that radiant, exuberant, happy, joyous life that I am assured is man's natural and normal condition!

Let children be taught this fact. Let them understand it is their right; their God-given inheritance; their blessed birthright. Let them understand fully that disease, with all its pain, lassitude, languor, dullness, sluggishness of mind or body, enervation, irritation of body

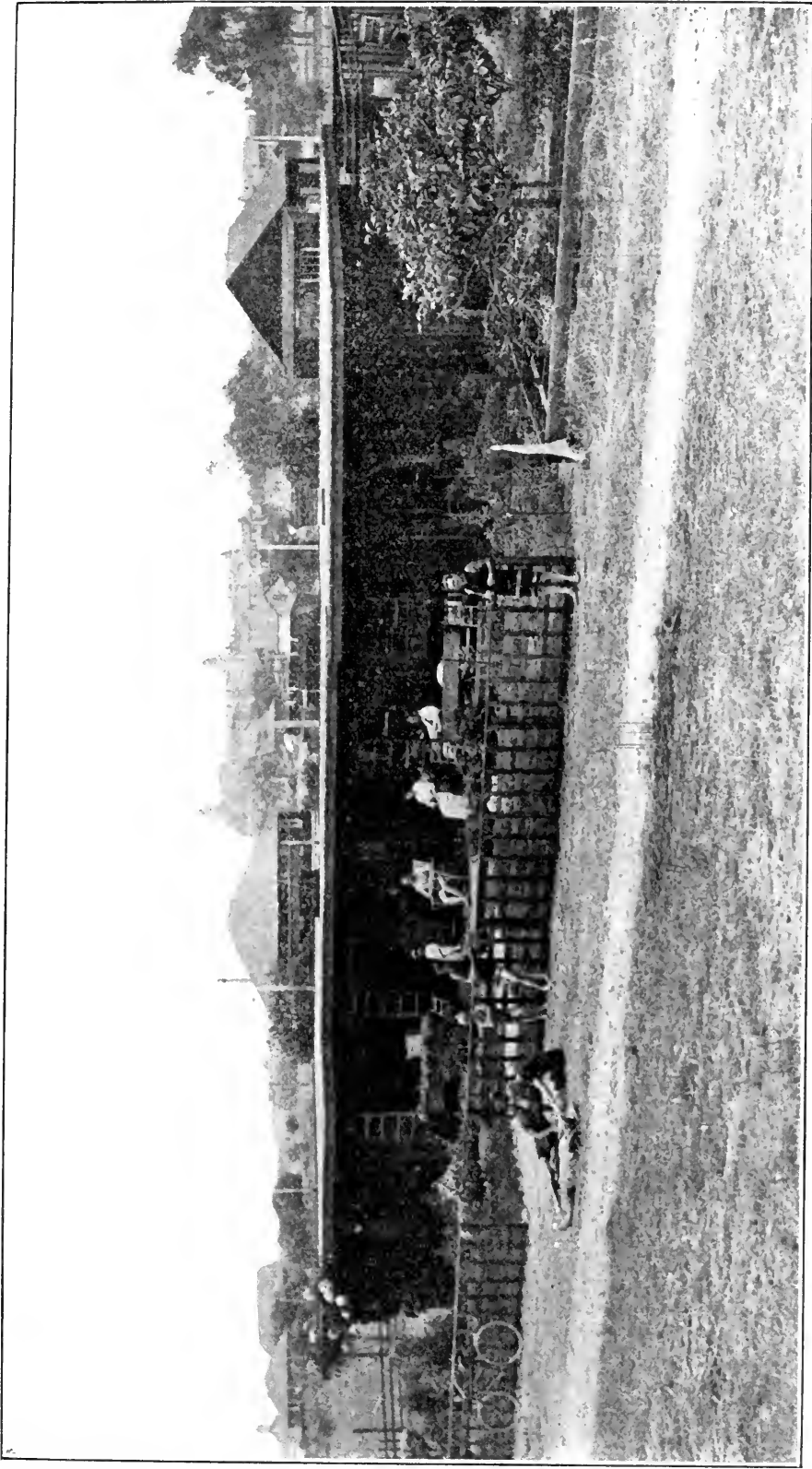


Dr. Tell Berggren, Founder and Director of the California Out-of-Door Health Home and School, Coronado, Calif.

or mind is neither normal nor right, but that the buoyant life of the mocking-bird is a type of what their own life ought to be.

But to obtain this joyous experience, the human beings must live as approximately close to the normal, natural

method as the mocking-bird does. In some things this seems impossible. We must wear clothes, we must live in houses. True! But these can be made as near to nature as possible,—clothes as light and as free, loose, easy as they can be made; and houses as exposed



The California Out-of-Door Health Home and School, Coronado, Calif. This photograph was made from a raised platform in front thus dwarfing the house, but it was done purposely in order to show the close proximity to the world-famed Hotel del Coronado, though it is possible for the occupants of each place to live in their respective abodes for a whole year and never see each other.



The Open-Air Gymnasium at Dr. Tell Berggren's California Health Home and School, where all kinds of Athletic Games and Exercises are indulged in, in the scantiest of clothing in the most perfect seclusion.

to air and sunlight as conditions will allow.

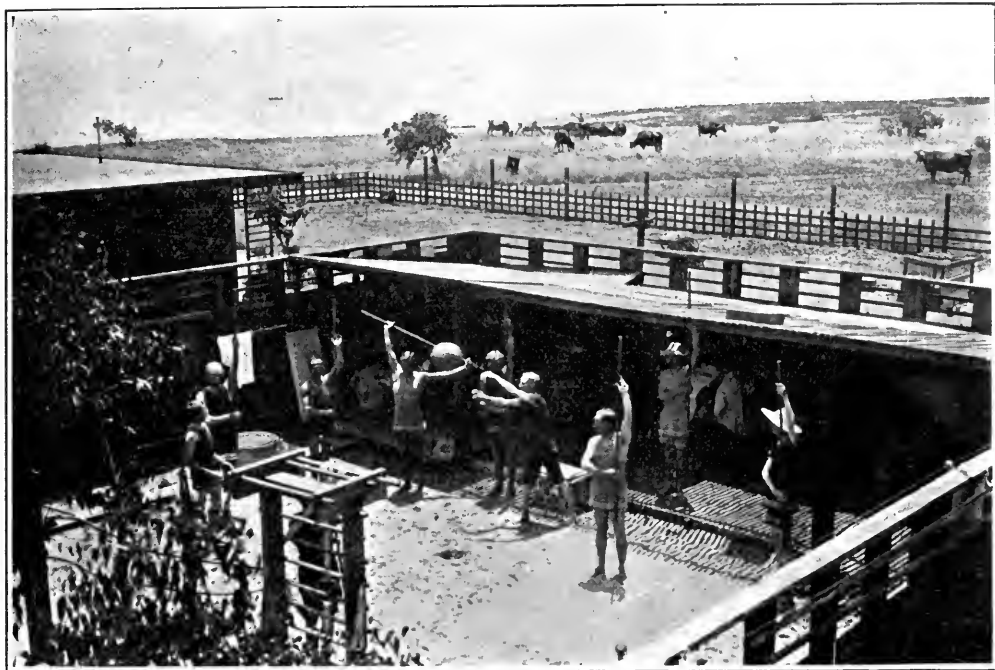
In California the conditions are especially favorable, and in some parts of this God-blessed state more favorable than others. Undoubtedly one of the most steady and equable climates in the known world is found near San Diego, at the extreme Southern part of the State. Winter and summer, alike, it is delicious, day and night. There is no great cold in winter, no great heat in summer. Hence it could not fail to appeal to one who wished to give himself as much out-of-door, natural life as possible, and who wished to teach to those who were growingly alive to the joyous possibilities of this life how to set about it to enjoy it to the full. The man who has undertaken to solve this problem is, as I have said, an enthusiastic Swede, Dr. Tell J. Berggren, a tow-headed, exuberant, radiant athlete, with a blue eye equal to the brilliancy of that of the mocking-bird; a voice as joyous as the bird's song; a step as bounding as the bird's hop, and, as I watch him sometimes, I feel as if I should not be at all surprised

to see him leap into the air and fly as easily and recklessly as does his feathered prototype. Enthusiastic to the last degree in everything he undertakes, his own experience gives one a key to his nature. Here is part of his story, as quoted from a recent magazine:

"In the heart of all mankind, of whatever race or station in life, there has always been a longing for health and happiness. History tells us of many remedies employed by our forefathers for the restoration of youth, of the endeavors through all ages by nearly all classes of people to restore to the human body the freshness and elasticity of youth.

In this age of enlightenment and wonderful progress, why should we not also solve the problem of perfect, natural living so as to enable us to retain our youth and vigor at least up to the century mark, as well as to find it after once having been lost?

An encouraging sign of the times is the revolt of thinking people against the hypocrisy, sham and prudery exercised by reactionary elements of society. The wholesome craving for pu



Students at Dr. Tell Berggren's Health Home and School, going through Wand Exercises in the Open-Air Gymnasium, Coronado.

rity, naturalness and simplicity is now becoming manifest among all classes of people. More and more are they beginning to ask themselves for the true meaning of life, to search in their innermost beings for the solution of the questions of the day, the questions of life and harmony, health and happiness.

"As long as I can remember back I have always loved simplicity and naturalness. Intuitively I seemed to have realized at quite an early age that the conditions and environment created by our modern civilization were anything but favorable for the development of well-rounded men and women. In fact, I revolted against their injustice and falsity and went my own way even as a small boy. What I loved more than anything else was to live "natural life" ("naturlif," as we called it in Swedish). Whether I was out in the wild woods or on the sea away from civilized environment, I was always seized by an intense desire to get completely attuned to simple, unperturbed nature, or as Walt Whitman puts it, "to return to the naked source, life of us all, to the breast of the great, silent, savage, all-acceptive mother."

"I remember well the time when I first consciously began to study and philosophize over the great problems of life and nature, of my own destiny and mission on this earth. Almost intuitively, without any conscious aid from anyone, I formulated an elaborate philosophy of life, which to this day has been my guiding star in spite of all the confusion and contradictions of many of the philosophers and thinkers which I afterwards studied.

One of the important truths which I thus woke up to was the relation, as already stated, of the instincts of man to his own personality and intuitive nature. Of course, I could not have stated it, nor possibly even have understood these great truths as they are set forth by men like Emerson and Whitman, Goethe or Materlinck, but nevertheless I felt these truths so strongly even at this early age that when I later read the writings of these great thinkers I at once discovered my own thoughts and speculations way back in childhood's happy days.

"I became early an enthusiastic advocate of the very simplest natural life, not because I was sick, but because intuitive reasoning had opened my eyes to the



Men and Women students at Dr. Tell Berggren's Health Home and School, Coronado, California, engaged in the delightful occupation of flower, fruit and vegetable gardening under expert guidance, and in suitable open-air costume.

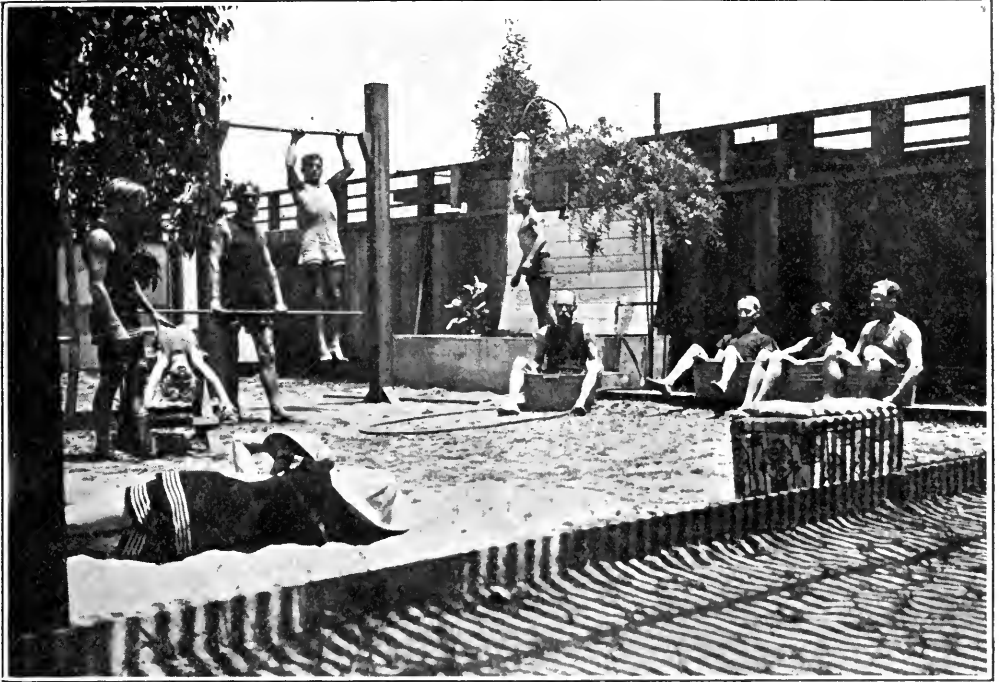
great importance of living attuned to nature's finer forces. I had experienced their charms. My natural instincts had been allowed reasonably to assert themselves and I had the example and inspiration of a certain type of the peasant class, namely those who lived in the wildest part of my own country farthest removed from the perversion of civilized habits. How I did love these people because they were so genuine and simple! I wanted to fight their battles and carry their burdens even as a small boy.

I became a strict vegetarian before I was fourteen years of age, over-enthusiastic in my great expectations, and with the opposition of the majority of my associates and teachers. Most of them called me an extremist, particularly because of my habits of eating and dressing. This opposition rather stimulated me to become still more radical and natural. My great longing and desire as early as I can remember was always that of traveling to some of the wild and savage countries and living among the natives. I wanted to go and live among people who had been absolutely untouched by any of the degenerating in-

fluences of civilization, and it was my firm conviction that such people really did exist. I realized intuitively the degenerating influences of our over-civilized life and often used to make comments on the difference in healthfulness between the life lived by our Scandinavian and Finnish peasants and that lived by the so-called upper classes. When I then saw how the working population, particularly in the more industrial regions of my country, were fast adopting the degenerating habits of their so-called superiors, my whole soul revolted against the downfall, the "destruction," as I then expressed it, of my glorious and beloved race.

I then put my hope to other countries yet untouched by civilization, expecting there to learn lessons which later I might teach my own race and in that way turn them from their course towards degeneracy and extinction.

"In 1897 I made the first payment on a small island in the Everglades, Southern Florida, about half way between Miami and Palm Beach. Here I hoped that my Utopian ideals of a perfect "nature life" and a comfortable living on a few acres



Taking Sitz and Sun Baths in Dr. Tell Berggren's open-air gymnasium, Coronado, California.

of land, were to be completely realized. The island had several wild guava trees of the large lemon variety, besides the orange, lemon and lime trees I planted myself. I also planted watermelon, tomatoes and other vegetables, but they were all eaten up by insects, and when summer came I was nearly eaten up myself by thousands of large and vicious mosquitoes. The Seminole Indians that lived nearby me did not seem to mind the mosquitoes at all, however. I have often seen them stand barelegged with a swarm around their bodies, particularly their legs, so thick that I doubt if they even could distinguish their own feet.

"At the time I visited the Seminoles they certainly were very much like savages, and still how much could we not have learned from them in real simple nature life if we only could be open-minded and unprejudiced enough.

"To tell my experiences in detail is not my object in writing this article. To those who are interested in Indian life and the lessons they can teach us, I like to refer them to George Wharton James's book entitled "What the White Race May Learn from the Indian." It

is well worth reading. Dr. James draws his lessons from the best and cleanest of the Indians and these lessons are of such profound importance as to almost overshadow all other reform questions of today."

Prior to going to Florida Mr. Berggren had studied medical gymnastics at Stockholm, and received his degree. This was followed by a year's teaching of gymnastics and practice of mechano-therapy. Then came his Florida experience after which he returned to New York, where he came in touch with Dr. J. H. Kellogg, the distinguished hygienist, and hydro-therapist, of the great Sanitarium of Battle Creek, Michigan. With that instantaneous perception that is keener than a woman's intuition, Dr. Kellogg saw in this young enthusiast who had already taken his degree of M. D., one especially endowed both by nature, prolonged study and devoted intelligence to aid him in his work of seeking the physical regeneration of the race. He engaged him to teach Curative Gymnastics, and to conduct an open-air gymnasium he was about to establish. Here he remained for some time until he was called to the Pacific Coast by one



Administering the Cold Douche out-of doors, after exercise in Dr. Tell Berggren's open-air gymnasium, Coronado, California.

of the most noted women of the Western world, to give her training in healthful living. It was then that he discovered the climatic possibilities of California for such an institution as he had already formulated in his mind. Here, out-of-door working, exercise, bathing, sleeping and living were assured practically all the year, and as soon as he was free, he wandered all over the state seeking the best possible location for his contemplated establishment. Finally he decided that there was no spot so well suited for his purpose as the Southern end of the state, on the Eastern shore of the island on which stands the world-famed Hotel Coronado.

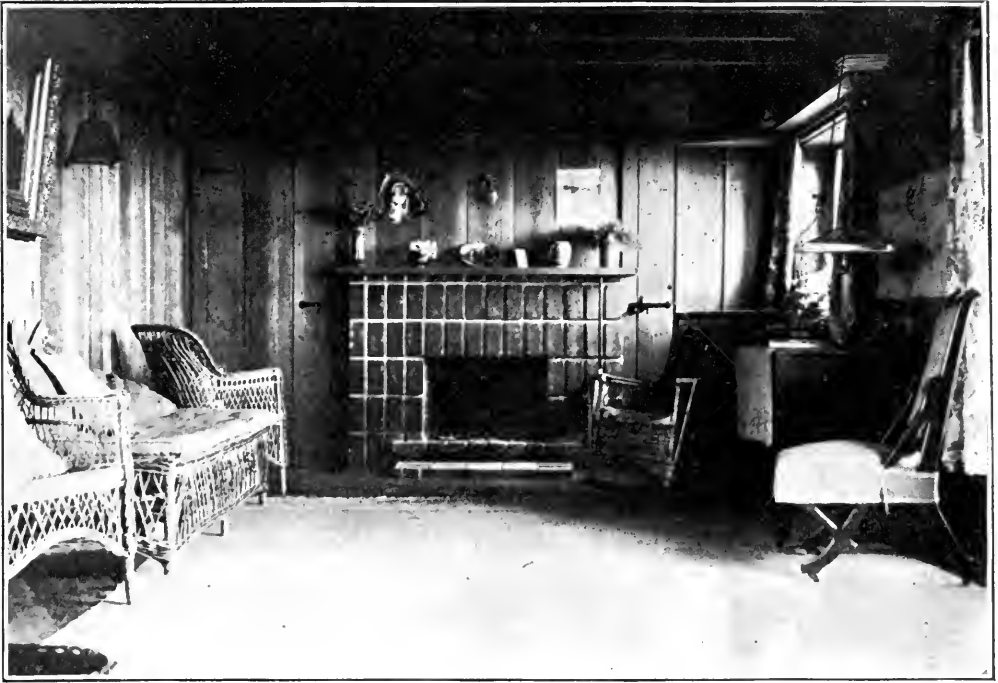
Accordingly, in 1911, he built the first simple part of his Health Home—Halschem, as it is called in Swedish—and quietly and unostentatiously began his work. There is no pretense, no show, no display in what Dr. Berggren does, hence it is all the greater pleasure to call attention to the solidity and usefulness of his work.

His location is simply ideal for such a Health Home and School as he has planned. It is not a place for invalids, but for students. Those who have been

overworked and need rest, and are willing to take his teachings,—men and women alike—as well as those who desire to know the rational and natural methods of living that assure radiant health are the ones he particularly desires to attract.

Built in the most simple, yet effective style of bungalow architecture, with the great hundred-foot-wide East Bay Boulevard passing directly in front, the Home faces upon San Diego Bay, where the placid waters reflect the activities of the growing city of the South. The city itself, enthroned on its ideal site, slopes back to the heights, beyond which are Grossmont, Mounts Cuyumaea and San Miguel and Table Mountain. National City and Chula Vista are clearly in sight, while as one turns his gaze around in the other direction, Point Loma, the Pacific Ocean, Hotel del Coronado, The Tent City and the City of Coronado successively come into view.

The remarkable fact of this location is that while the activities of the refined, cultured and busy world are within ten minutes' easy walk, where traveled guests from all the states and the civil-



One of the Fire Places in Dr. Tell Berggren's Open-Air Health Home and School, Coronado, Calif.

ized world meet at Coronado, and the Tent City, Halsohem itself is as secluded, quiet and undisturbed almost as if it were on a desert island. Here are quiet, peace, freedom from civilization, and endless opportunities for living the out-of-door life. Close proximity to the swimming beach of Coronado and the Tent City has made all the inhabitants so habituated to the use of the bathing suit as to render its continuous use at the Health Home unobservable and unobjectionable. Hence those who desire it may lounge on the beach, a stone's throw away, from morning to night, with no one to object, molest or make afraid.

The open-air gymnasium, completely boarded in, also gives fullest opportunity for sun and air baths, sitz-baths, out of doors in the sunshine, mud-baths, sand-baths, rational exercise in the nude, such as the Muller system of frictional exercises, setting-up drills, games, etc., all conducted on scientific and practical lines.

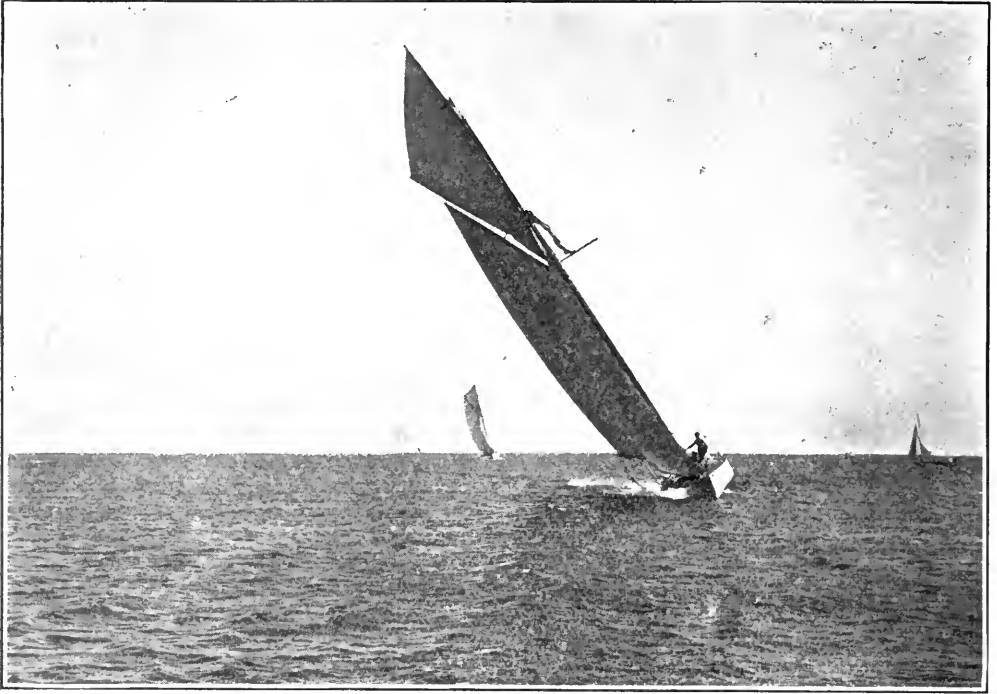
Then, too, of eminent service is the manual work in the garden, done in as abbreviated a suit as swimmers wear at the popular beach resorts. The great

blessing derived from this "getting back to the soil" in such an ideal environment, has come as a revelation to many who have been persuaded to try it, not only soothing their fretted nerves, but driving out despondency, pessimism, the blues, dyspepsia, headache and other ills too numerous to mention.

Those who love to swim and row, yacht or canoe, can take their daily choice of the still waters of the bay or the rougher waters of the ocean and the surf, and everyone knows the advantages that accrue from these healthful experiences in God's great out-of-doors.

Beyond, on the peninsula, and out on the mainland, are a score of mountains inviting the climber to exercise his muscles, the explorer to discover their hidden canyons, the botanist to find their exquisite flora, the zoologist to study their innumerable animal, insect, bird and reptile life, while very little further is the desert, whose magic lure has so well been set forth by T. S. and John C. Van Dyke, Mary Austin, Idah Meacham Strobridge, Harold Bell Wright and others.

There have been many attempts to establish such a Home as this, both in Europe



Yachting on San Diego Bay immediately in front of Dr. Tell Berggren's Health Home and School, Coronado, Calif.



A Glimpse of the Bay, the Pier, the great Boulevard immediately in front of Dr. Tell Berggren's Health Home and School, Coronado, Calif., and the herd of cows that supplies the staff and students with milk.



Coronado Bathing Pavilion, Bathing Beach and Tent City are about ten minute's walk from Dr. Tell Berggren's Health Home and School, Coronado, California.

and this country, but nowhere in the world has Nature done so much to make a perfect place as here. In Germany and other European centers, there are the "Licht and Luftbad Aoustalten" in almost every large city, and in the East there are expensive establishments, *but they can be conducted only in the summer months*, while this is open throughout the whole year, and one season is just as delightful as another. In Southern Europe and Africa they are conducted only during the winter, and though they are run at great expense, and are closed during the whole of the summer, they are made to pay because of the remarkable and astonishing results that the nerve-weary, the socially-exhausted, the brain-fagged dwellers of cities find in their soothing environs.

Hence I look for great things from Dr. Berggren's institution. I believe it to be an epoch-making movement. Already parents have gone and taken their whole families for a month or more at a time, in order that all together they may learn the principles of simple, natural living, while enjoying a season's holiday in one of Southern California's most charming spots.

The women and children's depart-

ments are under the direction of Dr. and Mrs. Berggren, the latter being a graduate of the Domestic Science Department, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., and well trained in her husband's methods. She also supervises the table, where life is reduced to the most simple and healthful factors.

Already the place is being enlarged. Dr. Berggren recently writes me:

"Our architect, Mr. E. Weaver, has planned several new extensions with special open-air gymnasiums for ladies and new bathrooms which I would like to have you criticize as soon as you can come down. This work I consider a sacred work, which must be done right from the very foundation. It shall be a living, though imperfect illustration of the 'New-California Out-of-Doors,' an earnest effort to utilize this Southern California climate to its very limits, as a curative agent."

It is the stuffy, indoor-atmosphere of many so-called Health Resorts that kills the spirit of those who go to them. Here one breathes in the very freedom, spontaneity, freshness, life and vigor of God's great out-of-doors, hence I look for a growing appreciation of this, the first real and ideally located Health School and Home I have ever seen.

The Washwoman's Vengeance

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

(Concluded from July Number)

The rest of the letter related to the trip to the coast, and was therefore rather slighted. But the next communication was of evil portent in the eyes of the younger men. Mrs. Flint was sick, quite sick, and the woman who nursed her said it was from long-continued tight lacing.

"Mr. Flint on his way to the postoffice stopped at the gate this morning, where I always wait for him. He said his wife could not live. I thought as much yesterday, when I saw how all her fine diamonds were lying around on ring trays and toilet cushions; so I went in the house and told Aunt Sally what Mr. Flint had said. With very unnecessary sympathy she exclaimed: 'The poor man! He will go insane with grief if his wife dies.' But I told her I thought he could be consoled—and that I would be just the young lady to do it. Then you should have seen Aunt Sally!—she flew into a dreadful passion when I told her I intended to go up to Olita and help take care of Mrs. F. I got a little mad myself, though, and said I ought to be allowed to use my own judgment in some things."

When the boys went to their work the morning after the reading of this epistle, Breen, walking between Ludlow and Smith, growled out suddenly: "I'll bet you the week's clean up Little May deserts her aunt on the chance of getting the laundry man and his wife's diamonds."

The bet was not taken and in the next mail came two letters, the one from Aunt Sally short and to the point: "Your daughter has left my house," she wrote, "forever. I advise you to look after the girl—she needs it, old as she is. Understand me well, brother; she has withdrawn herself from me, and I wash my hands of her."

Miss May's letter was short, too. "I have left your sister Sally's house," she wrote. "I am tired of her tyranny and abuse, and I thought it my Christian duty to come up to Olita and take care of Mrs. Flint. To be sure, she may recover, but you need have no fear that your Little May will be badly treated by her—I know too much about her."

A dead silence followed the reading of the letter. Then the man Smith came across the room and laid his hand on the arm of the wayward girl's father.

"Old man," he said, "when I came here, helpless and broken, you asked me no question as to whither or whence; you gave me of your bread to eat, and a part of your bed to sleep on. I will try to repay your kindness now; go to your child at once; go down on your knees and beg your sister to take her back again, and if she

refuses bring the girl home with you. Let her learn to work; let her cry and rave against your edict, if she must; but take her from the man and woman who now have her in their clutches."

"But, Smith," protested the old man, irritably, "how can I bring the girl here?"

"We will all work to build her a new cabin to live in," cried Ludlow, eagerly, gaining thereby one of those rare, disapproving glances. "We will turn over three clean-ups out of every four, and we will hew wood and draw water for little May, as if she were our own sister."

Breen, too, had caught the infection and promised to give up cards, tobacco and whiskey, if she came.

"Thank you, boys; I will write and tell her how good you are to her old dad. She may not accept your generous offer, but I know she will appreciate it."

He did write to his daughter, but no amount of persuasion could induce him to ask his sister for an explanation. He was convinced that Little May must be in the right; was she not his child? While he read the next-coming letter to them, his boys did all they could to keep from giving him offense.

Mrs. Flint was getting well, and the nurse had been discharged, which made it a little hard, since there was no servant and Miss May had the housework to do besides attending to the convalescent. "Your sister Sally is the meanest old thing that ever lived," the letter broke out bitterly. "Mr. Flint went to her house for my trunk, which I had carefully packed the day before I left so suddenly and in a great passion, taking only my jewelry box with me at the time. Mr. Flint told her that as his wife was still ill, they had engaged Miss Warren to wait on her; and all she said in reply was that she requested all intercourse between the two families to be broken off at once, hired help and servants included. But I got even with her for pointing the insult like that. I told Mrs. Flint what the old witch had said about fearing no washwoman's vengeance. Her face turned crimson and she said: 'I'll show your Aunt Sally what washwoman's vengeance is, before I get through with her.'"

"The first time we went out driving after Mrs. Flint got well, we found your sister, Sally, in her garden, where she was poking among her flowers with her little trowel. Of course, she did not speak, but she looked at us and I instantly thrust out my tongue at her. Mrs. Flint had to cram her handkerchief into her mouth to keep from screaming, but as Mr. Flint was on the front seat he saw nothing of the performance, and Mrs. Flint kept nudging me to go on with the show."

"Ah, that was washwoman's vengeance, was it?" asked Ludlow.

"Wait," said the man, Smith.

"Since that day we have had lots of fun with your sister Sally. The funniest part is that she always seems turned to stone with astonishment, and it tickles me to see how old and gray she is growing. Mrs. Flint says I am the cutest girl she ever saw; and Mr. Flint says he admires me, too—though not for cuteness in bull-baiting old Sally, for he knows nothing of that. But Mrs. Flint says she is

not at all jealous. So when I have done all the work in the house and have combed Mrs. Flint's hair, she and I start out to visit friends and take our lunch with them, leaving Mr. Flint at home; for Mrs. Flint has friends now where she never had any before. I have joined the church, of course, and all the members say that it was such a grand thing for Mrs. Flint to do—to take me away from that heathenish old infidel, Mrs. McCormack. One of the old church members, to be sure, shut the door in our faces; but Mrs. Flint says she can run the church without her. Became a member of the sewing society, too; and we elected Mrs. Flint president at once. It was lucky that I still had some money, for Mrs. Flint had neglected to pay her dues for a month or two and had left her purse at home. The session was devoted principally to giving expression to the sympathy and indignation felt over the wrongs and abuse I had suffered at the hands of the crazy old woman. Not that the ladies were at all inquisitive as to the nature of these wrongs and abuses; Mrs. Flint simply pointed to me as she said: 'What that poor child has suffered at the hands of her aunt. She could tell dreadful tales if she would.' Then they all shook their heads and raised their hands in horror, while I sat silent, looking like a saint, and letting the women think what they chose.

"You may tell your boys that I am much obliged for their offer to build me a new cabin; but I've got to stay here and worry Aunt Sally—that's more fun than living in a mining camp. And besides, we may go to the city and live in Mrs. Flint's \$150,000 house on Warrington street very soon. The club of young men that had it rented are going to give it up; and Mrs. F. says she cannot put up with Mrs. McCormack's insults any longer. Let me tell you what your sister did, and let me add that I'm glad of it, because I want to get away from the hard work here, and Mrs. F. says they always keep two servants in town. Well, we have had for visitors either the wife or the daughter of one or the other of the five men who own the great laundry together with Mr. Flint. These ladies have enjoyed the circus we have with Aunt Sally very much. The other morning we had crept up so softly that the old lady did not hear the horses till we were close beside her, where she was leaning against a tree, with the inevitable trowel in her hand. Mrs. Flint slackened the walk of the horses till they almost stood still, and just as the old lady turned around I was pointing my finger at her and saying to Miss Webb: 'There is the old crazy woman now.' Mrs. F. was laughing to kill herself, when what do you suppose your sister did? She straightened herself up, waved her hand toward the road, and said: 'You need not stop here this morning, Mrs. Laundrywoman, I have given my dirty clothes for the week. Pass right on.'

"And now that we are going to the city to live in that fine house I wish you would send me some money to buy decent clothes with."

The old man scratched his head.

"Send her \$20 after the next clean-up," said Ludlow, airily.

"Twenty dollars!" sputtered Breen; "twenty dollars won't do her; make it fifty at once."

"Here's more, boys," The old man had not heard Breen at all,

and he continued to read: "I am sorry to trouble you, but when I spoke to Mrs. F. about going to Mr. F. to ask for a part of my salary she said that they were not paying me salary, that she knew of. Said she: 'You came to us when you got tired of staying at your Aunt Sally's, and I have done a great deal for you since. I have managed to create a lot of sympathy for you, and stirred up a strong feeling against your aunt; and I consider you well paid for what work you do.' And now I hope you are convinced at last with what fiendish malice your sister Sally has persecuted your Little May."

On the way to the diggin's next morning Ludlow called Breen to account for his unkind explosion of last night. Breen's eyes danced with triumph.

"But I've seen Little May, and I know what I'm talking about."

The other two stared, and Breen went on: "Don't you remember, Doc, when the old man went to her, early in the spring, and I went to San Francisco because mother was sick! When I came back I asked you not to tell him I had left you here alone. The fact is I saw him on the ferry together with his daughter, but I dared not speak to her, because she was tricked out, like a peacock, in silks and jewels."

"What does she look like?" asked the doctor, excitedly.

"Looks like she was forty and the crows had picked all the flesh off her."

"Doc whistled, but Breen continued: "Knew what she was when I heard her say to our old man that she wished he could dress and act like other gentlemen."

No one spoke, but there was an evil smile on Smith's face.

It was long before Little May wrote again, and her letter was dated 15,005 Suburban avenue, instead of 250,280 Warrington street, when it came at last. With much pride she related how they had left the mountains in a blaze of glory, had stopped at the Flash Hotel in San Francisco and how Mrs. Flint had shown how vastly superior she was in ladylike ways to poor old Aunt Sally. At dinner, in the evening, Mrs. F. had suddenly missed one of her diamond ear-drops, had languidly remarked, while everybody was hunting for it, that it had cost only \$800, and then, when everybody's attention had been fixed on the diamonds she wore, had all at once remembered slipping the eardrops into her sealskin sacque, while on the cars. She had sent her soup back twice, complained of her napkin smelling like soap, and had been fastidious and exacting, just as a lady ought to be.

But what had been Little May's disappointment when Mrs. Flint had announced next morning, since their names had appeared in the papers among the arrivals at the Flash Hotel, they would now proceed to hunt up a furnished house to live in. Mrs. Flint had said the young men had offered \$25 per month for her home, and she thought it both uncharitable and unchristian to turn them out. Then she went on to describe the tedious hunt for a house that should be both cheap and elegant.

At last we came to this one, which is small and away out of town. Mrs. Flint is very clever at managing, and she had herself installed

as caretaker here, so that our rent is only nominal. The lady who owns it wanted to go on a year's cruise with her husband, a sea captain. Mrs. Flint says the house is too small to keep servants; as there is so little work to do, she thought it a good plan to learn a little more about dressmaking, so that I could make her dresses for my board in future. As the Beakins are living in their town house now, she said she would call on them and get me an invitation to visit them by representing what charming little trifles I could make for their church fair. Then I could watch the oldest daughter at her dressmaking and it would cost me nothing to learn. And while I was staying at the Beakins, Mr. Flint came down from the ranch in the mountains, and Mrs. Flint went up in his place to see to things there. And while she was at the ranch, all alone, the house burned down, with all those elegant and costly things in it, and it was lucky that all of it was well insured. Lucky, too, that some of the furniture and bedding had been removed to an outside shanty while Mrs. Flint was cleaning house; she says we can put the cook-stove in there now, too, and we can sleep in the barn-loft when we want to stay at Oleta. She says she is tired of the country, anyhow, and Mr. Flint does very well in the city now—"

"Perhaps the man with the little cudgel has left the city," suggested Smith to Ludlow under his breath.

"Doc" looked at him keenly for a moment; then he said, slowly: "Perhaps."

"But Mrs. Flint has said to all our friends there that she will never build up the house again while the McCormack woman is in the country. The fact is that they cannot find water enough on the place to start a laundry, though Mr. Flint says he is going to make one more effort next winter. He wants me to go with him up there, to keep house for him, while Mrs. Flint runs the laundry here. She says the only thing she fears is that backbiting old sister of yours, that she would never be jealous of me if I stayed up there a year together with her husband."

It was many a week before another letter came. "I wish you would do something to that crazy sister of yours—put her into a lunatic asylum. No one up here seems to find fault with me for staying with Mr. Flint; and I take him to the station when he goes to the city and call for him when he comes back; just everything as Mrs. Flint did when she was here. Yesterday the old lunatic tried to stop my horse—said she wanted to speak to me; but I gave a cut with the whip in her direction and commenced to sing."

The old man started up. "I declare, I'll have to make that sister of mine behave herself."

"Why not the girl?" asked Smith.

"What, Little May! Does not Mrs. Flint herself say she is not jealous of her?"

"Some women care very little who holds their husband's affections, so long as they hold his purse-strings," said Ludlow, slowly.

Breen chipped in: "I don't believe any woman need be jealous of our old man's daughter," he asserted, and the others believed him cheerfully.

They tried to make the old man forget the little episode, and they succeeded. With the proverbial luck of the greenhorn, Smith "struck it rich" in the course of the month, though he did not know what wealth he had uncovered till the old man told him of it. The news spread like wildfire; but the old man's first exclamation was: "Little May; she can go to Europe now."

"Isn't it time you should write her about it?" asked Smith, after the first excitement was over.

"Just as soon as you boys have cleared the dishes from the table," was the reply.

Before he got seated, however, a man on horseback approached, a yellow envelope in his hand.

"For Mr. Warren," he said; "I will wait for an answer."

Ludlow took the telegram at the old man's bidding.

"An offer for the claim, I reckon," he said gleefully.

Smith looked apprehensively at the message, when Ludlow shook his head.

"We must not be too sanguine, old man; and this will be a disappointment to you. Little May is sick and wants you to come to her."

"Certainly," he said, "I'll go at once and tell her of our lucky strike."

The old man had risen, to hurry into his store-clothes, and, passing by Ludlow, he asked, thinking chiefly of the pleasure he would impart to the child by his good news:

"Where is she, Doc—still in the mountains?"

He saw Ludlow hesitate, and with sudden alarm he snatched the yellow paper out of his fingers:

"Woman's Hospital. Doctor Blue in charge!" he gasped.

Ludlow was close beside him; the bluish pallor spreading all over the old man's face told a sad tale to the man of medicine.

"Come, old man, get ready." It was Smith who spoke, in a strangely resolute manner. "Ludlow will go with you, Breen and I will stay here and look after things."

Breen was already at work on the best two boots the camp afforded; Smith brushed the old man's best hat, but his fingers trembled and the battered lid of his blind eye twitched nervously. Ludlow was tenderly smoothing the long gray beard, when the old man laid his hand gently on his arm.

"I once suspected you of trying to rob me of my child's love; forgive me."

"My girl left me long ago for a handsome man," was the sad reply. "I could never love again. It will be perfectly safe for you to bring Little May here; and I advise you to do so, or to stay with her."

"Why did he not take my advice long ago?" asked Smith, his voice ringing with sudden passion. "I am the man Leduc, of whom your daughter wrote; the husband of that fiend in woman's shape with whom you left your child. She was my mother's servant when I married her; and my father promptly turned us both out of his house. We drifted about till we reached the city, where she heard of an old bachelor acquaintance, in whose laundry she might find

employment. Though I knew what her object was from the first, the blow fell hard upon me when it came, and, college-bred though I was, I sought the hardest labor, that I might sleep at night and lose consciousness for hours of my wrongs and my disgrace. But the woman must needs flaunt her new husband and her ill-gotten wealth in my face, and, no matter where I worked, she found me out and threw herself in my way. Once my anger got the better of my judgment, and I fell upon my successor, tooth and nail, for which I was promptly brought before a court and gladly paid my fine, because I felt at once that I had something to live for again. It was the one pleasure of my life to beat the great, hulking fellow like a dog. And, fool that he was, he always allowed her to drag him where she saw fit. One day she drove the buggy clear out of town, where I was digging on a water ditch, a lonely, desolate spot. Old Flint turned pale when he saw me, and she screamed like a penny whistle to make him believe she was afraid, too. But she gave me ample time to drag him from the buggy and pommel him to my heart's content before she herself descended. It was a trap she had baited for me; for she stood by, cool and collected, till she saw the chance to thrust the point of her parasol deep into my eye; and she picked up the cur, threw him back into the buggy, and left me for dead on the ground."

There was dead silence in the cabin; then Little May's father shook the man roughly by the arm.

"Why did you not tell me this?" he asked, angrily. To which the other replied, with some show of reason.

"What good would it have done? You blindly upheld your daughter against your own sister."

The city was reached early next morning, and when Ludlow was about to step on to the car that passed by the hospital the old man said, sternly: "I go alone to see my child."

"So you shall, old man," was the Doctor's gently spoken answer: "so you shall. But I know the rights and rules of these places better than you do, and I want first to see you admitted to the hospital."

When he had left him, Ludlow went straight to the next telegraph office and then haunted the incoming trains and ferries.

That afternoon a tall man, with long beard just turning gray, ascended the steps that led into the little square hall of the house at 15,005 Suburban avenue, and crossed it to open the door of a room in which a female figure in bright apparel and studied attitude sat in an easy chair.

"Was not my servant outside to announce you?" the woman asked in mincing tones.

"God!" the man burst out, "have you enticed another innocent girl away from her friends to slave for you?"

"You must be Mr. Warren, to judge from your resemblance in size to Little May," the woman returned sneeringly. "But if you have come to collect her wages, or damages for lost character, you'll not succeed. The old thing ought to be ashamed of herself; I trusted her, and how she has repaid me."

"Some women care very little who holds their husband's affec-

tions, so long as they hold his purse-strings." It never struck the old man that he was quoting Dr. Ludlow.

There was a movement of the portiere, and a leather-colored face with round owl's eyes, made its appearance at the narrow slit of the curtain. The woman turned.

"I knew old Warren would come," she said contemptuously. "You go away, dear, and let me manage him."

"Manage h—ll!" shouted the visitor; and with two strides he had crossed the room, dragged the man from behind the portiere and flung him into the middle of the floor, where he stood over him.

"Little May is dead and you murdered her. Were you a man I would give you time to make your peace with God—but a dog has no soul to save—"

A pistol gleamed in his hand, and ere the echo of the shot had died the man lay on his face, silent and quivering.

The next day there was a ring at the bell of the City Prison, and the jailer saw upon the threshold an odd-looking pair. A short, fleshy, blonde young man, beside a tall, sad-eyed woman—a tragic figure in the fading light, with garments of sombre black clinging about her and heavy iron-gray hair framing in the face. To what Ludlow said the jailer only shook his head, but the woman looked straight into his face.

"He is my brother," she said, "and we had been estranged so long."

Without a word the man stepped back and led them to a narrow cell, where she saw a tall form stretched on a couch. The prisoner had risen and he looked into the woman's face.

"Sister?" It was a question first, then: "Sister—dear old sister!" he cried and held her in a close embrace.

"Oh! that we should meet like this!" Her voice failed her.

"But there is one I can never meet again, for I am a murderer, and can never go where she is now."

"You are not a murderer—believe me—you will go where Little May is—" She felt him slipping from her arms, but he raised himself again.

"And I'm a-gittin' thar, sister; I'm a gittin' thar—mighty fast!"

She felt his fingers stiffening within her own, and she knew now that the washwoman's vengeance was accomplished at last.

September "OUT WEST"

"ON THE STROKE OF XII."

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

Quit Your Worrying

By the Editor

(This is the second of a Series of Articles which will deal with this important subject in a sane, practical and forceful manner. Worry is the bane of many an existence. It is a robber of peace, comfort and rest. It brings misery to wives and husbands, children and parents. It is an ignoble state to be in. A sign of mental inadequacy, a proof that the "worrier" has no ideals or that he has no real living belief in himself, his ideals or his God. To help the readers of **OUT WEST** to quit worrying by finding out what life is worth and getting the full value of the worth is that aim of this series.)

CHAPTER II. THE NEEDLESSNESS OF WORRY.

OF ALL THE MENTAL occupations fallen into, invented, or discovered by man, the most needless and futile of all is the occupation of worry. We have often heard it said when one was speaking of another's work, or something he had done: "He ought to be in a better business." So, *in every case*, can it be said of the worrier: He's in a bad business; a business that ought not to exist:—one without a single redeeming excuse. If for no other reason the one placed at the head of this chapter is sufficient to condemn it. Worry is needless, futile, of none effect. Why push a heavy stone up a mountain side merely to have it roll down again? Yet one might find good in the physical development that came from this eternal uphill work. And he might laugh and sing and be cheery while he was doing it. But in the case of the worrier he not only pushes the stone uphill but he is beset with dread that, every moment, it is going to roll back and kill him, and he thinks of nothing but the fear and the strain and the distress.

When one calmly considers, it is almost too ridiculous to write seriously about the needlessness of worry; its futility is so self-evident to the intelligent mind.

But, says the worrier, I would stop it if I could; I can't help it; I worry in spite of myself.

Don't you believe it! You perhaps think that is true, but it is nothing of the kind. Worry could find no place in your mind if it was busy with something really useful and beneficial. It is a proof either that your mind bosses you,—in other words that you cannot direct it to think upon something worth while, or that it is so empty it takes to worry as a refuge against its own vacuity. Worry implies one of two things:

Weariness of mind, or emptiness of mind. One or the other.

Now no intelligent person can, for one moment, confess to such weakness of mind that he has no control over it. An unoccupied mind can always be occupied if one so wills. No human being is so constituted that nothing appeals to him, and if it be true as thousands affirm, and I, at least, am fully inclined to believe, viz. that we are all reflections of the divine, every mind can be awakened and filled with contemplation of good things, that will benefit, help and bless.

Let me give a little of my personal experience. Many years ago circumstances overwhelmed me like a flood. I was worried in a variety of ways. My very existence seemed at stake, and for months I did not sleep two hours out of the twenty four. The catastrophe came, the expected happened, and for several months I hovered between life and death, and my brain between reason and unreason. Then as slowly I came back to a normal condition, I asked myself what would be the result if I returned to the condition of worry that culminated in the disaster. I had freed myself from some of the causes of pressure, but the worry was there just the same. I concluded that my mind must positively and absolutely be prohibited from dwelling upon the things that caused the worry. But how?

Resolutely and determinedly I refused to allow my mind to dwell upon these things. If I awoke during the night, I turned on the light and picked up a book and forced my thought into another channel. If the objectionable thoughts obtruded during the day I turned to my work with a frenzy of absorption, picked up my hat and went for a walk, called upon friends, went to a concert,

or a vaudeville show, took in a lecture, stood and watched the crowds, visited the railway stations—anything, everything, but to dwell upon the subjects that were tabooed.

Here was a simple and practical remedy and I found it worked well. But I can now see that there was a much better way. Where good can be substituted for evil one has "the perfect way" and the Apostle Paul revealed himself a wise man of practical affairs, when he urged his readers to "think on the things" that were lovely, pure, just, true, and of good report. In my case I merely sought to prevent mental vacuity; I was indifferent to the kind of thought or mental occupation that was substituted for the thoughts that worried. A Nick Carter detective story was as good as a Browning poem, and sometimes better; a cheap and absurd show than an uplifting lecture or concert. How much better then to have the mind so under control—and *this control can surely be gained by any and every man, woman and child that lives*,—that when worrying thoughts obtrude one can say immediately, and with authoritative power: I will to think on this thing, or that, or the other. The result is an immediate and perfect cessation of the worry that disturbs, frets and destroys, for the mind is occupied with something else that is helpful and beneficial. And remember this: God is good and it is his pleasure to help those who are seeking rightly to help themselves. Or to put it in a way that even our agnostic friends can receive—Nature is on the side of the man or woman who is seeking to live naturally—that is rightly. Hence substitute good thoughts for the worrying thoughts and the latter will fade away as does the mist and fog before the morning sun.

Let us look at some of the forms of worry that all experience demonstrates are needless.

How much needless anxiety, care, and absolute torture some women suffer in their insane desire to be spotlessly clean. The house must be without a speck of dirt or dust anywhere; the kitchen must be as spotless as the parlor; the sink must be so immaculate that

you can eat from it, if necessary; the children must always be in their best bibs and tuckers and appear as Little Lord Fauntleroy; and no one, at any time, or under any circumstances, must ever appear to be dirty, except the scavenger who comes to remove the accumulated dirt and debris of the kitchen, and the man who occasionally assists the gardener.

These people forget that all dirt is not dirty, and that even if it is, there are some things of greater value than spotless cleanliness. Let us look calmly at the problem for a few moments. Here is a housewife who cannot afford help to keep her house as spotlessly clean as her instincts and training desire. It is simply impossible for her to go over the house daily—with a rag to remove all the dust. If she attempts it—as she does sometimes—she overworks and a breakdown is the result. What then, is the sensible, the reasonable, the only thing to do? To sit down and worry over her "untidy house,"—lament "that the stairs have not been swept since day before yesterday; the parlor was not dusted this morning; the music room looks simply awful, but I did not have the strength to dust it yesterday; the dining-room is beyond words, but I really cannot help it; and as for the kitchen and bed rooms they are beyond the power of words to describe."

The woman who does this is in a state of perpetual worry, with the irritation it genders, the disagreeable consequences of which are felt by husband, children and friends. And perpetual irritation of this kind is as sure to break down the health of a woman as is anything that can be conceived.

On the other hand she may make herself miserable by the worry of contrasting her lot with that of someone more fortunate—one whose husband has a better situation, earns more money, or has a more profitable business or larger income. The worry is the same, no matter which form it takes.

Hence the same woman resolutely faces both sets of facts—first, that she cannot by any possibility gratify her desire to keep her house as clean as she would like it to be, and secondly, that

in the matter of income, what cannot be cured must be endured. There is a wonderful help in the calm, cool, direct and full recognition of facts. Look them squarely in the face. Don't dodge them, don't deny them. Know them, understand them, then defy them to destroy your happiness. If you can't dust your house daily, dust it thrice a week, or twice, or once, and determine that you will be happy in spite of the dust. The real comfort of the house need not thereby be impaired, as there is a vast difference between scrupulous cleanliness and careless untidiness. Things may be in order even though the floor has a little extra dust on, or the furniture has not been dusted for four days.

"But, you say, 'I am far less disturbed by the overwork than I am by the discomfort that comes from the dust.'" Then all I can say is that you are wrongly balanced, according to my notion of things! Your health is of far more value to you than your ideas of house-tidiness, but you have reversed the importance of the two. Teach yourself the relative value of things. A hundred dollar bill is of greater value than one for five dollars, and the life of your baby more important than the value of the hundred dollar bill. Put first things first, and secondary and tertiary and quaternary things in their relative positions. Your health and self poise should come first, the comfort and happiness of husband and family next, the more or less spotlessness and tidiness of the house afterwards. Then resolutely resolve that you will not be disturbed. You will control your own life and not allow a dusty room to destroy your comfort and peace of mind, and that of your loved ones.

Where a woman of this particular type has children she soon learns that she must choose between the health and happiness of her children and the gratification of her own passionate desire for spotless cleanliness. This gratification if perpetually indulged soon becomes a disease, for surely only a diseased mind can value the cleanliness of a house more than the health, comfort and happiness of children. Yet thousands of women do. Such poor

creatures should learn that there is a dirtiness that is far worse than others—a dirtiness, a muddiness of mind, a clattering of thought, a making of the mind a harboring place for wrong thoughts. Not wrong in the sense of immoral or wicked, as these words are generally used, but wrong in this sense. Reason shows the folly, the inutility, the impracticability of attempting to bring up sane, healthy, happy, normal children in a household controlled by the idea that spotless cleanliness is the matter of prime importance to be observed. The idea then is like a broken chair, it cannot be used; it must be discarded, cast aside for a useful, practical, real idea.

Now if the woman clings to it, hugs it to her bosom, as an ideal that she cannot part with, she "clutters up" her mind with it, she keeps it in the wrong place, and dirt is but "matter in the wrong place."

Reader, keep your mind free from *dirt*! Far better have dirt, dust, in your house, dirt on your child's hands, face and clothes, than on your own mind, to worry, discomfort, and disease you.

There are those who are all the time worried lest in word or action they fail in gentility. They are more than careful lest they do or say anything that is improper, or incorrect, or, in short, ungentle. As Dr. Palmer has tersely said: "We are terrorized by custom, and inclined to adjust what we would say to what others have said before."

Why should men and women be terrorized by custom—the method followed by other men and women? Why be afraid of others; why so anxious to kowtow to the standards of others? Have you something to say? Say it, pointedly, directly, assertively as a man or woman should, remembering the assurance of the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal."

Dr. Palmer's advice is more tolerant than mine, yet it meets the case pretty well. "The cure for the first of these troubles is to keep our eye on our object, instead of on our listener or ourselves; and for the second, to learn to rate the expressiveness of language more highly than its correctness. The opposite of this, the disposition to set correctness

above expressiveness, produces that peculiarly vulgar diction known as 'school-ma'am English,' in which for the sake of a dull accord with usage all the picturesque, imaginative, and forceful employment of words is sacrificed."

There you have it: if you have something to say that really means something, think of that, rather than of your hearer and yourself. In that way you will lose your self-consciousness, your dread, your fear, your worry. If your thought is worth anything you can afford to laugh at some small violation of grammar, or the knock over some finical standard or other. Not that I would advocate carelessness or indifference. Far from it, but I fully believe that thought is of greater importance than form of expression. And as for grammar, I believe with Thomas Jefferson that "whenever by small grammatical negligences the energy of your ideas can be condensed or a word be made to stand for a sentence, I hold grammatical rigor in contempt."

I was once present when Thomas Carlyle and a technical grammarian were talking over some violation of correct speech—according to the latter's standard, when Carlyle suddenly burst forth in effect, in his rich Scotch burr; 'Why, mon, I'd have ye ken that I'm one of the men that makes the language for little puppies like ye to paw over with your little, fiddling, twiddling grammars.'

By all means know all the grammar you can, but don't let life be a burden to you and others for fear lest you "slip a cog" here and there, when you are saying something worth saying. If you will worry, please, please worry about

something worth while,—the strength of your thought, the power of your emotion, the irresistible sweep of your enthusiasm, the forcefulness of your imagination against wrong. These are things to set your mind upon, and when you have had one that you will care very little about your words. Like the flood of a mighty stream they will come forth carrying conviction with them, and to convince your hearer of some powerful truth is an object worthy of a God-like man or woman—surely a far different object from worrying as to whether the words or method of expression meet some questionable standard of "gentility."

Exactly the same line of thoughts should be followed in determining the need for worrying about the gentility of your acts. What standards do you wish to follow? The reasonable, normal standards of rational men and women, of Nature, of conscience? or the artificial and arbitrary standards of so-called society leaders? In the one case there are fixed, basic principles to stand upon; in the other nothing but the whim, the caprice, the mere assertion of self-formed code, not based upon manhood's highest interests but for the mere preservation of the artificial barriers of wealth or caste.

Choose, therefore, your standards. If you choose the former you need not worry about trivial differences observed between your actions and those of others. They are immaterial both in fact and in effect. If you choose the latter, however, I wash my hands of you and let you be worried all you may without offering either counsel, advice or palliative.



"In men whom men condemn as ill
I find so much of goodness still,
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much sin and blot,
I do not dare to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not."



IN THE EDITOR'S DEN.



To me, of greater importance than the presidential election is the recommendation by Secretary Fisher that the machinery and material used in the construction of the Panama Canal be transferred to Alaska and there used in the construction of a railway to be run under the direct auspices of the government.

Every thoughtful and well informed man on the Alaska situation feels that that country is now being held back from development. It was doubtless needful to hold up everything until the Guggenheims and similar "gobblers" were ousted, but now that they are out of the way and practically eliminated, why not go ahead on Secretary Fisher's plans and let the railroad be built, the coal mines opened and other features of the country developed as rapidly as capital can be found to do the work. There is no need to sell the lands. The coal and timber can be sold under royalty or stumpage and conditions imposed for the preservation of all of the forests and water rights. In this way the citizens of Alaska will be benefitted and one of the greatest forward steps in self-government taken that the nations have yet seen. Next month we shall present an article embodying Secretary Fisher's recommendations.

However uncertain may be the outcome of the presidential campaign, as far as the election of a certain man to office is concerned, there can be no uncertainty as to its educative value. Never before in the history of the world has there been such an insistent demand made by the mass of the people for larger recognition. The issue is definitely joined—shall the people be trusted or not to determine the character of the legislation that their representatives shall pass? The agitation for the *initiative* and *referendum* and the fact that they are operative in fourteen of the states, proves that the people are determined to control legislation more than they have heretofore been allowed to do, and the frank discussion of the question of the *recall*, especially as applied to the judiciary, clearly shows that there many men of great capacity who firmly believe that the time has gone by when any one can dare to resent the right of the people to determine what they consider to be right or wrong decisions. Whether for good or evil, time alone will show, but the "common people" are emphatically demanding a larger share in matters of government. The question is rapidly resolving itself into which is of the greater importance, money and property, or human life. And those who have not the property but have the life are beginning to demand that they are of far greater importance than all the money and property in the world.

The various agricultural colleges of the country are certainly doing effective work for the benefit of the people. Not only are they experimenting on the best kind of crops, methods of caring for and breeding chickens, hogs, cows and other stock, but they are issuing bulletins of incalculable value to those who have the wisdom to avail themselves of their contents.

The Oregon Agricultural College has just issued a thirty-one page bulletin on Camp Cookery in which a large amount of practical and useful information for those who spread their table under the greenwood bough is offered. The booklet is practical and is based upon the ration list and camp equipment used by the U. S. Forestry Service.

As soon as our copy of this booklet arrives, we expect to give adequate notice of it in our review pages, and we also urge upon our readers that they inform them-

selves of the work of the various Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Stations throughout the country.

The city of Pasadena, California, is now waging an interesting fight that should form an object lesson to every city in America. The struggle is between the city and the Edison Electric Company, and the case at issue is thus stated by the Pasadena City Attorney:

"For several years the Southern California Edison Company has been carrying on a bitter competitive rate war with Pasadena's municipal light plant. It has been enabled to do this by reason of the high rates it has been allowed to charge in the remainder of its territory. In other words, this company has been playing off one part of the public against the other. Santa Ana, Long Beach, Whittier, Pomona, Venice and other cities have been contributing to the fight against Pasadena's public works.

"Thus far we have fought the Edison company locally. Through the splendid loyalty of many of its citizens, Pasadena has demonstrated that a city can operate its own light works successfully at a five-cent rate. It has made this demonstration while its competitor has been running at loss on a four-cent rate, with no minimum charge and free lamp renewals, which loss it has made up from revenues derived from customers in its other territory.

"We are going before the Railroad Commission to find out whether such a condition as this can continue in California, or whether a privately owned utility must from now on compete with each publicly owned utility on a fair, even basis, without assistance from other territory it may happen to serve."

One has but to look at the table of rates this company is charging the various cities to see the truth of the Pasadena City Attorney's statements. Here is the list:

Pasadena.....	4 cents	Sawtelle.....	9 cents
Los Angeles.....	7 cents	Santa Ana.....	9 cents
Long Beach.....	8 cents	Orange.....	9 cents
South Pasadena.....	8½ cents	Fullerton.....	9 cents
Alhambra.....	8½ cents	Pomona.....	10 cents
Monrovia.....	9 cents	Claremont.....	10 cents
Sierra Madre.....	9 cents	Lordsburg.....	10 cents
Whittier.....	9 cents	Inglewood.....	10 cents
Santa Monica.....	9 cents	Chino.....	10 cents
Venice.....	9 cents	Redlands.....	10 cents

It needs no superior order of perception or comprehension to realize that here is a clean-cut, determined effort on the part of a great corporation to strangle a civic enterprise. It is an attempted murder with as vindictive and positive an aim as was the murder of the princes in the Tower. In deliberate effrontery of the men who compose the corporation is almost beyond belief. It is so colossal, and yet so stupifying. Their actions say to the majority of the people of Pasadena as positively as if the words were actually written and signed, "We, the Edison Company, are determined that you shall not run your civic affairs in your own way. Whether you want to or not, you shall buy your electricity from us. If you decide not to do so, and to make it for yourselves, we will sell our electricity so cheap that we will run you out of business. Then, look out! We'll teach you to dare to rebel against our authority."

I'm no alarmist, but I feel like calling upon the people of Pasadena with tones that cannot be unheeded: Stand by your guns, and fight this insolent corporation to a finish. Whip it so thoroughly and completely, so absolutely, that it will come "to heel," and never again dare to attempt such treason.

Thousands are interested in the outcome of this struggle, as the fight there is a typical one and reveals clearly the methods by which a powerful corporation seeks to retain its grasp upon the pockets of the municipality, and the desperate measures that it is ready to follow when the people assert their right to govern themselves in their own way.

As if in confirmation of what I have written about the wisdom of the *recall*, the papers just now contain many columns of news and editorials dealing with the Hanford and Archibald cases. Without entering into the question as to whether these men in high judicial position are innocent or guilty, the very fact that they are deemed guilty by the great mass of the American people demands that the latter have a right to be heard. For what respect can people have for decisions rendered by judges whom they deem notoriously corrupt?

In the case of Judge Archibald, his own statements justify the assumption that if he is not corrupt he is far too simple-minded to occupy a place on an American Judicial Bench.

If this really is a government "of the people, by the people and for the people," the people certainly have the right to determine what the laws to govern them shall be. And if a Judge, no matter what his degree, decides contrary to this judgment, the people have a perfect right to recall both him and his decision. It may be the part of wisdom to prevent this recall from operating with too great rapidity, so that there will be time for the fullest and most careful consideration, but when undue haste has been guarded against and the people have had plenty of time thoroughly to discuss and consider the subject, they should have the opportunity to express their will, and their will should be final. I firmly believe in the ultimate integrity of the American people.

Municipalization of advertising is the latest development to be reported in California, which in the last few years has moved to the very front rank of progressive states. The movement is nothing more than the application to the advertising of a city or county of the principles employed in commercial lines and it is logically enough the outgrowth of the first and only "municipalized" band in the country. This organization, the Long Beach Municipal Band, was established on a municipal basis in October, 1909, through the efforts of its first and only Director, Mr. E. H. Willey, who with his score or more of bandsmen has been a city official and a prominent item in the city budget since that time. The City of Long Beach has been supporting the band at a cost of \$2,000 a month and for the last three years its advantages and attractions as a seaside resort have been advertised very strikingly with tours of the band throughout the State and the adjoining States in the sections of high summer temperatures. These tours have proved such result-getters that for many months Director Willey has been developing a project to embrace the most inviting sections of the entire State for their advertisement before the entire country.

The project resulting carries the expressive name "California on Wheels," and the unfolding of its details to Chambers of Commerce in the most inviting sections of the State from the Bay Counties in the North to San Diego, has won ready endorsement and co-operation. Departing from haphazard publicity and scatter-shot attempts of the past, the project works into its every feature the accepted scientific maxims of successful advertising. The plan involves an exploitation enterprise which requires a complete special train for its accomodation, as it makes the round of the continent. There will be a concert band of fifty pieces, an exhibit car portraying in miniature the most inviting portions of the State, delegates from these sections to meet personally all inquirers, lecturer for motion pictures and stereopticon slides, showing vividly the attractiveness of life the year around in California. Sixty-five cities will be invaded with complete exhibitions on this mammoth scale and these cities are the centers of sections throughout North America that have hitherto shown the greatest definite interest in California by sending their people here. The territory thus interested numbers above fifty million population and extends over twenty-one states and half the Dominion of Canada.

The magnitude of the enterprise and the concert band constitute the "attention value" demanded of all successful advertising. The exhibit car and the delegates are the application of the old established policy of sample cases with drummer whom the merchant sends out to his trade. The trade, or a select field, is secured by the compiling of a mammoth list of names of California prospects, obtained by railways, chambers of commerce, hotels, land companies, etc., in the way of response to advertising, inquiries for literature and through various other channels. To these are addressed personal invitations to the exhibit car as the "California Special" arrives in their vicinity. There but remains personal interview in the exhibit car to complete the ideal advertising plan, with extraordinary opportunities for "clinching business" with this buttonhole talk.

The formal evening concert-lecture, given in theater or auditorium, is worked out along similar scientific lines. The interest and co-operation of the leisure classes is obtained by donating proceeds of the concert to a leading local charitable institution of the cities visited, thereby assuring everywhere large and representative audiences and immense newspaper publicity. The combined circulation of the newspapers published in these sixty-five cities totals twelve million subscribers, or fifty million readers.

Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor



Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* written by the Editor.

For thirty or more years there has been one newspaper in California whose book page has enjoyed a most enviable reputation. This is the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and its book editor during the whole of this period has been one man, George Hamlin Fitch. During these years his reviews have gained him a reputation for fairness, clearness, ability and literary acumen second to that enjoyed by no other man in Western Letters. He is honored and esteemed alike by authors and publishers. Fearless in his exposure of pretense or presuming mediocrity, unsparing in his denunciation of what he conceives to be books of injurious influence, always upholding the highest standards known to him of excellency in art, morals and knowledge, he has never failed to commend in strong terms the work of any writer, known or unknown, that has appealed to his critical judgement.

Occasionally brief essays on literary matters from his pen have appeared in the *Chronicle* and he has often been urged to put these essays into more permanent form, but until recently he has resisted all persuasion and it is only in the last year that he has been prevailed upon to yield to the solicitations of his friends. Even then it is doubtful whether they would have succeeded had it not been for a great tragedy which came into his life. This tragedy was the sudden death of his only son. Of the tender affection that existed between them, he thus speaks:—

“When one passes the age of forty he begins to build a certain scheme for the years to come. The scheme may involve many things—domestic life, money-getting, public office, charity, education. With me it included mainly literary work, in which I was deeply interested, and close companionship with an only son, a boy of such lovable personal qualities that he endeared himself to me from his very childhood. Cut off as I have been from domestic life, without a home for over fifteen years, my relations with my son Harold were not those of a stern parent and the timid son. Rather it was the relation of an elder brother and younger brother.

“Hence, when only ten days ago this close and tender association of many years was broken by death—swift and wholly unexpected, as a bolt from cloudless skies—it seemed to me for a few short hours as if the keystone of the arch of my life had fallen and everything lay heaped in ugly ruin. I had waited for him on that Friday afternoon until six o’clock. Friday is my day off, my one holiday in a week of hard work, when my son always dined with me and then accompanied me to the theatre or other entertainment. When he did not appear at six o’clock in the evening, I left a note saying I had gone to our usual restaurant. That dinner I ate alone. When I returned in an hour it was to be met with the news that Harold lay cold in death at the very time I wrote the note that his eyes would never see.”

This story of beautiful personal relation forms the introductory chapter of Mr. Fitch’s first book, entitled, *Comfort Found in Good Old Books*. It is a sweet and beautiful revelation of the father’s affection for the growing boy and the lad’s devoted reciprocation. The concluding words are as follows:—

“This personal heart-to-heart talk with you, my patient readers of many years, is the first in which I have indulged since the great fire swept away all my precious books—the hoarded treasures of forty years. Against my will it has been forced from me, for I am like a sorely wounded animal and would fain nurse my pain alone. It is written in the first bitterness of a crushing sorrow; but it is also written in the spirit of hope and confidence—the spirit which I trust will strengthen me to spend time and effort in helping to make life easier for some poor boys in memory of the one dearest boy who has gone before me into that “undiscovered country,” where I hope some day to meet him, with the old bright smile, on his face and the old firm grip of the hand that always meant love and tenderness and steadfast loyalty.

“Among men of New England strain like myself, it is easy to labor long hours, to endure nervous strain, to sacrifice comfort and ease for the sake of their dear ones; but men of Puritan strain, with natures as hard as the flinty granite of their hillsides, cannot tell their loved ones how dear they are to them, until Death lays his grim hand upon the shoulder of the beloved one and closes his ears forever to the words of passionate love that now come pouring in a flood from our trembling lips.”

The book then deals in separate chapters with the Bible,—The Greatest Book in the World, and thirteen other chapters, as follows: Shakespeare Stands Next to the Bible; How to Read the Ancient Classics; The Arabian Nights and Other Classics; Don Quixote, One of the World's Great Books; The Imitation of Christ; The Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam; The Divine Comedy by Dante; How to Get the Best Out of Books; Milton's Paradise Lost and Other Poems; Pilgrim's Progress, the Finest of all Allegories; Old Dr. Johnson and His Boswell; Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels.

Each chapter is a simple and forceful presentation of the author's conception of the purposes and objects of the master whom he discusses. Whether one has received a literary education or not, these chapters are equally interesting and informing, and the book is one that any business man can carry in his pocket, pick up and read for a few minutes and then lay down.

It is well printed and illustrated in the best style of the Tomoye Press and it makes a beautiful little volume, easy to read and equally easy to hold. *Comfort Found in Good Old Books*, By George Hamlin Fitch. 171 pages. Profusely illustrated. \$1.50. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

In these money-mad days it is refreshing, once in awhile, to have one's thoughts turned to the days when men had other aims than merely to make great fortunes. One of the men of these days was St. Francis of Assisi. The *Century Magazine* has recently published a charmingly written biography, entitled *Everybody's St. Francis*, and now there comes to my hands a booklet entitled *My Lady Poverty*, written by a Franciscan priest of Santa Barbara. It is a drama in five acts, written in blank verse of an unusually high order. The drama is based upon the accepted story of St. Francis's life, when he gave up his wild and somewhat dissipated companions, scattered whatever of his father's goods he could lay his hands upon, and devoted himself to God and "Our Lady Poverty."

The verse is strong and vigorous and moves with a stately swing not unworthy of a great poet, and the author has occasional felicities of expression that reveal him a potential master of the language. For instance, take such a line as this:

"Better than peace is struggling righteousness."

or this:

"The lower self in man will not be expelled by violence."

or these:

"There must be something

In poverty that's hid away within

A rugged shell, entreaured far too deep

For this wise melancholy world to see."

Anyone, everyone, interested in a sweet and beautiful life, presented in ennobling verse, will thoroughly enjoy this unpretentious and simple booklet. *My Lady Poverty*, by Francis de Sales Gliebe, O. F. M. 78 pages in paper cover, 35 cents. To be had from Rev. Rector, O. F. M., St. Anthony's, Santa Barbara, Calif.

One of the most practically useful books that has been placed in my hands for many a day is *Henley's Twentieth Century Book of Recipes, Formulas and Processes*. This book of formulas and recipes is so broad and comprehensive that it meets the practical requirements not only of the housewife and artisan, but also of the mechanic and manufacturer. The editor, Gardner D. Hiscox, mining engineer, has had this book in preparation for many years and has gleaned his ten thousand recipes from an infinite variety of reliable sources.

It scarcely makes any difference what you want to know in the way of recipes, you are sure to find it here. Do you want to know how to make things acid proof, everything there is to know of glues of different kinds, or all about cements for every purpose under the heavens that cements can be used for, whether for stone, iron, marble, celluloid, gold letters, or for cementing leather and rubber, wood and rubber, rubber and cloth, and cements for attaching various substances to metals? This book tells you. In fact there are thirty-four pages devoted to adhesives.

Full particulars are given for the making of denatured alcohol, and thirty pages are devoted to alloys. After dealing with aluminum and its treatment, seven pages are devoted to amalgams and an equal number to antidotes for poisons. Antiseptics and balsams receive adequate treatment and there are recipes for beverages enough to supply drinks for a hundred political conventions. Dyes, cosmetics, condiments, cleaning preparations and methods, cheese, ceramics, candles, bronzing, brass, enameling, preservation of eggs, the making of essences and extracts, explosives, fertilizers, flower preservation, fumigants, grease eradicators, hair preparations, inks, insect powders, laundry preparations, lubricants, metals, mirrors, photographs, pigments, plasters, plating, preserving fruits, are but a few of the subjects treated with a thoroughness and comprehensiveness that makes the book a perpetual joy and help. A circular fully describing this invaluable book will be sent to any applicant by addressing the publisher. *Henley's Twentieth Century Book of Recipes, Formulas and Processes*. 787 pages. Large octavo. Price \$3.00. Norman W. Henley Pub. Co., New York.

It is scarcely necessary on this review page to enlarge upon the fascination of Stephen Bonsal's "*Life of Edward Fitzgerald Beale*." In other pages of this magazine Mr. Bonsal's publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, have generously given us large quotations from its pages as well as the use of a number of cuts. The book throughout is equally as interesting as this condensed story and we heartily commend it to our readers. *Life of Edward Fitzgerald Beale*, by Stephen Bonsal. With 16 illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Mr. Fitch's second book is entitled *Modern English Books of Power*. It forms a companion, both in size and appearance, to the other volume and is equally interesting and helpful. Mr. Fitch thus states his purpose:—

"My plan has been to arouse interest both in the men and their books so that any reader of this volume may be stimulated to extend his knowledge of the modern English classics.

"These chapters include the greatest English writers during the last one hundred and fifty years and they have been prepared mainly for those who have no thorough knowledge of modern English books or authors. They are of limited scope so that few quotations have been possible. But they have been written with an eager desire to help those who care to know the best works of modern English authors."

That he has admirably succeeded, goes without saying. To those unfamiliar with the modern masters of literature, this book is one of the safest and sanest guides. It may be confidently followed and one who accepts Mr. Fitch's advice and reads carefully in accordance with his directions will be justified in calling himself, within the sphere of this book, a reasonably well read man. *Modern English Books of Power*, George Hamlin Fitch, 173 pages, beautifully illustrated, \$1.50 net, Paul Elder & Company.

There are dictionaries and dictionaries and the ordinary man finds it exceedingly difficult in the conflicting claims made for the various dictionaries to choose that which is best adapted to his purposes. In my own library I have a fair sized collection of dictionaries, some of which extend into quite a number of volumes. In some cases I use one and in some cases another, but for all around use, both for home and office purposes, I find that, for some months, I have almost unconsciously reached for the *Webster's New International*. In the *Out West* Office we use one of the edition of 1911, which contains in addition to the dictionary an appendix, including gazeteer, biographical dictionary and a great number of illustrations.

There are many reasons why we have made this dictionary our standard, some of which are as follows:—1. The type is clear and easy to read. 2. The definitions are generally full and accurate. 3. It generally gives every word whose meaning we seek. 4. It is up to date. 5. Its illustrations are clear and really serve to illustrate. Altogether it is a most satisfactory dictionary and we can thoroughly and conscientiously recommend it to all our readers.

A little South of East of San Luis Obispo, or almost West from Bakersfield, lies the Carissa Plain, once ridden over by Fremont, Kit Carson, Kern and other pioneers, now roamed over by the stock of American cattle raisers. This plain is about sixty-five miles long by twelve miles or more in width, bordered on the East by the Monte Diablo range, while on the West rises an irregular uplift of sandstone which in the South merges into the Sierra Santa Lucia, which is crossed and tunneled by the tracks of the Coast Line of the Southern Pacific Railway. Here on its Western border, facing the sun, is a great rock, known to the Spaniards as "La Piedra Pintada," or "the Painted Rock." "This isolated rock attains an elevation of near two hundred feet in diameter at its base. On its Eastern side through a narrow portal of twenty feet in width, has been excavated an oval chamber, or amphitheatre, near three hundred feet in length by two hundred feet in its widest place, open to the sky in perpendicular walls one hundred and fifty feet high on the West. A gallery running partly around the chamber has been excavated, like the altar and choir of some vast cathedral, and in this are the paintings which have given this ancient temple the name it now bears." * *

"Through all the history of California the Painted Rock has remained a mystery, silent in the wilderness, never visited or studied by the archaeologist, and its maze of paintings unread. The aborigines and the early Mexican rancheros revered the rock and its paintings as something sacred, but the iconoclastic Anglo-Saxon has little reverence for anything, and thus the curio hunters, to the shameful dishonor of civilization, have mutilated them to some extent. Still, a recent visitor remarked, The paintings stretch around the gallery like a great Turkish carpet."

Myron Angel, a student and writer for many years upon California history, heard the legend of this rock as told by an Indian vaquero, named Jose, and has put it into book form. It is an interesting legend, interestingly told. At the conclusion of the chapter that tells of Jose's interest in the rock, Mrs. Angel has written in the copy of the book sent to me as follows:

"Since this book was published Jose has passed away. His life so humble, has been a drama, and his end a proper sequel. As a vaquero setting on horseback in a corral of a stockyard of San Francisco, he was told, by a fellow vaquero, that his name was printed in a book. Inquiring how, the vaquero replied, "The legend that you related to McAllister of the Painted Rock has been published in a book. 'Jose gasped. Lifting his hands to the sky, he exclaimed, 'Mi Madra,' and fell dead to the ground."

The Painted Rock of California, A Legend, by Myron Angel, 100 pages, many illustrations, \$1.00. Copies to be had from Mrs. Angel, San Luis Obispo, Calif.

The other day, while in Berkeley, I picked up, for casual reading, to pass away a few minutes, a small book. In an hour I read it through, but in that reading I stopped a dozen times to read aloud to my daughter a strongly-put, wise, impressive thought that profoundly appealed to me. As I put the booklet down, I exclaimed: "It was worth while to have come from Los Angeles to San Francisco merely to read that," and I meant it. There is a new joy and an increase of power comes with the reading of a book so full of real stimulation. The title of this book expresses its purpose, and no formal review can so fully express my appreciation of it as the spontaneous words uttered above. *Self-Cultivation in English*, by George Herbert Palmer, 35c net, postpaid, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

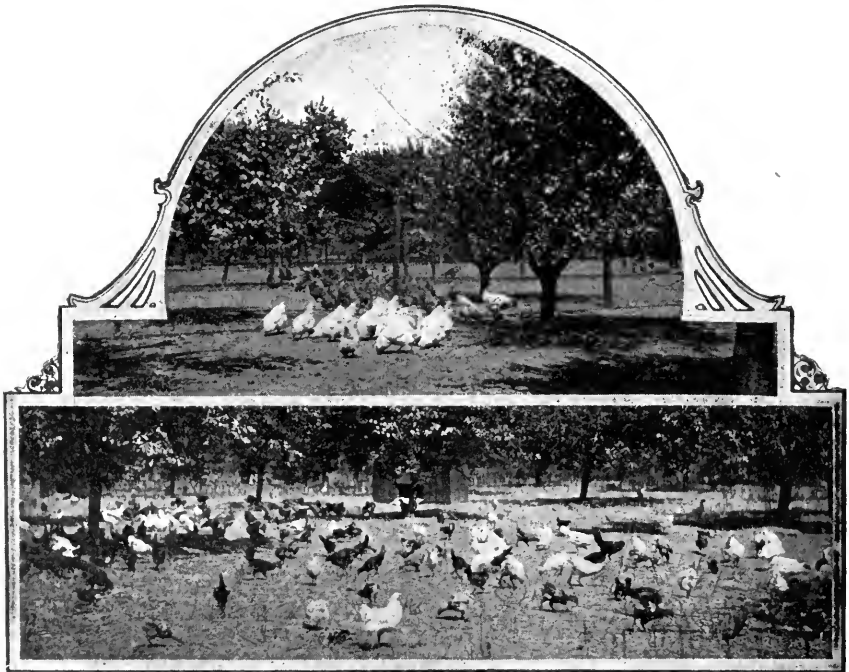


By W. H. Truitt, Secy Pomona Board of Trade

TO TELL THE STORY of the continued and marvelous development of the Pomona Valley and the City of Pomona, California, is to attempt the relation of the progress and equipment of one of the richest and most far-famed sections in Southern California and, the story of a valley whose history of romance, and statement of fact relative to beauty and situation, salubriousness of climate and attractiveness generally for man's residence, is a type unexcelled or, as has been written, "Nor any other spot beneath the sun surpasses and which few can match."

Man's span of life is a short one and it is not a strange or specially selfish quest, to seek for an establishment of home where the conditions of climate, the social environment, the comforts and conveniences of life, constitute an El Dorado. On these three counts Pomona

is found unsurpassed and the verdict "Supreme" is the voice of the disinterested tourist and the temporary observing visitor, while the chorus of assent is that of thousands of Southern, Eastern and Middle West families who have become a satisfied part of Pomona's life, and heritage—But, I readily grant you, that climate, and a social and morally healthful environment will not support one in material comfort or supply the conveniences of life. Here, however, is the strangest feature of this new El Dorado of your quest—an unusual one—a material prosperity actually existent and the surest foundation laid for a future of rich returns in financial resource based upon more than one hundred thousand acres of the richest arable land in one section, surrounding a rapidly growing, thriving commercial city to be found the world o'er. To these tens of thousand of acres of the richest land add an inexhaustible



The Poultry Business Pays at Pomona.



Picking the Golden Fruit at Pomona.

supply of water in a country where water is King and you have Pomona's sure foundation.

Besides being the largest citrus-growing section in California, with a quality of oranges and lemons unexcelled in the world, its products in peaches, apricots, pears, plums, grapes, English walnuts, berries, vegetables, sugar beets, alfalfa, all grains, poultry and live stock are incomparable in quality, quantity, surety of crop and market.

The City of Pomona, by census of 1880, had a population of three hundred. Today her inhabitants number at least 14,000, an increase of one hundred per cent in the last decade.

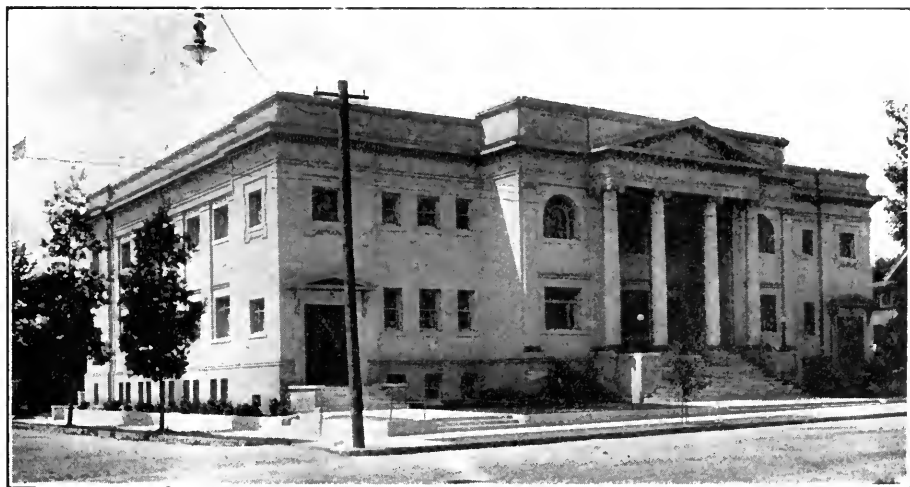
Pomona has two National banks, one State bank, one Savings and Trust company doing a general banking business, besides Loan asso-

ciations, Securities companies—all prosperous. The gain in bank deposits in the last five years of 175 per cent is a striking example of the financial growth of the community.

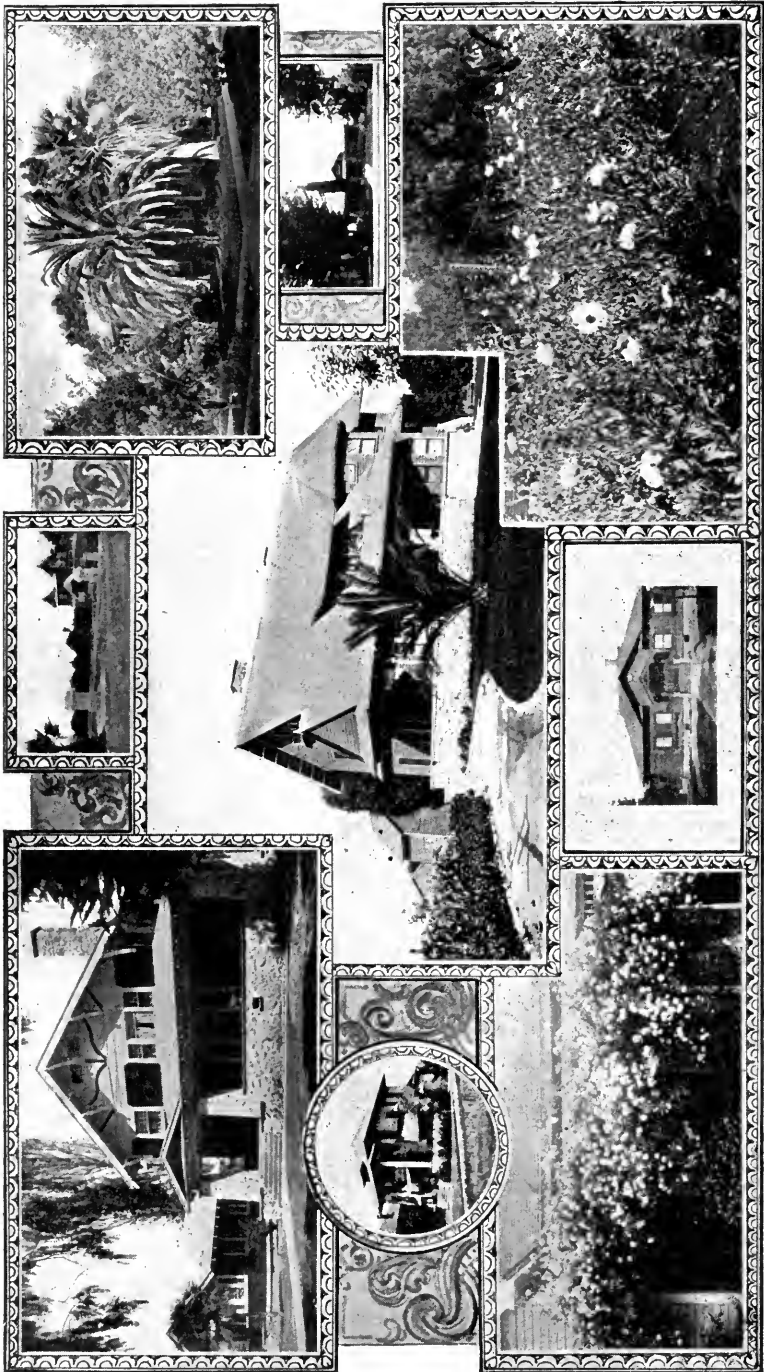
The business interests, manufacturing, mercantile, canning, citrus fruit packing, etc., represent at least \$15,000,000 annually of trade, products and shipments.

A city, not of millionaires, but one of beautiful homes—from the cottage of the humbler sort to the elaborate bungalow of the more affluent. The impression is that of a well-balanced distribution of prosperity: an ideal social condition, amid ideal surroundings in an ideal climate.

A noticeable feature of the development of Pomona is along the line of modern business



Christian Church, Pomona.



Pomona Leads in Fine Residence Property.

F.C. BICHOWSKY
PRES. & GEN'L. MGR. POMONA
MID-LEWENT CO.
VICE PRES. POMONA SECURITY CO.

BOOST FOR POMONA ALWAYS

J. WALTER COLLINGE
PROP'R. COLLIER & FOSTER
THE KODAK STORE
AN ARTIST AND BOOSTER

HARRISON LIGHTING & FIXTURE CO.
THOMAS HARRISON
PARTNER & EXPERT ELECTRICAL MAN

P.J. DREHER
GEN'L. MGR. & SECTY. SAN ANTONIO EXCH. AND A PROGRESSIVE PIONEER BOOSTER FOR THE WHOLE VALLEY

NEVER SEE BOOSTER POMONA

MIDDLETON & HILL - PROP'RS. THE "HUB" CLOTHING & SHOE STORE
HATS CAPS AND SHOES

WIVES CHILDREN

R.N. LOUCKS
THE PIONEER REALTY MAN OF POMONA, AND AN AUTHORITY ON LAND VALUATIONS

NEVER SEE BOOSTING

M.L. SPARKS
PRES. OF THE SAN ANTONIO MEAT CO. LARGEST IN THE VALLEY
9 BIG MARKETS

SQUARE DEALING IS MY POLICY

A.J. HOWELL, PROP'R. OF THE POPULAR HOWELLS CAFETERIA

G.H. WATERS, PHILANTHROPIST AND ALL ROUND PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN
WATERS CANNERY

BOOST ALL POMONA ENTERPRISES

10,000 TO FOREIGN

A.W. MUNSACKER
THE 'PIONEER PUMP MAN' OF POMONA AND A PROGRESSIVE BOOSTER

PIPE THE PIPE

OTHER BOOST

SALES

T.R. TROTTER
AUDITOR & CITY CLERK AND A PIONEER OF POMONA VALLEY

BE A PROGRESSIVE BOOSTER

HESCHWICHTENBERG
POMONA'S LEADING PHOTOGRAPHER AND A LIVE BOOSTER

OH YEAH, BULL MOOSE

E.R. BEALEY, MANAGER SCHWAN & BEALEY
EXTENSIVE SHIPPERS DECIDIOUS AND CITRUS FRUITS

BOOST FOR POMONA AND EAT CITRUS FRUIT

W.B. GATES-STUDEBAKER
GARAGE OWNER AND A LIVE WIRE

AGENT FOR THE BEST WIRE REPAIRING

REPAIRING

WIRE REPAIRING

GRANT MCCAIN
CONTRACTOR, BUILDER AND A BOOSTER

PLANS

PLANS FOR NEW BUILDINGS

ROBT H. ORR
POMONA'S FOREMOST ARCHITECT. DESIGNER OF MOST OF THE BEAUTIFUL PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND RESIDENCES

ALWAYS BOOST POMONA

Some More of Pomona's Live Wires.



The Men Who are Pushing Pomona to the Front.

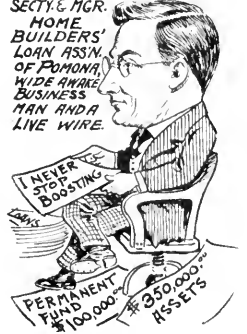
J.S. DEHNEL, MANAGER
UNION
ICE CO.
OF
POMONA
VALLEY



L. W. OVERHOLSER
ELECTRIC
FIXTURES &
APPLIANCES
A LIVE
WIRE AND
BOOSTER



C.E. GREASER, ORGANIZER
SECTY. & MGR.
HOME
BUILDERS'
LOAN ASS'N.
OF POMONA
WIDE AWAKE
BUSINESS
MAN AND A
LIVE WIRE.



buildings, commodious, attractive and covering large stocks of merchandise, drawing a trade from an ever increasing territory. One particular evidence of this growth is the imposing class A five-story building of the Pomona Investment Company, now almost ready for occupancy.

An Opera House, beautiful in design, and in appointments and capacity creditable to any city, has reached the stage of initial construction.

By Sept. 1st, next, the new Hospital will be in process of erection. It will be of capacity at first of forty rooms with plans calling for an increase of ninety rooms, to keep pace with the assured future of Pomona Valley. The construction will be reinforced concrete, absolutely fireproof, built upon a beautiful site in

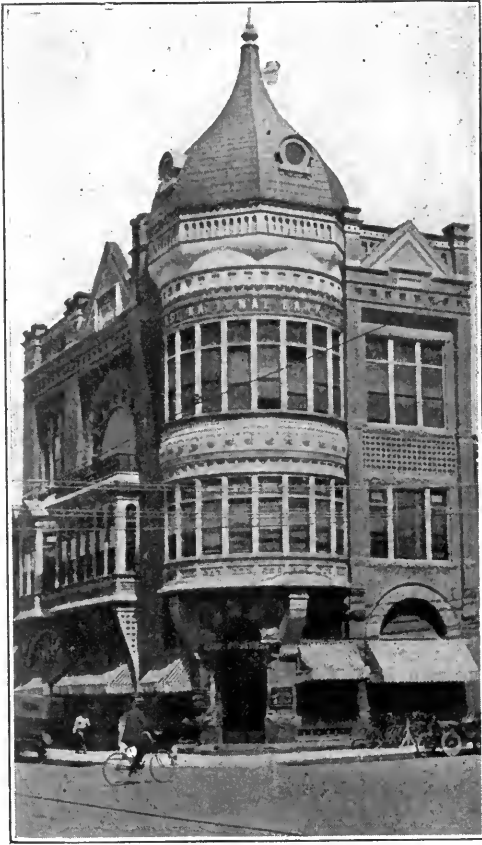
a retired locality, but contiguous to three electric lines traversing the city and connecting surrounding towns.

There are at least twenty-five Church organizations in Pomona, more than a dozen Church edifices represent individual investments of from \$50,000 to \$150,000.

Pomona's admirably managed and equipped Public School system is one of the strongest attractions to heads of growing families, offered by this city of manifold inducements to settlers. The system is thoroughly modern and comprehensive, comprising two High Schools, Mechanical Arts and six Grammar School buildings, with three Kindergarten adjuncts. Besides these there are three separate Kindergarten buildings, two attached Sloyd departments and one separate Sloyd organization



THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL, headquarters for traveling men, where comfortable quarters are provided for the general public. It has five spacious sample rooms. Mr. Brock, the genial proprietor spares no expense in catering to the traveling public.



First National Bank of Pomona.

To four of the Grammar Schools are attached Domestic Science departments. The present enrollment is 2,600 scholars and the increase per annum is fully twenty per cent.

To epitomize further:

Pomona's elevation above the sea is 860 feet. Three hundred and twenty-five sunshiny days in the year; little fog; no extremes in heat or cold; refreshing sea breezes; nights always cool and restful; no fleas, no vermin, no malaria.

Modern sewer system, electric lights and gas.

Three trunk lines of travel, Southern Pacific, Santa Fe and Salt Lake Railroads. Pomona is on the map of Ocean to Ocean Highway route. Electric lines traversing the city in every direction and connecting with Los Angeles and all Southern California.

Beautiful Carnegie Library, total investment \$55,000 to \$60,000—volumes, 21,138, membership nearly 9,000.

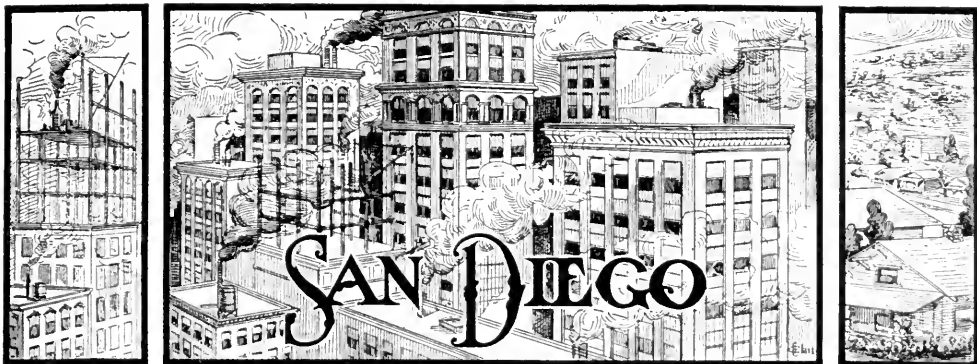
Three daily newspapers, excellent Business College, large canneries, twenty fruit-packing houses, etc.

Pomona College, the leading College in Southern California at Claremont, three miles distant. And then—

Pomona's Park system—in its infancy—but grandly planned and wonderfully attractive in its present development and its future promise. The surpassingly lovely feature of this park system is that gem of park development known and extolled by tens of thousands of tourists and popularized all over Southern California as the choicest of Nature's beauty spots, developed under the master hand of the most capable Superintendent of Parking on the West Coast, where Nature in offering to Pomona the beautiful slopes of San Jose Hills, afforded man's talent the opportunity in six short years, to clothe these slopes, beautify the levels and summits, create what six years since might have been called impossible, bringing into being—in its infancy of years—the surpassing gem, *Ganesha Park*.

To detail its attractiveness would call for the descriptive powers of an artist and fill a small volume of interesting matter. From the summit of the highest elevation of the Park, the crown of these beautiful hills, can be secured a view far reaching, inspiring, delightful, of an expanse of country, beautiful beyond compare, guarded on the North and East by the towering mountain range, with "San Antonio" rearing its head to reach the skies; lying at one's feet the thousands of acres of orange groves that almost hide the roof trees of the City of fruits and stretching away in the distance a vista of groves, citrus, deciduous fruits, walnuts, and the restful plains of alfalfa culture on the sky line to the South and East.





**THE PLACE OF OPPORTUNITY.
FIRST PACIFIC U.S. PORT NORTH OF PANAMA
INVITES THE WORLD TO HER
PANAMA CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION
1915 - ENTIRE YEAR - 1915**

SAN DIEGO has the proud preeminence of being the first city to be founded in California by the Caucasian race. Here it was that Junipero Serra, Portola, Rivera, and other history makers of what was eventually to become the "Golden State" met and planted the banner for God, St. James and the King of Spain. Here the first mission was established; here the first presidio; here the first colony of the white race; here the first martyr shed his blood to become the seed of the Church.

Historically it is one of the most interesting places in California, for it has never ceased to be in the forefront in all matters of importance. In the early days it was the capital of the state, or at least the official residence of the Governor; here the unfortunate Pattie and his companions were imprisoned after their long and fearfully arduous trip across the northern desert of the peninsula; here lived John Phoenix of humorous literary fame, and here Joaquin

Miller wrote some of his most exquisite verse.

Climatically speaking, San Diego has always held a preeminent position on account of the general equability of its temperature which has less variations in the thermometer than any other part of California, and to those who wish to avoid both the heat of summer and the cold of winter, San Diego is not surpassed by any other spot on the American continent, and possibly not in the world. The Weather Bureau statistics for many years demonstrate this and the facts have been commented upon again and again by world-wide travellers, meteorological experts, physicians and scientific writers generally.

Were it not for its supreme advantages San Diego could never have battled against the adverse conditions which, until recently, an adverse fate has forced upon it. While the country was in its original primitive condition and the only means of transportation were horseback and Spanish carreta, San Diego



View of San Diego from Balboa Park, the Exposition Site.



U. S. Grant Hotel, San Diego.

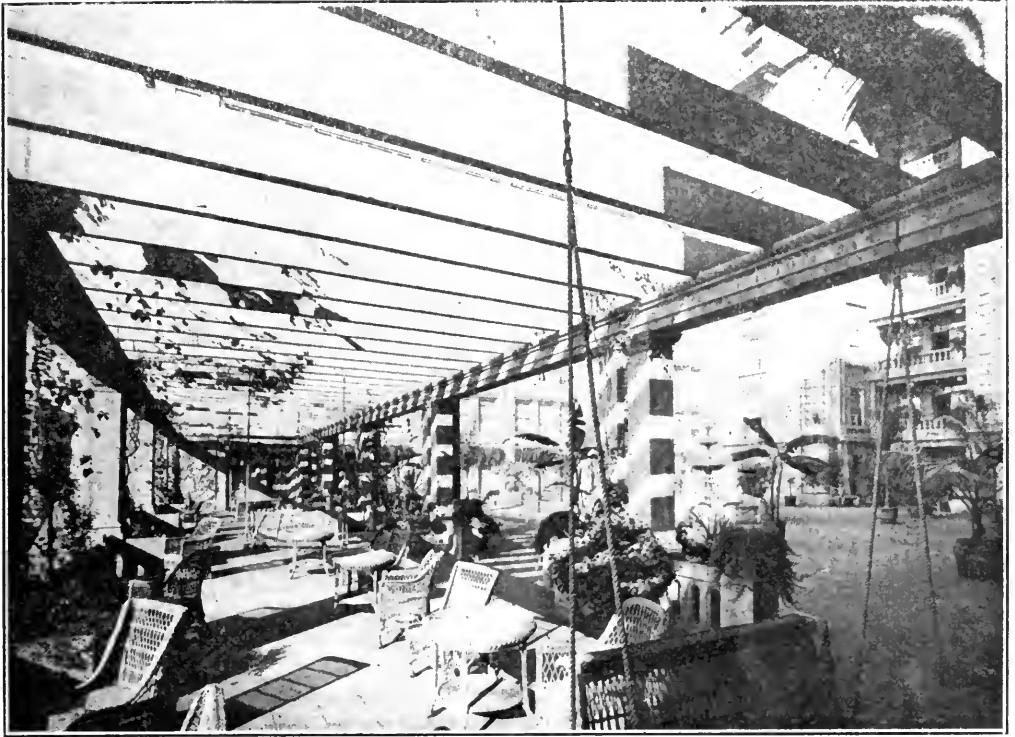
suffered no discrimination being in the line of El Camino Real from the Spanish settlements of the peninsula of Lower California to the Spanish settlements throughout Alta California. Sailing vessels could also visit it as they plied up and down the coast, but the advent of railroads introduced a new factor in transportation which for awhile adversely affected the destinies of San Diego. It was too far south to be on the main line of the Santa Fe or the Southern Pacific and it was not until the Santa Fe built a connecting line from Los Angeles down that it was brought into touch with this modern element of our civilization. The fact of its being thus shut off from the main line has always worked more or less to its disadvantage, but a few far-seeing, shrewd business men have never failed in their devotion and loyalty to San Diego and their fealty is now being most handsomely rewarded. Steadily but surely since boom days, San Diego has forged ahead. In spite of its handicaps it has asked no odds, but has resolutely battled on, knowing that it was ultimately bound to win out. The faith of its far-seeing citizens is now being amply justified. Its population has increased until it now numbers in the neighborhood of 75,000 inhabitants, and these are progressive citizens of the best possible type. They have brought their money, their energy and their faith to this Premier City of California and have erected magnificent hotels, business blocks and

residences that would be the pride of any metropolitan city in the world.

The spirit of its citizenship can well be illustrated with the history of one building. The Elks of San Diego desired to have their own place of meeting. Each of its 400 members unhesitatingly subscribed \$100 and thus in a few hours a building fund of \$40,000 was provided with which a magnificent edifice was constructed which is now their home and the home of the Chamber of Commerce and its exhibits.

U. S. Grant, Jr., wished to put up a hotel that would be a kind of memorial to the military genius of his father. At a cost of two millions of dollars he erected the U. S. Grant Hotel. In spite of the prognostications of the pessimists that it would be a white elephant upon his hands and could never be made to pay, from the day of its opening it has done almost a capacity business and the present writer has visited San Diego when a perfect tent city had to be erected on the roof garden of the hotel to provide for its tremendous influx of guests.

You will have to see its Bivouac Grill to appreciate it. Thousands of dollars have been spent in producing the picturesque atmosphere from which this noted gathering place of discriminating diners takes its name. The mural paintings are all of military subjects, and the walls are decorated with military accoutrements which further enhance the martial spirit



U. S. Grant Hotel Palm Court.

of the place. Each niche in the wall has been subjected to individual treatment, and no nation has been slighted in the distribution of military honors.

Particularly pleasing are the sections devoted to historic scenes from French, English, Russian, Turkish and American fields of glory. There is not a dish you could order in New York, Paris, Vienna, Cairo or London, but what can be served you here. No wonder this hotel is the resort of those who appreciate the best. It is under the management of Mr. James H.

Holmes, whose wide experience as a managing director of successful resort hostelrys made plain to him that in the U. S. Grant he had the greatest opportunity of his long career to cater to a public which enjoys the best of everything.

The very words "Southern California" bring to mind a smiling summer land rich with tropical vegetation and heavy with the perfume of flowers. It is the home of people who appreciate the beauties and comforts of life. And the social center of this fair land of blue skies and balmy breezes is the U. S. Grant



View of San Diego From Corner of Balboa Park.



American National Bank Building.

Hotel, the pride of San Diego. One has only to be a guest at this palatial hostelry, or even a visitor enjoying the hospitality of the Bivouac Grill, to understand the reasons for the decided preference shown for the U. S. Grant. Built at a cost of \$2,000,000, it is the best appointed and the most modern hotel on the Pacific Coast. Every convenience and comfort a patron could possibly demand is at his instant service. The location itself leaves nothing to be desired. It has what every successful hotel must have—accessibility.

Speaking of the service—the cuisine of the U. S. Grant Hotel is the standard by which tourists and residents gauge other coast hotels. What you wish to eat, at the hour you wish it, and served as it would be in the mansion of a magnate—but at reasonable prices—that is the U. S. Grant way of satisfying the inner man. Don't forget the Bivouac Grill, that gathering place of kindred spirits, which is famous from coast to coast. It is patronized by men and women who appreciate the good things of life. The Turkish Baths are most elaborate, there being departments for both men and women, open day and night. Each has a swimming pool with salt water pumped continuously direct from the ocean. Skilled attendants are constantly in charge. Large assembly rooms, spacious corridors, an artistic dining salon, a rathskeller, private dining rooms, cafe, grill room, a ball room and a swimming pool testify to the thoughtfulness of the builders of this hotel in catering to a fastidious public.

The San Diego spirit can also well be seen by the masterly and forceful manner in which

it is handling the question of the special Panama Exposition for 1915. New Orleans and San Francisco were the two candidates for the great exposition that was to celebrate the opening of the greatest artificial water-way of all time. San Francisco won. It seemed absurd to thousands of people that San Diego, a town on the same coast and in the same state, within a little over 600 miles from San Francisco, could presume to think of holding an exposition in the same year as that of San Francisco. But the people of San Diego thought



San Diego Realty Board vt La Jolla.

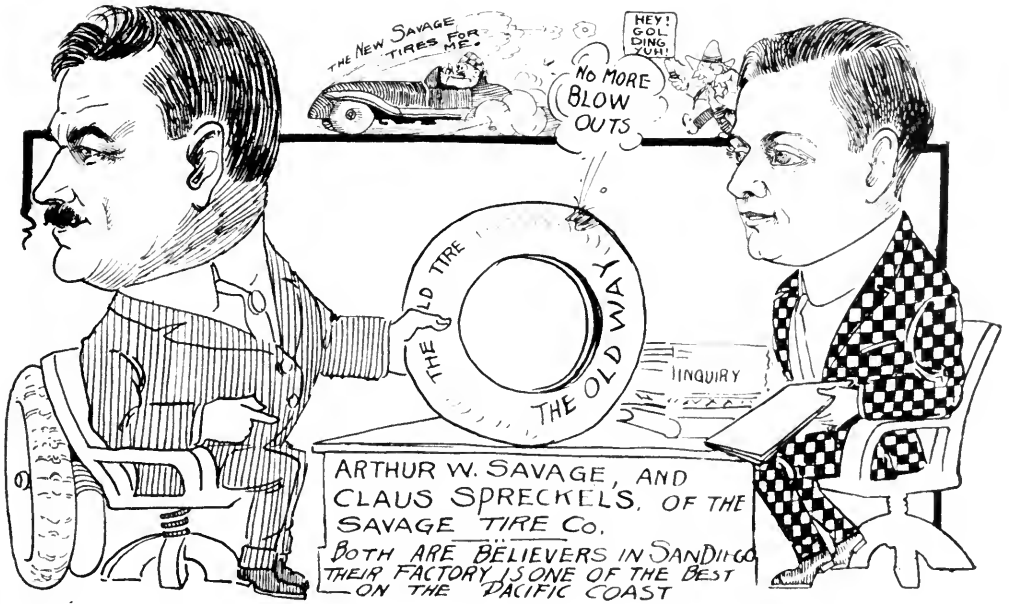
differently. Without intrenching upon the work to be done at the San Francisco Exposition they have laid out a district and individualistic line of their own and will present to the world a remarkable exposition which will fittingly set forth their many and varied claims for recognition in 1915.

There is a distinct reason why San Diego should celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. It is the first port of call in the United States north of Panama and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec on the Pacific Ocean. Her harbor is one of the finest in the world for depth, width and space. The depth of the anchorage area of San Diego's harbor varies from twenty to ninety-six feet at extreme low tide. From the entrance of the harbor for a distance of eight miles inland, there is a minimum

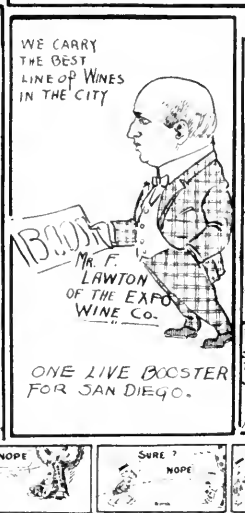
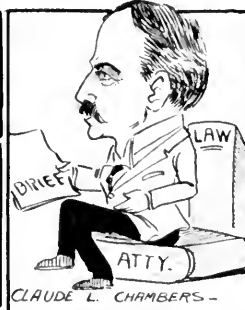
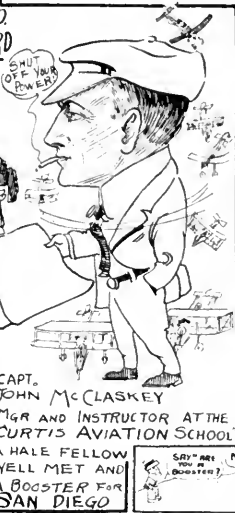
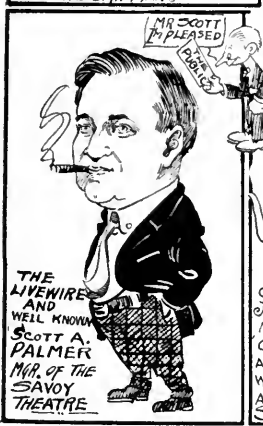


The New Factory of the Savage Tire Co.

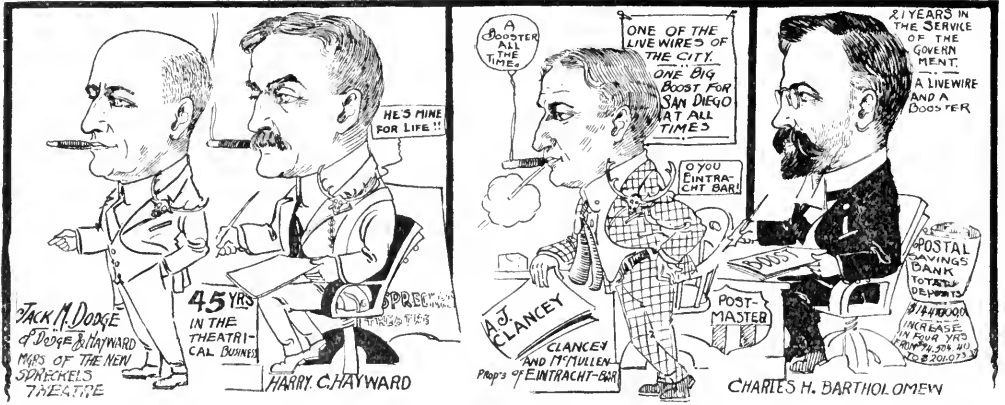
depth of thirty-six feet at low tide. It is sixteen miles from the entrance of the harbor to the extreme end of the bay, the lower portion varying from twenty to twenty-five feet in depth at low tide. The tide has a rise and fall of about six feet at this point. Point Loma, a promontory 400 feet above sea-level



ARTHUR W. SAVAGE, AND
CLAUS SPRECKELS, OF THE
SAVAGE TIRE Co.
BOTH ARE BELIEVERS IN SANDILCO
THEIR FAVORITE IS ONE OF THE BEST
ON THE PACIFIC COAST



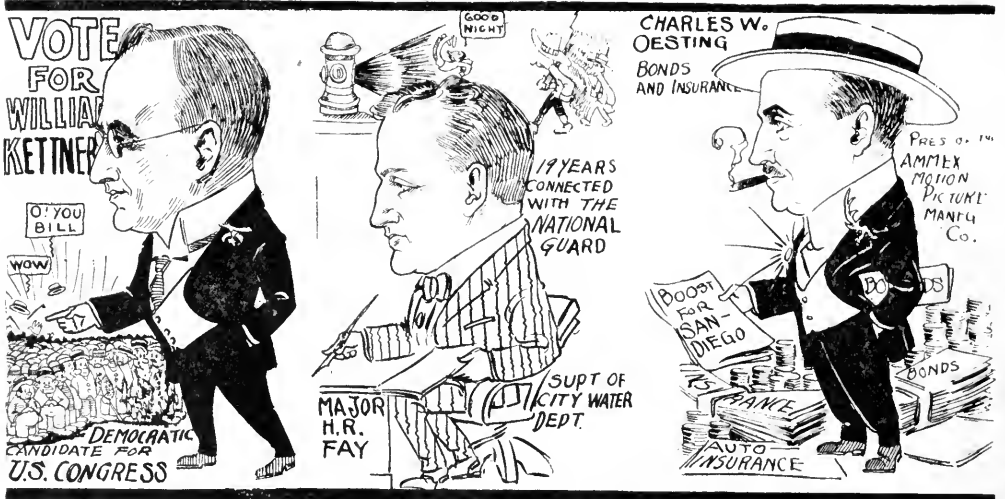
Who's Who and Why?—Boosting.

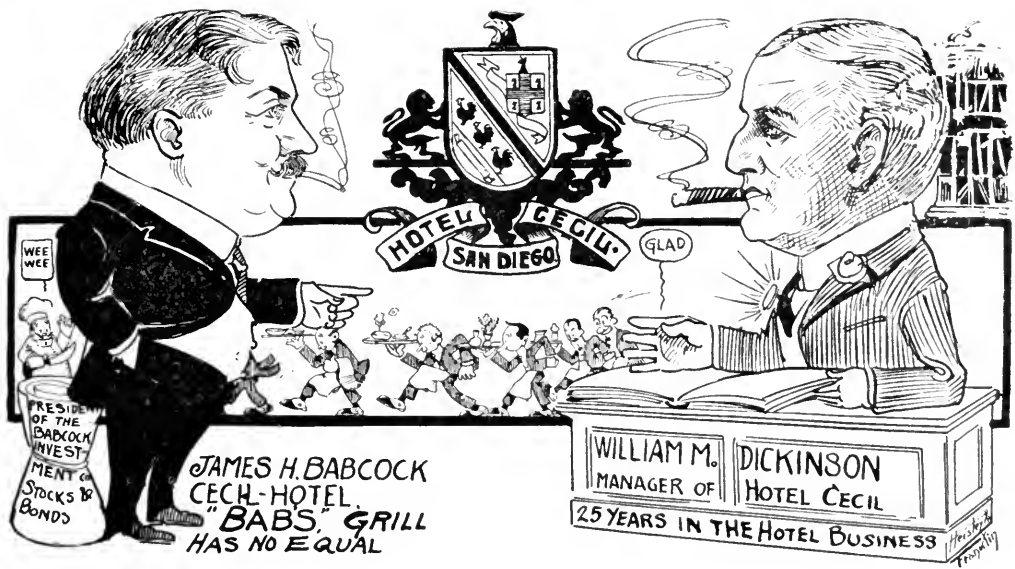


juts out into the ocean just north and far beyond the harbor entrance, thus protecting not only the entrance but the entire harbor itself from any storms which might sweep down from the north, while the United States Government has built an indestructible jetty paralleling the entrance to the bay on the south, thus deflecting the current from the tropics and maintaining a uniform depth of the entrance channel so important to shipping. She also has a tremendous advantage in being a smooth water haven. As a sea-port, San Diego has another advantage in that she is not required to spend immense millions to prepare for the reception of business. All the improvements that need to be made in order to enable her to conduct a business second only to that of San Francisco will not cost more than six-million dollars, which amount has already been provided for. In addition to this she is enlarging her railway facilities so that within a comparatively short time the

marvelously rich and fertile Imperial and other Colorado River Valleys will have an immediate ocean outlet through her harbor, thus making her the gateway for the shipping of millions of tons annually of fruit, live stock and every kind of vegetables for the Eastern as well as Oriental markets. It can well be seen that in the shipment of fruits, etc., for the east the fact that she is the last port of call in the United States is of vast importance.

Point Loma, which is the protecting arm of land, completely shutting in the gateway of San Diego Bay is in itself a marvelous asset to San Diego. For not only does it insure the serenity and calmness of its harbor but, its climatic and scenic features have attracted to it the Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood and Theosophical Society, the buildings and grounds of which have already become famous throughout the civilized world.





HOTEL CECIL

Here's a hotel built around the word "comfort". The never failing courteousness and ever present readiness to anticipate and meet the needs or requirements of each guest has earned for the hotel Cecil an enviable reputation. This attentive spirit adds a charm to the hotel that is deeply appreciated by all who have stopped there. This hotel offers exceptional advantages to the commercial traveller. In the spacious cheerful lobby the guests assemble in a laughter, chatting groups, the ladies often being in evidence, indicating their appreciation of the freedom and attractiveness of this gathering place. From the lobby are reached the telephone booths, cafe, buffet, etc., and in the rear of the office counter where courteous hotel representatives will be found, anxious to do everything possible to add to the pleasure of any guest.

The Hotel Cecil is regarded as one of the leading hotels of San Diego, due to the management of the Cecil has kept constantly abreast of the growing of the city, adopting all the latest improvements in its line as soon as science points the way, and there is no modern

convenience that is known to metropolitan life but what is in operation in the Cecil. The owning corporation will soon start a reconstruction throughout the hotel at an expense of more than \$40,000, for the comfort of their guests, in order that it shall not lose an iota of its great popularity, adding four more stories or sixty rooms.

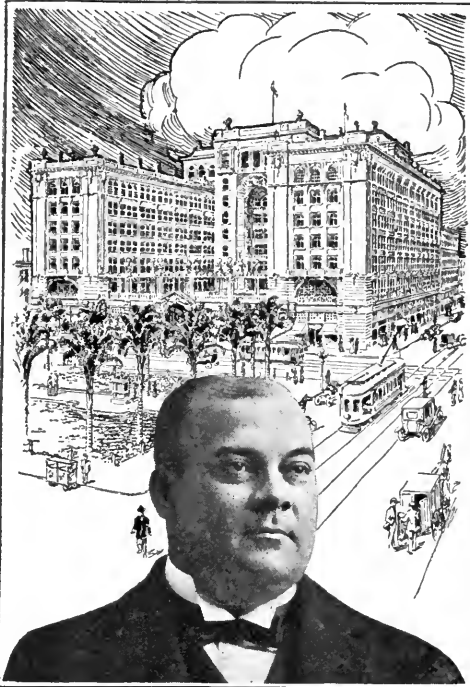
The guests' dining room is in the Bohemian style of architecture with costly and attractive decorations, with rich and beautiful furnishings and the finest equipment obtainable.

Careful forethought has anticipated nearly every requirement of even very exacting people. It is the management's constant endeavor, also, to satisfy the individual needs and herein lies the difference that has won the Hotel Cecil its distinctive reputation.

You will like the ladies parlor with its deep cushioned seats; the rooms, every one facing outward; the suites: no two alike in appointments, but all alike in comforts; the closets, with the closets, with room for all your wardrobe; and many other features that make the hotel a home, in the fullest sense of the word.



U. S. Grant Hotel



U. S. GRANT HOTEL

San Diego, California and its manager James H. Holmes.

The U. S. GRANT Hotel, recently completed, is conceded to be the finest fireproof steel and concrete hotel on the coast and rivals any hostelry of the larger cities in the east.

THE HOTEL has five hundred guest rooms and three hundred fifty private baths besides two complete turkish bath equipments including large salt water plunges.

A tent city on the roof is an innovation appreciated by the guests and is used twelve months of the year.

Cuisine and service are the very best and prices are as reasonable as any hotel of its class in the world.

“HOUSE OF COMFORT”

Hotel Manx

Powell Street at O'Farrell.

San Francisco's best located and most popular hotel. Running Ice Water in each room. Commodious lobby. Metropolitan service.

T A R I F F.

12 rooms.....	\$1.00 each
50 rooms.....	\$1.50 each
50 rooms.....	\$2.00 each
60 rooms Private Bath.....	\$2.00 each
50 rooms Private Bath.....	\$2.50 each
30 Suites, Bedroom, Parlor and Bath	\$3.50 to \$4.00

50 large light sample rooms \$1.50 up
Reduction by week or month.

Under management,
CHESTER KELLEY.

“MEET ME AT THE MANX”

NAILINE

THE
FINGER
NAIL
SHINE



Send **10c** For a Sample pkg.

Brilliant
Stylish
Inexpensive

218 New High Street
Los Angeles, Cal.

The Chuckawalla and Palo Verde Valley

Up to date (August 16) 292 Entry-men of the 780, have joined the Mutual Association, and 25 others have signified their intention of coming in. There is work, therefore, to be done before we can go ahead on any development proposition. The Association, however, has sent out Professor Ralph Cornell to report on citrus, date, fig and other fruit growing on irrigated desert lands where the conditions are similar to those of our locations. His report has just been received and is highly favorable.

The Executive Committee is endeavoring to arrange for a convention of representatives from all those communities living on the lower portion of the Colorado River with a view to preparing a plan and formulating a bill to present to the next Congress asking for the construction of dams to prevent the washing away of levees, the flooding of fertile areas and destruction of canals and other property during flood time. This will also solve the question of water during the period of low water, and thus be a rational and statesmanlike solution of the problem. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce has signified its intention of calling this Convention under its auspices, provided all the data is provided and the Committee in charge of the matter is convinced that it is of sufficient importance to justify the Chamber in putting its influence behind the call. You can rest assured your Executive Board will leave no stone unturned to satisfy the Committee, and also to make the Convention a great success. In the meantime, days, weeks and months are passing and the time upon which we have to prove up draws nearer. Do you wish your four years to expire without anything being done to get water on your lands? If not, then get busy and get others into the Association right away. Your Executive Committee cannot do all the work. It is impossible. They demand that you do your share, or it will go undone.

May 16, owing to the efforts of one of our Entry-men and the energetic support of all our Senators and Congressmen, an act was passed providing that the lands of the Chuckawalla Valley and Palo Verde Mesa in Townships 4 and 5 S.R.15 E.; T.4 and 5 S, R 16 E., T. 4, 5 and 6 S, R 17E., T.5, 6 and 7 S R 18 E., T. 6 and 7 S. R. 19 E., T. 6 and 7 S.R. 20E., T. 4, 5, 6 and 7, R.21E., T. 5 and 6 S.R. 22 E., S. B. Meridian shall not be cancelled because of failure of the Entry-men thereupon to make any annual or final proof falling due upon any such entry prior to May 1, 1913.

Mr. P. S. Gruendike, of the Mountain View Experimental Ranch in the Chuckawalla, writes as follows:—

"The lowest temperature in June was 60 degrees. Highest 118 degrees. Lowest at sundown 72, which was on the 29th, when there was rain. Highest at sundown, 108 on the 2nd." July 17th he writes: "Summer is now here and the rainy season has soaked the ground 12 inches or more. I have plenty of water and a good 10-ft. wind mill in working order, and a large tank. Have been in this Valley since Oct. 1, 1911, and now have many kinds of trees planted out, and 300 or more palms of different kinds, up 10 inches or more. I am sure anything will grow in this Valley provided we have plenty of water. When we have that, this Valley will blossom as a rose. In a year or two thereafter, there will be enough produce, such as hay, grain, melons, grapes, dates, cotton and all citrus fruits, to soon pay for all the cost and trouble of getting the water. My advice to anyone who has land here is to hold on to it and work and sleep with one eye open and never rest till we have the water and plenty of it at any cost. One or two crops will pay for it. So *don't give up the ship.*" P. S. Gruendike.

This is practical advice from a practical man. Let us heed it and go to work to get every Entry-man into our organization right away.

August 5th and 15th the Los Angeles Entry-men, and those from the adjoining towns, held rousing meetings at the offices of the Association. The cry was for quicker action. Everybody felt that we were not moving quickly enough, and the blame had been put upon the Executive Officers. This the officers positively refused to stand. They showed that this is a Mutual proposition and that if the members lie back and leave officers or anyone else to do the work, it will not be done. It was decided, therefore, to publish a list of all the Entry-men, denoting those who had paid, and those who were still outside the Association, and then call upon every member to use his utmost efforts to get at least TEN of these delinquents to come in RIGHT AWAY, as we wish to get to work without any more of these tedious, senseless and unnecessary delays.

Please send for lists as speedily as you read this notice and they will be mailed to you right away.

In a letter received August 17 from H. J. Phelps, of San Dimas, he says:

"R. M. Teague happened to be on the same car that I came home on last night and I had a long talk with him, and while he will not join the Association just now, he says that if we get together as we are figuring on in this Colorado River Convention, and ask Uncle Sam for the dams, we will get it through all right."

Yours for success,

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES,

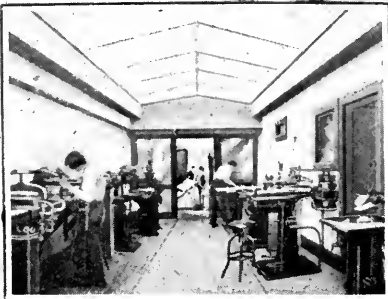
Secretary-Treasurer

GABELL ENGRAVING COMPANY



The Illustrations in this Book are Specimens of Our Work

The Finest Equipped Photo Engraving Plant . . . In California



The Photo-Engraving Department Produces Cuts in all the Modern Processes of Tri-Color, Multi-Color, Copper Half-Tones, Zinc Etching and Embossing Dies.

OUR Art Department Creates Distinctive and Original Designs for Booklets, Newspaper and Business Stationery of the Highest Quality . . .

San Diego - Calif.

Reliable Expert Advice

given to

Homeseekers in California

Are you seeking a home in God's Garden Spot of America?

An orange or lemon grove, a date palm orchard, a rose garden, a chicken ranch, a hog or alfalfa ranch—or anything else that California's wonderful resources offer?

All the productive, profitable and pleasant spots are here awaiting you, but the problem as to the exact location of the best place for YOUR PARTICULAR REQUIREMENTS—is a hard one to solve.

Disinterested, expert, reliable advice is hard to get—we might say next to impossible to obtain, without considerable expense and lapse of time.

We can help you Greatly.

We have trained experts in our organization who know this magnificent and productive country well as you know your front yard.

They have no land interest or connections or obligations to hamper them. They have studied the conditions for years and years and can give unbiased, trustworthy advice as to the best location to suit your particular needs or desires.

We have nothing to sell—not even our advice—but to eliminate the simply curious and to show your good faith and earnest desire for practical, dependable advice, we will require you to send us One Dollar in two cent stamps with your request for information—for which we GUARANTEE to give you advice and suggestions which you probably could not get elsewhere for \$100.00.

We will spare no pains to give you the practical, detailed, expert advice that you want—advice which you may place absolute confidence in as to accuracy.

If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the reliability and helpfulness of our advice, just say so and we will IMMEDIATELY RETURN YOUR FEE.

Are you ordered Out West for your health?

Our experts have given years of study to the health conditions best adapted to various diseased conditions and our services are at your command and included in the small fee named.

These experts are on the staff of OUT WEST—brilliant students of the productive and health conditions of the Pacific Coast, whose investigation and experience covers a period of thirty years.

This is not a money-making proposition but rather a desire on our part to render additional service and helpfulness to our many subscribers—who are looking for just such advice.

These privileges are available only to those who are actual yearly subscribers to OUT WEST.

Address
ADVISORY BUREAU

Out West,

218 New High Street,

Los Angeles, California



396 South Los Angeles St.
Call F 2577

A DOG'S FOOT

Has a number of raised cushions which prevent slipping and take up the concussion over hard surfaces.



BAILEY'S "WON'T SLIP" RUBBER HEELS
Embody this principle and insure ease and safety over all surfaces. The tread surface formed with "U" shaped ribs, together with flat ended rubber studs, form a surface that is positively non-slipping on ice or other slippery surfaces. Mailed upon receipt of price.

35 cents per pair. For Men or Women.

When ordering send a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot. Order from your shoe dealer. Dealers write for prices. 100-page Catalogue of *Everything in Rubber Goods Free.*

C. J. BAILEY & CO.
22 Boylston Street, BOSTON MASS.

Pierce & Co. **KODAKS**
PHOTO. AMATEUR FINISHING IS OUR STUNT
WE FLY HIGH ON QUALITY
BUT HAVE HIT THE GROUND ON PRICE

127 WEST SIXTH ST. NEXT TO THE ALL NIGHT BANK.

ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St, Los Angeles

PATENTS \$180,340.00 \$ **PATENTS**
MADE BY MY CLIENTS

YOU Should Have My FREE BOOKS telling HOW OTHERS will do the same IN THE FUTURE. "What and How to Invent." Book Free!
E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer 803 F., Washington, D. C.

Your Opportunity!

A COMPETENCY ASSURED FOR LIFE in a CALIFORNIA DATE ORCHARD

Date Growing has already passed the experimental stage. In the Coachella Valley in the Colorado Desert, Southern California, six years has demonstrated the contentions of the experts that dates can be grown here as well as in Africa, Arabia or the Persian Gulf region. Large companies are being organized with vast capitalization that only the rich and prosperous can enter into.

I have a proposition designed to meet the demands of that class of discriminating investors with moderate regular incomes, embracing mechanics, artisans, professional men, and salaried people generally, who are ever on the alert for safe and profitable investments for their savings.

Prompt Action Necessary !

I have studied date-growing ever since it was begun in California. I own one of the finest pieces of land in the Valley, for this purpose. Of this I have set apart forty acres in—

One Acre Date Orchards.

Do you want one of these? I will properly clear, grade and level one of these acre tracts for you, plant it out in tested dates, supply them with sufficient water, keep them in constant cultivation, bring them into bearing and turn the deed with clear title over to you for the following ridiculously small amount: \$25.00 down on sending in your application; then \$10.00 a month for seventy consecutive months.

No Interest. No Forfeiture.

I charge no interest, and in the event of inability of purchaser to complete payments, all payments made will be refunded at the end of six years from date of contract, plus interest at the rate of 7 per cent, or may be refunded at an earlier date, at my option, plus interest accrued at time of such refunding.

Directly opposite from my land one of the largest date companies in the world is preparing their land. It is publicly announced that a ten-acre date grove of seven year old trees in this valley has just been sold for \$15,000 cash, or \$1,500 per acre; more than twice the actual purchase price of the land I offer you, with date trees planted, growing and bearing.

This Offer is GOOD For 60 days ONLY.

That is to the 15th of October. On that date the price will be advanced Twenty-five per cent.

A Yearly Income of from \$1000 to \$1500
for an expenditure of \$725 paid, without interest, at \$10 per month.

According to the figures of the company to which we have referred, Two to Three Thousand Dollars per acre is the yield of ten year old date palms. Cut this estimate in half and you have an annual income of \$1000 to \$1500 for an expenditure of only \$725.00, paid without interest, at \$10.00 per month.

If you want to know more of this proposition, send \$1.50 for one year's subscription to OUT WEST, and I will send you free, as a premium, a 50 cent booklet on "Date Growing in Southern California," edited this by George Wharton James. OUT WEST fully guarantees every statement contained in this advertisement,

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES,

Important Announcement

The Old Adobe Spanish Restaurant, formerly known as CASA VERDUGO will hereafter be known as

LA RAMADA

(The Arbor)

and will continue to be operated as a strictly high-class resort, where genuine Spanish dinners will be served in the quaint old dining room or under the ancient pepper tree. Service a la carte or table d'hote.

Special Facilities for Private Luncheons, Teas, Dinners, or Banquets.

FREE GARAGE

Sunset, Glendale 69 Home, Glendale 691

Management of

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Glendale Cars from Sixth and Main Sts
Stop Directly in Front of Entrance

Name of Station "LA RAMADA"



A REPUTATION for good printing is an enviable thing. It can not be gained in a day. Years of good work—good presswork—good composition, prompt delivery—which counts in these days of keen competition, tell the story.

Good Printing is cheaper in the end—Try ours

WILL A. KISTLER CO.

218 NEW HIGH STREET

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Hello Number—Home A 2297—Main 5610

ARE YOU RECEIVING SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS ON YOUR SAVINGS?

Where can you find a safer investment or a greater producer of large dividends than in building "HOMES" such as shown in the illustration?

We are building just such "HOMES" in the Hillandale Tract, comprising 204 of the most sightly foothill lots.

Would you not like to be a shareholder in a company that builds such "HOMES?"



Information can be obtained by addressing—

PRUDENTIAL BUILDING & INVESTMENT COMPANY

Dep't of Publicity

575 Eagle Rock Ave., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

**The
ART of
BAKING**

RUSSIAN
LEATHER
\$1.50

By P. E. Laskowski

Designed for both the amateur and professional Baker

Result of twenty-five years experience

Hundreds of excellent receipts

Western Pilgrim Publishing Company

218 NEW HIGH STREET

Los Angeles, Cal.



unusual trains

The Saint

Los Angeles to San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley.

The Angel

San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley to Los Angeles and San Diego.

Discriminating Travelers tell us they are California's finest trains.

The equipment is superior.
The dining service is superior.
Employees are courteous.

Offices:

673 Market St., San Francisco
1218 Broadway, Oakland
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

Blanchard Hall Studio Building

Devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science Studios and Halls for all purposes for Rent. Largest Studio Building in the West. For terms and all information apply to

F. W. BLANCHARD

233 South Broadway 232 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

LOS ANGELES BREWING CO'S
Fast Side
BOTTLED BEER
FEW AS GOOD NONE BETTER
TEL HOME 10857 SUNSET EAST 820

THE
**Southern Pacific Railroad
of Mexico**

traversing the Mexican Pacific states of

SONORA-SINALOA-TEPIC-JALISCO

gives access to

RICH NATURAL RESOURCES AND OPPORTUNITIES FOR WEALTH

in

**Cattle - Ranches - Farming - Mines
Timber**

Let us list you for a copy of our new booklet which will be published shortly.

**H. LAWTON, G. P. A.
GUAYMAS, SONORA, MEXICO**



STAMPS--Stamp Album and 155 ALL DIFF. RARE, incl. China (dragon), Malay (tiger), Rhodesia, Tasmania (l'dscape), Jamaica (w't'r-fall), etc. only 10c; 1000 mixed for 'gn only 10c. 1000 hinges 5c. 112 pp. Lists, coupons, etc., free! Agts. W't'd. 50%. WE BUY STAMPS. Hussman Stamp Co. Dept. S, St. Louis, Mo.



Arizona Ruby FREE
To Introduce Our Genuine Imported
Mexican Diamonds

We will send you FREE a genuine Arizona Ruby in the rough, with illustrated Catalogue of GENUINE MEXICAN DIAMONDS and other gems. Mexican Diamonds exactly resemble finest genuine blue-white diamonds, stand acid tests; are cut by experts, and yet we sell at one-fortieth the cost. Only gem of its kind guaranteed permanently brilliant. SPECIAL OFFER. For 50c deposit as guarantee of good faith, we send on approval, registered, either 1/4 or 1 carat Mexican Diamond at special price. Money back if desired. Write today. Catalog FREE. MEXICAN DIAMOND IMP. CO., Dept. 8, Las Cruces, N. M.

Suitatorium
DYE HOUSE
Incorporated

HOME 10983 — BROADWAY 961

**LOS ANGELES
GREATEST
GARMENT
CLEANERS**



4 STORES

Are You Going to

LOS ANGELES

- LOS ANGELES** is without question the most **Comfortable** city in the United States, both Winter and Summer.
- LOS ANGELES** climate in winter is like that of the Eastern and New England States in May and June.
- LOS ANGELES** in winter has roses in abundance, and its neighboring city of Pasadena has its annual Rose Tournament on New Year's Day.
- LOS ANGELES** has a score of delightful beach resorts, such as **Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Redondo, Long Beach, Alamitos, Bay City, Huntington Beach, Newport and Balboa**, all within an hour of the center of the city by commodious electric cars.
- LOS ANGELES** has **500** hotels and apartment houses, including some of the best appointed hotels in the United States, at moderate prices, conforming to the accommodations.
- LOS ANGELES** has the largest and best Cafeterias in the nation, affording a most economical method of living for tourists of moderate means.
- LOS ANGELES** county is constructing 300 miles of model roadways, for which it has bonded itself for **\$3,500,000** and is a Paradise for Automobiles. Take your automobiles with you.
- LOS ANGELES** roadways in winter are fragrant with the odor of orange blossoms, which frequently cover the trees while the yellow fruit is still hanging to the branches.
- LOS ANGELES** is famous for its sea fishing. Tuna, Black Sea Bass (up to 300 pounds), Yellowtail, Barracuda, Rock Bass and Mackerel are abundant, and sportsmen from all parts of the world go to Los Angeles to fish.
- LOS ANGELES** is about completing the Los Angeles Aqueduct, one of the greatest water conduits of the world, 240 miles long, of which 30 miles was tunnel work through the mountains, at a cost of **\$25,000,000**, and with a capacity of **20,000** miner's inches—sufficient to supply a city of **2,000,000** inhabitants with an abundance of pure mountain water. For further information and literature address

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DATES

We are preparing to make an importation of offshoots of the choicest varieties of early ripening Persian Gulf dates. A member of our staff, well equipped for this work by previous experience, will sail from San Francisco about August 1. He will spend the winter in the date gardens, locating the most desirable varieties and arranging for a shipment of offshoots to reach Arizona and California about April 1, 1913. Delivery of palms in good order guaranteed.

We are desirous of communicating with anyone who is interested, especially those who contemplate engaging in the commercial culture of dates.

WEST INDIA GARDENS,

Horticultural Importers and Growers
of Subtropical Plants and Trees
Altadena, California.
Bank References

It's Baker's and It's Delicious



Made by a perfect mechanical process from high grade cocoa beans, scientifically blended, it is of the

finest quality, full strength and absolutely pure and healthful.

Sold in 1/5 lb., 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. cans, net weight.

Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

Polarine

Polarine Oil is the best oil you can get for your motor, whatever the make.

It retains its body and feeds uniformly under all running conditions.

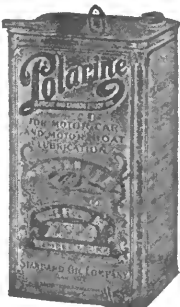
It leaves no carbon.

POLARINE TRANSMISSION LUBRICANTS. Prepared in different consistencies to meet the particular mechanical conditions existing in different types of motors.

POLARINE GREASES. Unequaled friction-reducing value wherever a solid lubricant is required.

Write to-day for the Polarine booklet to the nearest agency of the

STANDARD OIL CO.
(INCORPORATED)



THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

Savings (The German Bank) Commercial
(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.)

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Guaranteed Capital.....	\$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash.....	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	\$1,631,282.84
Employees' Pension Fund.....	131,748.47
Deposits Dec. 30th, 1911.....	\$46,205,741.40
Total assets.....	\$48,837,024.24

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Express Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only

OFFICERS — N. Ohlandt, President; George Tourny, Vice-President and Manager; J. W. Van Bergen, Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; William Herrmann, Assistant Cashier; A. H. Muller, Secretary; G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse, Assistant Secretaries; Goodfellow Eells, & Orrick, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, jr., E. T. Kruse, W. S. Goodfellow and A. H. R. Schmidt.

MISSION BRANCH—2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Streets. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH—601 Clement St. Cor. 7th Ave. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH—1456 Haight St., between Masonic Ave. and Ashbury St. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. O. F. Paulsen, Mgr.

VOSE PIANOS

have been established over 60 years. By our system of payment every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.
VOSE & SONS PIANO CO. Boston, Mass.

OUT WEST

George Wharton James, Editor

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

South
The Pioneer
The Colon
the West
Why do
Santa Ana

September 1912

7 TRAINS Daily

San Francisco Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley

Some via Coast Line

100 miles along the ocean shore.

Some via San Joaquin Valley

LAST TO LEAVE FIRST TO ARRIVE

Three leave between 5 and 8 p. m.
and reach San Francisco by or before
9.30 a. m.

THE FAST ONES

SHORE LINE LIMITED

Leaves Los Angeles 8 a. m.
Arrive San Francisco 9:50 p. m.

OWL via San Joaquin Valley

Leave Los Angeles 6 p. m.
Arrive San Francisco 8:10 a. m.

Lark via Coast Line

Leave Los Angeles 7:40 p. m.
Arrive San Francisco 9:30 a. m.

\$25 Excursions

Southern Pacific

LOS ANGELES OFFICES:

600 South Spring Street

STATION, Fifth and Central Ave.

Coachella Valley

Riverside County

WHERE DATES GROW

Visit the Valley and see the heavily laden trees on the Government Farms and private ranches. "Deglet Noor", the highest priced Date in the world, will be ripe in a few weeks.

Southern Pacific Date Lands, sold in 20, 40 and 80 acre tracts. Ten Years' time. One-tenth cash.

C. E. WANTLAND, General Sales Agent,

410 Grosse Bldg.,

Los Angeles, Cal.

STORY of the HUGUENOTS

NEW EDITION



A FLORIDA HISTORICAL
TALE
OF THE
SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Where the French, Spaniards
and Indians were the actors.

By F. A. Mann

\$1.50 Postage
Paid

F. A. MANN,
Lompoc, California.

"Should be in every American library."—New York Journal.

"An intensely interesting Story of the East Coast of Florida, well told"—Review of Reviews.

"I have read this book to my pupils as an American classic. It should be in every school library."—Prof. Griffiths, Jacksonville, Fla., in School Exponent.

"A splendid story of fortitude, daring and suffering."—Mail and Express, N. Y.

"A story of thrilling interest."—Standard Magazine London, England.

Out West Adlets

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Bring Buyer and Seller Together

In this classified department will be inserted advertisements of a clean and reliable character up to 14 lines, at the rate of 50 cents per line. None will be inserted of less than 2 lines. No illustrations nor display features will be permitted in this department. Our policy, which excludes medical, palmistry, fortune-telling or misleading advertisements, or advertisements of unreliable parties or commodities, also prevails in this department, and the business management will appreciate prompt notice from *Out West* readers of any such that may get in by false pretense. Address all letters pertaining to this department to

OUT WEST

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT,

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

AMUSEMENTS—

BELASCO THEATER

MAIN STREET, bet. 3rd and 4th sts.,
Matinees Thursday, Sat. and Sun.

ORPHEUM

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE,
Broadway, bet. Sixth and Seventh.

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

BROADWAY NEAR MERCANTILE.

MASON OPERA HOUSE

BROADWAY BETWEEN 1st and 2nd.
All week—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

MAIN STREET NEAR SIXTH.

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

BROADWAY NEAR EIGHTH.

FISCHER'S LYCEUM

FORMERLY ORPHEUM, Spring near Third.

HOTELS—

ALEXANDRIA HOTEL

FIFTH AND SPRING.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

FIFTH NEAR MAIN.

BOOKS—

LIFE, HISTORY AND CHARTER of the Commission Form of City Government, by William Hamilton McGoldrick, 218 New High St. You cannot afford to vote without it. Send \$2.00.

ADVICE

HAVE YOU PROPERTY to rent or sell? There's a customer or a tenant waiting to reach you through the Want Columns of *Out West*. Results are certain.

ARE YOU SUFFERING from ignorance as to the best foods you ought to eat? Are you below par physically and unable to do your best every day?

Then consult Miss Clara B. Lambert expert on diet.

(Trained under Dr. J. H. Kellog at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.)

739 N. Marengo Ave.
Home phone 3816. Pasadena, California

STUDIO BUILDINGS—

BLANCHARD HALL

STUDIO BUILDING devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science. Largest Studio building in the West. F. W. Blanchard, 233 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

SECURITY TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK.

MORE THAN 80,000 depositors. Resources exceed \$47,000,000.00. Special Savings Accounts, 3 per cent. Term deposits, 4 per cent. Largest Safe Deposit Vaults in the West. Security Building, 5th and Spring Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

TOILET ARTICLES—

FINGER NAIL POLISH

SEND 10 CENTS for a 25 cent package of Finger Nail Polish. A trial order of just what you want. 1629 Van Ness, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED

MANY TEACHERS WANTED for schools in the West. All positions good salaries. Address, D. T. Bladwin, San Antonio, Texas.

Metaphysical Circulating Library

611 GRANT BLDG. Los Angeles

Hours 12 to 8 p. m.

Dues 25c. per month

Home Phone A1715

\$2.50 per year

BOOKS FOR SALE

Mail Orders promptly Filled.



OUT WEST

New Series Vol. 4

September, 1912

Number 3

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS

143. **The Fool's Prayer** *By Edward Rowland Sill*
144. **Frontispiece**—All the creative genius of man could not improve on some of the scenes along this delightful driveway.
145. **Wanted—A Genuine Southern California Park** *By Ralph D. Cornell*
153. **"Whe—O"** *By Harriet Williams Myers*
156. **The Historical Elements of California Literature**
..... *By George Wharton James, Litt. D.*
160. **California and the Right** *By Mrs. S. M. Clarke*
161. **On the Stroke of Twelve** *By Josephine Clifford McCrackin*
165. **Maguey—The Wonder Plant of Mexico** *By Fannie Harley*
167. **Quit Your Worrying** *By the Editor*
172. **Fog in the Golden Gate** *By Edward Pollock*
173. **Date Culture on the Colorado Desert** *By Ralph D. Cornell*
175. **The Individuality of the Out-of-Doors** *By George Wharton James*
181. **The Man Who took a Risk** *By Nettie Lounsbury Curtis*
184. **The Pointing Pencil** *By Martha Martin Newkirk*
185. **The Joy of Children** *By J. C. Duncan*
186. **A Government Owned Railway for Alaska.**
188. **How to Curb and Utilize the Flood Waters of the Colorado River.**
190. **The Soul of San Diego** *By Nellie Hawks*
192. **Santa Ana "The Substantial"** *By Linn L. Shaw*
205. **In the Editor's Den.**
207. **Under the Study Lamp.**

GEORGE D. HEISLEY, Cartoonist and Department Mgr.
A. H. DUTTON, Cartoonist

Published monthly by the Western Publishing Company, 218 New High Street, Los Angeles, California. Price Fifteen Cents. Yearly subscriptions \$1.50 per year in advance. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Los Angeles Postoffice.

POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila, Samoa, Canal Zone, Cuba and Mexico.

HOW TO REMIT. Remittances should be sent by Check, Express Order, or Postal Money Order, payable to the Western Publishing Company. Currency, unless mailed in a registered letter, is at the sender's risk.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent One Week before the date of issue on which the changes to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising in the Magazine must be received Ten Days before the first of the month on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by its author.

WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LOS ANGELES
218 NEW HIGH STREET

You're Safe

If you advertise in OUT WEST. There is a reason for it. There is no gambling chance---results are certain. OUT WEST space pays big dividends to its advertisers. Just try it and be convinced.

"The advertising medium you will eventually use"

Eventually? Why not now?

Out West

Is a UNIQUE Magazine and an intensely interesting one. Its title indicates what it stands for—The Great "OUT WEST"—its resources and their development, its history and its literature, its romance, its mystery and its grandeur.

If you are interested in these things, read OUT WEST. If you are a stranger to their charm, read OUT WEST, and find a new world of pleasure.

\$1.50—CHECK OR MONEY ORDER—WITH YOUR ADDRESS, MAILED TO US, WILL BRING "OUT WEST" TO YOU MONTHLY, TWELVE TIMES.

The Fool's Prayer

By Edward Rowland Sill

*The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"*

*The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.*

*He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"*

*"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"*

*"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.*

*"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.*

*"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?"*

*"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.*

*"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"*

*The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"*



All the creative genius of man could not improve on some of the scenes along this delightful driveway

OUT WEST

SEPTEMBER

1912

Wanted—A Genuine Southern California Park



By Ralph D. Cornell

(The author of the following brilliant and far seeing suggestion is a graduate of Pomona College where he had the advantage of as thorough training under those two horticultural experts Professors A. J. Cook and C. F. Baker. He is proving himself worthy of his teachers. This article is one that every lover of California should study, take to heart and seek to make a reality. It originally appeared, with its illustrations in the *Pomona College Journal of Economic Botany* to the editor of which we extend our thanks for his kind permission to reprint. Editor.)

WHAT could be more interesting and educational, to the people at large, than a public park devoted to plants indigenous to our dry and semi-arid lands, and representative of the many forms of plant life that are found along our coast slopes? A dry ground park, planted only to native trees, shrubs and flowers, would be one of the greatest possible assets to

Southern California, and especially to the community whose park board was sufficiently aggressive and far seeing to establish such a system of planting. Not in all California can one find a collection of the native flora of sufficient consequence to warrant its recognition as such. Europe is far in advance of us in the cultivation of plants that grow wild on the hill sides, and unnoticed by



This beautiful creation—a credit to its designer—well illustrates the attractiveness of some of the more natural methods



*Where in all the artificial surroundings of the conventional park
can so inviting a path be found?*

us evolve, at our very doors, their wholesome lives of purity and beauty. Instances may be commonly cited where, unable to obtain reliable seeds at home, plant propagators have sent to Europe

for seeds of flowers and shrubs growing wild on our own hills. It is true that many native plants and seeds are found in our markets, accessible to those who know, but the masses of people are un-



The sycamore is ever a picturesque feature of the Southern Californian landscape, with its intricate outline in winter and soft foliage in summer. One would like to tarry here and revel for awhile in the play of lights and shadows

aware of the abundant wealth of flower and foliage, lying on all sides of us, inviting recognition and adoption.

Wild plants, when brought under cultivation, are prone to change their habits and appearing to a greater or less degree.

The dignity of the move seems to demand that they put forth stronger efforts towards the perfection of their already inimitable charms. There are very few plants that do not improve under the more favorable conditions afforded



Nature's wild abandon is well worthy, though difficult, of imitation.

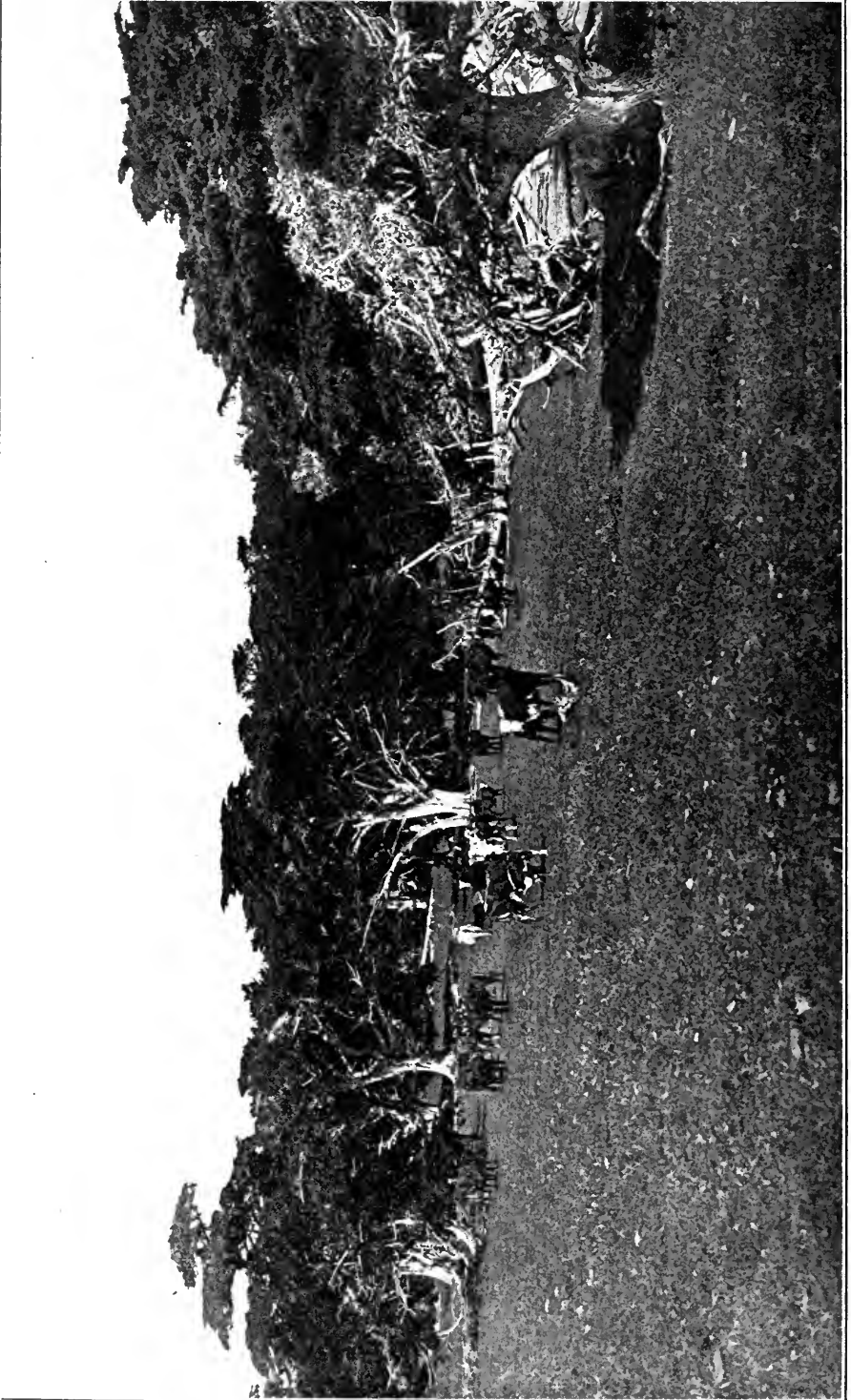


Hesperoyucca whipplei. This is one of our most gorgeous desert plants, whose flower clusters would grandly illuminate a native park.

them by protection and cultivation. The change is often so great that one familiar with a plant, in its native environment, will not recognize it in a new home.

Eastern residents, coming to California, find our parks quite similar to those which they are accustomed to seeing. With the exception of palms and a few things of more pronounced individuality, our evergreens, in general appearance, are greatly unlike eastern plants, during their growing season, especially when planted in park form. The first mental

impression upon visitors is the lasting impression, and there is little striking or distinctively characteristic in the landscape effect produced in our average park. A park should present a series of living pictures, in plant life, executed along the lines of greatest possibility. Not one person in a hundred distinguishes between a broad and a narrow leaved evergreen, or is sufficiently impressed by the individual specimen to give the name of a plant ten minutes later, had he recognized it at the time. It is the general tone of harmony or dis-



The Monterey Cypress on its native heath, showing its appearance in full development.



A driveway through a grove of Native Oaks.

cord that leaves its effect upon the visitor, and that he remembers long after the details have been forgotten.

It seems to be our general tendency to make parks as artificial as possible, although one or two very commendable projects for developing natural parks are in progress locally. A city very often purchases dry hillsides or rugged slopes for park purposes. No sooner is this done than an elaborate water system is installed at enormous expense, and plants entirely foreign to such an environment are grotesquely perched where they must serve a life-long sentence of struggle for existence under conditions entirely adverse to their best development. Perhaps such productions are beautiful. They occur frequently enough. But surely they are far from natural, and do not produce a restful effect upon visitors. They act as a living advertisement of what man can do if he has time, water, and ample funds, in sharp contrast to nature's own creations.

Now, why not plant dry hillsides in such a manner that they will produce maximum results at minimum expenditure? Plant a *dry ground park*. Use native plants already accustomed to the semi-arid conditions of our soil and

climate. Such a park would be at once unique and individual; it would be decidedly typical and distinctly of California; it would be a garden spot of nature, a mecca for birds, a plant paradise; it would be a delight alike to the student, the botanist, the sight-seer and nature lover, each in its own way. If properly handled, it would become of world renown both among tourists and botanists; it would be the one place where those interested might go and see a collection of California plant life in its native environment; might study the habits of the individual, and see its fullest development under favorable conditions. There is no limit to the ends that might be attained with such a park, if it were properly conducted. A descriptive booklet, obtainable on the grounds, would reveal to all a life history of each plant. And this great possibility lies conveniently near, waiting only for a guiding hand.

Such selection of varieties could be made as to insure continual masses of flower or fruit. Spring would undoubtedly be the most gorgeous season, but by judicious selection and arrangement, continuous wealth of color might be assured. By proper grouping, wonder-



A view into the Promised Land, a farm in the bosom of the hills, and surrounded by the choicest of "God's Acres"

ful effects could be produced, while seeds of wild flowers sown broadcast among the larger plantings, would, each spring, form a gorgeous carpet of natural weave.

The moving of plants from their native haunts to the garden has not generally proven satisfactory, due probably to the extreme readjustment that becomes necessary. The easiest way is to raise the young plants from seed, thus assuring easy handling of the young stock and giving better opportunity for the proper establishment of the root system. Little trouble is then experienced and success is practically assured. It does not stand to reason that these little seedlings could establish a foothold in dry soil, but if watered when planted, or set out during rainy season and given a little attention for the first year, they would continue to thrive with a minimum of care, always responding, however, to cultivation of the soil.

The writer wishes to acknowledge the use of Abram's "Flora of Los Angeles

and vicinity" in his compilation, and thanks Professor C. F. Baker, formerly of Pomona College, for kind suggestions; also Mr. J. M. Garrison, of Palms, who made most of the photographs used.

Mr. Cornell then gives a detailed list of a few of the native trees and shrubs that should prove suitable for a dry ground park. This includes the adenostoma, arbutus, madrona, manzanita, wild indigo, blue berry, California lilac of many varieties, mountain mahogany, Monterey cypress, monkey flower, diplacus, yerba santa, wild buckwheat, slippery elm, silk tassel tree, Christmas berry, Spanish bayonet, amole, juniper, incense cedar, hosackia, iron wood, Catalina ironwood, mimueus, Del Mar or Torrey Pine, Coulter's pine, nut pine, evergreen cherry, mesquite with both bean pod and screw bean, commom live oak, scrub oak, red oak, black sage, white sage, wild coffee, snowberry, wolfberry, yucca, Joshua tree, cactus of many varieties and wild fuchsia.

“Whe--O”

By *Harriet Williams Myers*



“I’VE brought you a young mocking-bird,” said the small boy as I opened the door in response to his ring.

He handed me a small chalk box whose sliding cover revealed a small fuzzy bird. Before I could see just what the little thing was I was greeted with a plaintive, but very musical “Whe—o,” and at once I knew that it was not a young mocking-bird who had fallen from the nest and been picked up by some pass-

ing boy, but a Black-headed Grosbeak. From his head stuck up little bits of down that looked like ear tufts. But if he was a queer little fellow he proved to be the best little bird imaginable.

We placed him in an open box with a perch, and there he sat all day long, never once begging to be fed. When I looked in at him he said, “Whe—o,” in his soft, pretty voice, but even then did not beg for food. Only when I offered him a berry or something else to eat, did he



Whe-o's First Picture

Photo by the Author

ing boy, but a Black-headed Grosbeak. Surely that call could come from no other bird!

Such a comical looking little chap as he was. It seemed as if he were nearer the shape of a ball than a bird, for he had no tail and his little body was short and plump. His breast was a pale cinnamon color marked with many dark brown specks. His back was mottled

open his mouth. Even then he ate the proffered food more as if it were to accommodate me than because he was hungry. Such dignity and moderation in so young a bird seemed unusual. He was fond of elderberries, the blue berries of the nightshade, bread-and-milk, the yolk of eggs, fruit of various kinds and potatoes. We gave him water in an eye-dropper and he learned

to know this and grab for it, if he were thirsty. Sometimes he would hang onto the glass and shake it if the water did not come fast enough to suit him.

When we had "Whe—o,"—for such we named him, or rather he named himself,—four or five days, he began to jump out of the box. He was growing a tail by this time and was beginning really to look like a bird. To make him feel more at home we now fastened a pepper-branch up near a window, and installed our little pet in his new quarters. He sat as docile as ever for two or three more days when he began to jump from branch to branch. We thought this quite an accomplishment. Before he was many days old he got to saying "Whe—o—eat"—especially when we fed him. Sometimes it was drawled out "Whe—o—eat," At other times when he was very hungry and eating rapidly he ran the syllables together, crying lustily, "Wheoat, Wheoat!"

The children of the family, and in fact the neighborhood, were very fond of "Whe—o." He was such a quiet little fellow and would sit on their fingers as long as they wished to hold him.

When he was old enough to jump from the pepper-bough onto the floor, he spied the chair rounds and immediately took a fancy to sitting, and jumping around, on them. Sometimes I would miss him and fearing that he would get onto the ground and get stepped on, I would call, "Whe—o, Whe—o." He always answered, and often after a search about the room in pursuit of his illusive note, I would spy him safely seated on a chair round.

One day when "Whe—o" was three weeks old, as he sat on the round of a chair in a room where several of the family were sitting, he was seen suddenly to hop down onto the floor and run along with quick hops and grab up some insect that his quick eyes had spied. After he had pinched it with his bill he dropped it and returned to his perch. He was still unable to feed himself and evidently did not know how to get this small bug into his mouth. When the killed insect was examined it was found to be a tiny Jerusalem cricket, commonly called potato bug. The Black-headed Grosbeak is said to do a great deal of

good by killing this same cricket in the fields. This little chap had taken his first opportunity to show that he, too, if he lived, would hunt, and kill, potato bugs.

Though he was unable to pick up this catch and eat it, he opened his mouth and took it down greedily when it was given to him. About this time he exhibited a fondness for flies, taking down six or eight at a time when the children caught them for him.

Afternoons he was taken out on the porch with the family and allowed to jump about on the railing and, as he grew older, to make little flying jumps into the vines about the porch. One day he surprised his keeper by flying from the porch up into a large pepper-tree in the yard, fully forty feet away. Several times he did this before we decided that it was not safe to have him out of doors. We never waited to see if he would come back to the house from the tree but taking a rake, or broom, some member of the family held it up to him and he accommodately jumped on and was returned to the house. After these flying trips in the yard he began to make short excursions in the house. We never knew just where he was going to land on these trips. Nor did he. He would start to fly to one of us and overestimating his power would fall short and land on any available perch. At other times he would come with a swift dash and light upon our heads, shoulders, or arms—as it happened.

Though he was getting to be quite a large bird now and had grown a long handsome tail, he was still, five weeks from the time he was brought to me, unable to feed himself. He was, however, beginning to use his bill, trying to pull and pick things with it. These Grosbeaks, as the name implies, have large bills. We knew that "Whe—o" had a good deal of strength in his because one favorite occupation of his was to get on someone's shoulder, and, stretching up, pull and pick at the lobe of the ear. Having one's ear pulled and twisted was not pleasant so "Whe—o" was persuaded to amuse himself some other way.

One day when we had had him about five weeks he chanced to be resting near a basin into which water was running.

He commenced turning his head from side-to-side looking intently at the water, and finally he flew down onto the edge of the basin and dipping his head in, tried to splash the water over himself. After that I gave him a shallow dish and he took his daily bath, being very cautious at first, but finally hopping into the center of the dish and getting himself thoroughly wet. At such times he was, indeed, a comical looking little fellow.

Soon after he learned to bathe he took little sips of water and fed himself some, though not until he was nearly seven

our house. One member of the family hurried in pursuit of the little chap, while others rushed to the front door. There he sat on the back of a porch chair while the neighbor's cat and dog glared at him a few feet away. In attempting to scare the cat away the bird was frightened and flew back to the rear of the house where I was able to catch him and return him to safety. After that we were careful to see that he was nowhere about when a door was opened.

At this time "Whe—o" was shedding his baby feathers and getting a new coat. His breast was becoming a deeper cinna-



Whe-o, The Pet Grosbeak

Photo by the Author

weeks old did he know where to find the food and water that we set out for him.

He was very fond of fruit of all kinds, and also liked raw sweet corn, watermelon, and cooked fish.

One morning he gave us a very great scare. He was in the screen porch, where he usually stayed, and when I opened the outside door he flew past me and onto the roof of the neighboring house. In a flash I had thought of the neighbor's cat who was in our yard a good deal of the time. I felt that "Whe—o" would know no fear of anything and would be an easy prey for this feline, if she were about.

The bird only rested a moment on the roof then flew around in front of

mon; under his wings it was yellow; a dark stripe was appearing down the center of his head. For a long time he had a stripe over each eye. As we looked at him now with his beautiful long tail, and smooth, glossy feathers, it was hard to realize that it was the same tailless little bird that had come to us seven weeks before. And yet he was the same sweet-tempered little fellow. Though, through an accident, he did not live to become an old bird, his short stay with us made dearer the whole bird tribe. Never do I hear a young Grosbeak out in my trees that I am not reminded of the fuzzy little bird that came to me in a chalk box on that June day.

The HISTORICAL ELEMENTS of CALIFORNIA LITERATURE.

(Continued from August Out West)

By George Wharton James, Litt. D.

This is the fourth article in a series by the Editor dealing with California Literature. The first article appeared in the June issue of OUT WEST and was entitled, "The Spirit of California Literature." When completed the series will afford a historical and analytical survey of the subject that should be useful to all students and lovers of California.

THE pioneers were also men and women of the *Out-of-Doors*. They learned perforce the out-of-door life. For six months they toiled slowly along over the plains, deserts, streams and mountains, their only shelter (as a rule) the wagons in which they rode. At night they spread their blankets either in the wagons or on the ground, with walls of air surrounding them, and the stars and planets above forming the decorations of their bed-room. Rain or storm, fair-weather or foul, windy or quiet made no difference—they were in the open air to receive what the Fates gave to them, and they learned—most of them—how friendly the out-of-doors of God is to those who meet it in the proper spirit. The pure air, day or night, brings healing to sickly lungs and bronchial tubes; the daily exercise of walking to relieve the tedium of riding gives strength to the nerves and muscles and sends purer blood coursing through the veins to invigorate and renew; the cold winds and snows arouse the resistant powers so that the ordinary and common diseases of the city and indoor life become unknown. "To take cold" is an expression never heard among those who live the out-of-door life, and dyspepsia and its attendant horde of ills—melancholia, fretfulness, irritability, irascibility, despondency—disappear as one rides, drives and walks day after day in the fresh air and purifying sunshine of God's great out-of-doors.

It was this out-of-door life that built up the rugged health and strength of

the pioneers, and it needs no argument to show that with health and strength come high spirits, dauntlessness and the courage of noble endeavor. The healthy, strong man will dare things the sickly man knows beforehand he cannot accomplish—hence he never makes the effort. How many of the grand achievements of the early day, therefore, are to be attributed directly or indirectly, to the results of this living of the out-of-door life.

Upon the pioneer women, too, this out-of-door life had wonderful effect. It thus affected the race more directly and potently than has been credited. How wonderfully the patient bearing of the women developed in them resistant strength. As Joaquin Miller has well written:

*"Men silent laid them down in their despair,
And died. But woman! Woman, frail as fair!
May man have strength to give to you your due;
You faller'd not, nor murmur'd anywhere,
You held your babes, held to your course, and you
Bore on through burning bell your double burdens
through."*

There are many other influences, however, that are set in powerful motion by this out-of-door life. It is the incubator of far more things than men and women dream of. It cultivates the powers of observation by demanding the attention to things of strangeness, interest and beauty. Who could pass by the vast mesas covered with the glowing gold of the California poppy,—the "Cup of Gold" the poetic Spaniards called it—its silky petals making a polished mirror that reflected the brilliancy

of the sunshine, and not be stirred to admiration and new emotion. And the miles and miles of deep red of the Indian's paint brush, or the rich violets and blues of the portulacas and baby blue eyes, or the miles of yellow of the sunflowers and the mustard—these arouse feelings of pleasure in the dullest and most stolid of minds. Then think of the emotions called forth by the miles and miles, stretching forth in awful vastness, of the sandy deserts, those expanses of despair that try men's souls and bodies to the last degree of tension; and the equally powerful, but antithetical emotions, awakened by the sudden outlook from some rocky eminence over the grass-covered and fertile fields beyond. Who is there that cannot imagine the tears of gratitude that would flow down the sun-burned cheeks of hardy men and women who, after long days on the fiery deserts, finally reached the shade of alders and sycamores, pines and firs in the canyons of the mountains beyond? How about the snow-clad mountain summits and the black abysmal deeps of the canyons; the feathery carpets of the alfileria, the waving banners of the desert palms, the towering spires of the giant sequoias; the sandy stretch of ocean beach, the placid face of the Sundown Sea, with its pearl-like Islands resting upon its peaceful bosom.

These were sights and scenes to awaken observation and attention, to arouse emotion, to develop latent poetry and thought, and thus to quicken and enlarge life. The out-of-door man, woman or child necessarily lives a larger and more varied mental life than the indweller, all things else being equal, hence the quickening of the literary and poetic spirit to a high degree in the early day pioneers.

Then, too, they were *disciplined by hardship*. How vividly has the poet who himself crossed the plains as a child with his pioneer father and mother expressed this phase of their experience:

*"Some hills at last began to lift and break;
Some streams began to fail of wood and tide,
The somber plain began belime to take
A hue of weary brown, and wild and wide
It stretched its naked breast on every side.
A babe was heard at last to cry for bread
Amid the deserts; cattle low'd and died,
And dying men went by with broken tread,*

And left a long black serpent line of wreck and dead.

*"Strange hunger'd birds, black-wing'd and still
as death,
And crown'd of red with hooked beaks, blew low
And close about, till we could touch their breath—
Strange unnamed birds, that seem'd to come and go
In circles now, and now direct and slow,
Continual, yet never touch'd the earth;
Slim foxes shied and shuttled to and fro
At times across the dusty weary dearth
Of life, look'd back, then sank like crickets in a
bearth.*

*"Then dust arose, a long dim line like smoke
From out of riven earth. The wheels went groan-
ing by,
The thousand feet in harness and in yoke,
They tore the ways of ashen alkali,
And desert winds blew sudden, swift and dry.
The dust! it sat upon and fill'd the train!
It seem'd to fret and fill the very sky.
Lo! dust upon the beasts, the tent, the plain,
And dust, alas! on breasts that rose not up again.*

*"They sat in desolation and in dust
By dried-up desert streams; the mother's hands
Hid all her bended face; the cattle thrust
Their tongues and faintly call'd across the lands.
The babes, that knew not what the way through
sands
Could mean, did ask if it would end today—
The panting wolves slid by, red-eyed, in bands
To pools beyond. The men looked far away,
And silent deemed that all a boundless desert lay."*

Wild, untamed, fretful of restraint, impatient of control they may have been when they started, but hardship got in its perfect work upon them. The wildest bronco cannot withstand the taming influences of six months under the saddle or in harness, and the straps never break, the cinches never give way when one gets out into the life of crossing the plains. One may kick and struggle, regret and repine all he may, the discipline goes on as steadily and relentlessly as the sun shines. There is no discipline like the hardship of actual contact with real life, where there is no dodging, no escape, no refuge. Every man is "up against it," and all alike must "take their medicine." What a wonderful teacher hardship is; how it braces up all there is in a man or woman; how it sets people up, quickens their intellect, develops their aptitudes, shows them their capacities, and gives them their proper place. And what is a man or woman without discipline? About as useless as an unbroken colt; good only to look at and wonder what he will become when he is broken. Discipline is as

necessary for life as training to the athlete, education in duplicity to the lawyer, dissection and a knowledge of therapeutics to the surgeon and physician, an understanding of electricity to the engineer, and the recognition of the power of words to the orator. The undisciplined are unfit for life, they do not and cannot know real life, hence they are unwise in their actions, unsympathetic in their dealings with their fellows, vindictive in calling for punishment for wrongs, imaginary or real, large or small, inflicted upon themselves, and intolerant of all opinions which do not confirm their own. Remove such undisciplined ones from the unwise protection of home and friends, turn them out as these pioneers were turned out, into the open of God, and let them meet with and overcome the varied hardships of a six month's journey across the plains and they will become different persons. And what a difference! What a joy it is to meet the disciplined mind and soul! How refreshing! How comforting! How restful!

There will be those who, and with good color of strong argument, will differ from me in this matter. They will contend,—as many writers have done—that the California pioneer was the most undisciplined person in the universe of mankind. They will tell you of his rude and vulgar behavior, of his roughness and uncouthness, and worse, of his gambling, his carousing, his sensuality, his throwing off of all restraint and utter loss of all self-control. This phase of the pioneers' life has been dwelt upon by so many writers that it seems like a hopeless or a foolishly daring task to attempt to strike a new note in regard to it. But, nevertheless, I propose to strike that note, not with any claim that it is a new note, for it was originally given forth with clearness and power by one of the most honored and reliable of the pioneers, he being none other than the father of Stephen M. White, the well-known member of the United States Senate from California. His contention was called forth by the book entitled *The Annals of San Francisco*. It contained the usual vivid and livid descriptions of the vices of the pioneers, the flagrant openness

of their drinking, gambling and other disreputable habits, and gave the impression that the major portion of the men and women of the early days in California were of this immoral, unrestrained, undisciplined class.

Here is a quotation from Mr. White's book in reply: "I take issue with the authors of the *Annals* and make the following statement: In the first place, I assert, that after the first day of May, 1849, nineteen-twentieths of the emigration to this State came from the other States of the American Union. Secondly, that this whole emigration, with a few exceptions, of course, were remarkable for their high moral and social standing at home, as well as for their education, intelligence, energy and personal bravery. Thirdly, that four-fifths of them *never faltered*, in their new home, from this high character and standing. Fourthly, that a large number of women and children poured into the State with the American immigration, and that of all these women in San Francisco, and in the whole State, not so large a proportion as one in twenty belonged, openly or privately, to the abandoned class, which was the only one known it would seem, to the authors of the *Annals*. Fifthly, that in the early summer months of 1849, family homes began to appear in every direction in San Francisco, and that by the Fall of '49 they could be said to be numerous; and that from that time forward they steadily increased; that in the Fall of 1850, nice family houses and cottages were a leading feature of the city; that, in '51 and '52, the want of families and of home family circles was hardly felt—except, of course, by the new comers; that not so large a proportion as one-fifth of the residents of San Francisco joined in the gambling carousals described in the *Annals*, or in fact, gambled in any way."

My own reply goes even a little farther than does that of Mr. White. While I did not have his opportunities for observation in the California of pioneer days, I did begin to observe life in the mining-camps of Nevada over thirty years ago, and thirty years ago in Nevada was a fairly true reproduction or continuation of life in California fifty years ago. I do not deny that there was much

flagrant drinking, gambling and sensual living, and these things seem to argue against all discipline and self-restraint. And yet among these very men there was a kindness, a tolerant sympathy, a genuine brotherliness, a sincere helpfulness all too rare in communities where *open* drunkenness, gambling and sensuality are unknown. Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Dan de Quille, Mark Twain, Noah Brooks, John Habberton and scores of others have borne unequivocal testimony, directly or indirectly, to the truth of this assertion, yet its significance is not fully understood.

The object of these writers was not to belittle the sins and failings of some of the pioneers by pointing out similar vices, or possibly worse ones, in many men of to-day whose conduct is uncensured by society, but to show that the qualities of generosity, humaneness, kindness, sympathy and helpfulness to those in distress were more prominent in the rougher class of the pioneers than they are in many citizens of our civilization who would not get drunk, gamble, or be openly immoral. Wholesale condemnation in the one case is no more justifiable than in the other.

It is the common practice among a vast proportion of the people, and especially among the professedly Christian classes, to condemn *in toto*, without hesitation or reserve, these drinking and openly "wicked" men. I hold no brief for any man's vices, and do not wish to appear as defending any evil, but I most unhesitatingly affirm that the sweeping condemnation of these men is neither just, nor according to my reading of Christ's teachings. No man is wholly bad; no man should be condemned as if he were, because he is the victim of open and notorious vices. Is he any the more wicked because he refuses to be a hypocrite in addition to his other evils? Yet the man guilty of the same vices as he, but who has the power to hide them from the general public, or, at least, not to be flagrant in their exercise, will be tolerated and received, honored and flattered oftentimes by the very persons who visit such severe condemnation upon the one who refuses to appear what he is not. And experience and observation have shown that the

latter man is generally the possessor of manly qualities and virtues that render him much the superior of his less open and frank fellow-sinner. # #

One of the most eminent and philosophical divines of America, Dr. Charles F. Aked, clearly perceived the principle I am endeavoring to enunciate when he preached his remarkable sermon on "The Inherent Good in Wicked Men." Bret Harte sets it forth in "The Luck of Roaring Camp." How those rude, uncouth, carousing, drunken miners cared for the unfortunate baby, and restrained their evil propensities in order not to injure him. How wonderfully Jack Hamlin is made to refuse the temptation a weak and wicked woman affords him and by the strength of his remonstrance sends her back to her husband; what genuine sympathy the rude miners showed Joaquin Miller's young poet. But why refer to a few isolated cases when they were as common in real life as daily opportunities afforded. It is not for me to differentiate and weigh the power of different evils, and wrong is wrong no matter what kind it is or who perpetrates it, yet what I wish to make clear is that among these men one would never find a man so eager to make money that he would foreclose a mortgage and drive a sick family upon the street, or mishandle the estate of a widow dependent upon his guidance, or rob the estate of orphans left in his care. None of these open drunkards and gamblers could be found who would make money by making and selling impure food to destroy the health of the common people; or coin money out of the bondage of women and men to such drugs as opium, morphine, cocaine, etc., or raise the price of milk and ice in the middle of summer regardless of whether the children of the poor died like flies as the result. Even though they themselves were sensual and unclean there could not be found one "white slaver" amongst them, or one who would live upon the gains of an unfortunate, or build "cribs" to rent to them at high prices. They might be guilty of gross profanity in expressing their condemnation of the rich men, who in large cities, add to their wealth by renting their tenements to the poor, but they would starve to death without

a word or sign rather than feast on the wealth gotten thus from the poor and unfortunate.

Yet I know men who stand well, or fairly well, in respectable communities, who are known to grind the face of the poor, and to make it their business to reap advantage from the misfortunes of others; men who are all the time purchasing and foreclosing mortgages upon those who could extricate themselves if a little more time were given them. And these heartless wretches are "good men," and the only rebuke the community gives them is that "they certainly are a trifle hard," or they are "keen on business." One has but to read the reports of trials issued by the government for violation of the pure food law to see how men wilfully and deliberately pervert the food supply of the nation. For a few dollars gain per ton they doctor-up rotten and musty wheat and sell it as first-class flour; and there is scarcely an article of common food that is not subject to the evil handling of these money-mad traitors to our common

humanity. Men are respected and honored in spite of these despicable crimes, but among the rude and rough pioneers, whose open vices no one wishes to minimize, such men would have been so condemned, ostracised and shunned that, like Judas, they would speedily have gone out and hung themselves.

And I freely confess that, while I deplore open drunkenness and the grosser vices as much as any man, I prefer the standards of the miners and the pioneers in the matters referred to, to the accepted standards of our modern-day civilization.

Their contact with men and women in the rough-and-tumble struggle for existence made them, in the main, disciplined in those qualities that rendered every man a brother to every other man—helpful, sympathetic, kind and generous—and every woman a sister to every other woman. The time will come when this phase of pioneer life will receive fuller attention and its significance and power be better understood and appreciated



*"O, California! young each passing year,
And yet a giant in thy youthful might,
Pause for a moment in thy swift career,
And dedicate thy strength to GOD AND RIGHT!
I see, e'en now, thy guardian Genius stand
Sublimely forth in all her maiden pride,
The Empress of the sea and of the land—
While thro' the conquered air her winged coursers ride."*

Mrs. S. M. Clarke.

On the Stroke of Twelve

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

MY BELIEF, that coming events cast their shadows before, I have inherited from my mother, though she was neither superstitious nor did she believe in ghosts—as I do. The episode I am about to write of here, she has related to me more than once, adding always—

“To me there has been something gruesome in the midnight hour—just on the stroke of twelve—ever since that time.”

And strange to say, mother, too, breathed her last just on the stroke of twelve.

My grandfather, Colonel and Commandant of the old Fortress at Ziegenhain, in Hesse, was not at all an aged man when he died, my mother, his oldest child being only just in her teens. Father and daughter were devotedly attached to each other, and when, in the winter of 1817, a complication of heart and lung trouble grew upon him, he used to say to his daughter Lottchen—

“Only have a little patience, child, when springtime comes I shall get a long furlough and we will travel—travel clear into Switzerland and Italy.”

His daughter Lottchen—my mother—in the meantime sat patiently in his room with him, reading to him or writing for him, after he had received and dismissed his Adjutant in the morning, offering her strong young arm for his support when he grew restless and desired to walk through the long galleries of the ancient pile of rocks he lived in. For he was only confined to his arm-chair, as yet, and that only periodically, and his body servant attired him, each morning, in the full uniform of his military rank as scrupulously and carefully as though the Herr Oberst meant to go straightway to the Exercir-Platz. To be sure, Elard, a younger son, had been sent home from the Cadet School at Hesse-Cassel, but this was more as a mark of attention to his father than that he was really thought to be seriously ill.

My mother, as I say, sat with her father through the day, and after he had retired for the night his arm-chair was moved up to his bedside, and mother sat in it and read or dozed till midnight. Shortly after twelve his faithful valet and the old house mam'selle came and shared the watch between them till morning. In the servant's room, in the souterrain, an orderly was constantly in attendance.

The fortress, whatever its strength may have been, was of great age and renown, and the residence assigned to my grandfather had in olden times been a monastery, the church lying only a little distance from it—just across the graveyard, in fact—upon which opened the windows of grandfather's sitting-room. Though an austere man and a strict disciplinarian, he was greatly beloved by his brother

officers, and the next in command, together with the Adjutant, relieved him of all regimental duties. Mother said that the doctor was always the most jovial of the comrades who tried to while away the tedious hours for her father, though he must have known that his Colonel would never leave these walls except with the black pall over him.

The winter was an unusually severe one, and heavy snow had fallen long before Christmas, covering the earth with a cold white sheet. One night, after her father had retired to his bed, and mother was sitting in the big arm chair by him, she saw with alarm the hectic flush on his cheeks—deeper and more sharply defined than ever before. But he seemed so much more cheerful that they made the most minute plans for their proposed journey in the spring. His breath came so easily to-night, he said; he felt he was getting better—he was almost well. The doctor had told him, only three days ago, that he would soon improve now, and here he was, ready to travel, if only the snow would melt.

Then his thoughts traveled back to the past, and he grew quite humorous. Did his daughter remember when a little mouse of three she had escaped the vigilance of the old house at Braunschweig to watch for her father's coming? That was during the time that Napoleon owned the earth, and the Colonel had been Platz-Commandant there under Jerome's rule, and he had returned from parade one day, and had found his little daughter with her feet dangling out of the second-story window shouting to her papa in high glee. And could she remember how papa had said:

"Sit quite still, mousey, I am coming up there, and we'll have a little game together;" and did she remember what the little game was, in which her mamma's slipper played a part?

They laughed so heartily at the recollection, mother said, that her father got to coughing, and when he leaned back in his pillows exhausted they were startled by the firing of a number of shots, right under the window, it seemed to both. Shots—fired within the precincts of the fortification—in time of peace—near midnight—what did it mean? Mother sprang to the window, drew back the curtain, and looked out. Only the broad expanse of snow on the graveyard was to be seen in the bright moonlight; only the shadow of a cross here and there, or the branches of a foliage-stripped tree breaking the even surface. But no living thing could be seen, no smoke of powder, or gun-barrel gleaming in the moon's rays, which penetrated even the dark nooks and niches in the wall of the old monastery church.

"Ring for the orderly," said her father, which she did, and she took the little handbell, too, and stepped into the corridor to awaken her brother in the next room—a tap on the wall in this building would hardly have sufficed to awaken any sleeper.

The orderly came, touched his cap, and stood stiff and upright before his commander, but his features showed no sign of excitement or alarm.

"Brockmann," said the Colonel, "what firing was that—a perfect volley, it seems to me?"

"Firing! volley!" Brockmann's mouth stood open. How could he dare to intimate that the Herr Oberst was mistaken?

"Did you hear it, Brockmann?"

"Zu Befehl—nein, Herr Oberst."

By this time Elard had come, in dressing-gown and slippers, yawning and rubbing his eyes. He asked:

"Shots? A volley? No."

Brockmann was ordered to reconnoiter, while Elard watched him from the window, searching the graveyard. But he reported that he found the snow undisturbed on every side of the house, and neither footprints nor bullet marks anywhere. So further investigation was postponed till morning. Brockmann went back to the servants' hall, Elard to his bed. But the conversation between mother and her father was not resumed; he lay back in his pillows, the flush still deeper on his cheeks.

Suddenly another volley of shots startled them both. Her father raised up in his bed.

"Ring the bell," he commanded, sharply, "and look out of the window—quick!"

The same silence and immutability lay upon the graveyard, and when Brockmann made his appearance there was a look of terror in his eyes.

"Brockmann, I advise you to look carefully after the trespassers this time," said the commander, "to-morrow must clear up the mystery of this shooting."

The orderly well understood the implied threat, and when he returned he was deathly pale.

"Have you discovered anything?" he was asked sternly, and his answer was:

"Zu Befehl—nein, Herr Oberst"—touching his cap.

"Do you mean to say that you did not hear the shooting which the gnadige Fraulein and I both heard?"

And again his hand went up to his cap as he answered—

"Zu Befehl—I did not, Herr Oberst."

He was told to retire, but he on the alert and answer the bell at once if summoned, and father and daughter again took up their watch. For it was a watch now, and they did not have long to wait till a third volley rang out, and before the sound had died away, the booming of the big bell on the church tower, as it began to toll midnight, seemed to make the still air on the graveyard vibrate and tremble. But no living thing could mother's eye discover in the one moment that she peered out; the next moment she was recalled to her father's bedside by a low moan, and when she sprang to his aid she felt that she was too late. His face was ghastly, blood was oozing out from between his colorless lips, and there were stains of blood on counterpane and pillow. Throwing up his arms wildly above his head, he sank back, while mother flew to the door, dropping the little handbell she meant to ring, till she could hear it roll, tinkle-tinkle, from one stone step of the staircase to the next, and then she beat frantically with both hands on her brother's bedroom door, while

the long, ghostly galleries of the old monastery echoed with her cries for help. But there is no help for the dead.

For eight days the body of her father lay in state at the Commandantur. His older son Reinier (he was the Minister of War in this little land of Hesse in after years) came, too, from the Cadet School, and brothers-in-arms came from near and far to pay the last sad honors to their dead comrade. At last the day of the funeral dawned. The ladies of the garrison were assembled at the house of mourning, and they gathered closely around the daughter of the dead chief when the heart-breaking cadences of the funeral march came borne on the clear, frosty air, and the cortege approached with all the pomp and circumstance of military burial.

Flags furled and wrapped with crape; long lines of soldiers marching in measured tread, with arms reversed, and officers with badge of deepest mourning on their dress; the funeral car drawn by four black horses, and close upon it the dead commander's favorite charger, hung with sable trappings, and the saddle empty; then more soldiers—an endless column, and the muffled beat of crape-wound drums, when the notes of the mourning march were hushed.

Through blinding tears she scanned the God's-acre now, in broad daylight, from the window, and, surrounded by loving, sympathizing friends, mother said she had almost forgotten the strange occurrence of a week ago. Among the officers who had come from other garrisons was a cousin of her father's, whom she had always called uncle, a kind-hearted old gentleman, whom she knew to be her guardian. Before the coffin had been removed from the hearse to the grave, he had come in to join the ladies, and he stepped to the window, with his arm around his ward, while they lowered the remains of her father into the ground. Through the closed sash she could not hear what was spoken outside, but in the midst of her sobs the rattle of musketry fell upon her ear—the volley fired over her father's grave. Another volley came, and still another, and she knew then that she had heard, a week ago, the salute fired over her dead father's grave, while he was still with her, and which he, too, had heard, not heeding that it came as a warning from an unknown Beyond.

October "OUT WEST"

"A PICTURE OF THE PLAINS"

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin

Maguey--*The Wonder Plant of Mexico*

By Fannie Harley

ONLY one plant may you have—one of all that flourish in the different soils of the earth!"

Were it true—an edict from the mouth of a capricious fairy—what would be, what *could* be the choice of the facetious Mexican? No respite would he need to ponder over the wisdom of his choice—"Maguey, *The Wonder Plant of Mexico.*" Pulque, the most salient of its products, may flit before his vision as its first charm, but so multifarious are its uses that Bacchus falls into oblivion under the umbrage of its more essential branches, yet whose possibilities will reach its climax only when the magic wand of Yankee ingenuity is added to the disclosures of the soporous Mexican and his dextrous Aztec predecessor.

Of no small significance are the present products of the polygenous maguey, which includes cordage, clothing, shelter, paper, fertilizer, medicine, food and drink.

Maguey is an herbaceous perennial, a species of aloe belonging to the genus *Amaryllidaceae*. It has long, thick lanceolate leaves, very succulent and with spinous edges. It attains a height of six or seven feet, but when under cultivation, is trimmed to about three feet. Indigenous to warm climates, requiring little cultivation and little water, the maguey flourishes eminently in the semi-tropic regions of Mexico, where its culture is an extensive and lucrative industry. The plantations which cover large areas are laid out with great care as to symmetry and regularity of rows, greeting the eye of the traveler with a kaleidoscope of emerald beauty as they shunt by the fast moving train.

The fibrous leaves of the maguey form a great part of its utility. Out of this fibre is manufactured cordage, such as rope and twine. Woven into a coarse

cloth it is extensively used by the mountain Indians for clothing. For clothes-brushes, whisks, etc., it takes the place of bristle. In the lump (or gross) it is unexcelled in lieu of wash-rags for the bath and shampoo, scullery-cloths, and numerous other uses.

During the Aztec era the epidermis of the leaves, which has a tough, transparent, parchment-like appearance, was stripped off and used for writing material in the manner the old Romans used to write on wax tablets with a stylus. From this primitive use has evolved a fine stationer's paper, as well as a coarse wrapping paper.

The entire large flat leaves are used for thatching roofs. The inspissated juice is used as medicine. When decayed, the leaves make good fertilizer.

The heart of the maguey, formed of small tender leaves solidly packed, resembling a head of cabbage, is an edible. This, when cut out and baked, becomes juicy and sweet and is classed among the delicacies of native dishes. When preserved these leaves become a delicious confection, called *Dulce de maguey*, and are sold from booths and stands along the street and by the wayside.

Pulque, the Soma of Mexico, its national drink! How dear to the heart—and stomach—of the native! If not a beverage "fit for the gods," at least for an Emperor,—it was Maximillian's favorite drink as well as that of the more humble populace. Did it emulate all with which it is credited. "Wine of Immortality" would not be a misnomer. It is conceded to be the most salutary of all beverages. Interesting indeed is the process by which it is ultimately brought to the retail shops and sold for only nine centavos a litre.

The *Tlachiquero*, (an Aztec name for that special kind of workman) with a sharp knife cuts away the center of the

maguey, making a cup-shaped hole about six inches deep, then with his knife abrades the inside of this cup and passes on to the next plant. At the end of three days he returns to the plants and finds the cups filled with the sap which has seeped in from the wounded leaves. This sapis dubbed *Agua Miel* (honey water). It is a favorite drink of young children and those opposed to intoxicants. By means of a long gourd with a hole in each end the *Tlachiquero* draws the *agua miel* out of the cups into the gourds until they are filled, when he stops the opening with his thumb. Upon his back he carries a pig-skin into which he pours the *agua miel*, and when filled, the untrained eye would not suspect it to be anything but the carcass of the pig. When left in the pig-skins from three to five days the *agua miel* ferments, becomes a translucent viscid liquor, pungent and slightly intoxicating, and now it is *Pulque*.

Many foreigners cultivate a taste for the drink, but with the native it is conate. Four or five car-loads of *pulque* are sent to the City of Mexico each day where the *pulquerias* never close. The nominal cost of *pulque* enables the poorest *peon* and *pelado* (who comprise seventy-five per cent of the population) to indulge their taste for it, and judging from the swarms around a *pulque* barrel the lower classes have abjured water entirely.

A more refined and more intoxicating drink called *Tequila* is also a product

of the maguey. The inner soft leaves forming the round heads are cut out and put into an immense pit floored with hot rocks. They are then covered with sand and hot rocks, and smoulder twenty-four hours. At the end of this time the heads are thoroughly cooked into a syrupy mass and are then placed in a stone reservoir and beaten till the juice is extracted. The juice is then placed into stills. When distilled it is a slightly sweet transparent spirituous liquor—*Tequila*.

The mission of maguey is not yet filled. Embedded under the epidermis of the maguey, a large white *gusano* (worm) makes its home. Gathering *gusanos* is a separate and most extensive industry. The vendors go about with *gusanos* tied in a pouch made of the transparent epidermis of the *maguey*, shouting, "*Gusanos de maguey*." They are the most expensive of all the products of the wonderful plant, as when fried in butter they are eaten by the Mexicans as the most delicious and rarest tidbits.

The maguey lives to a great age, sometimes reaching a hundred years, from which fact it is also known as the Century plant. It blooms only once in its lifetime, when it bears a gigantic panicle of white bell-shaped flowers, rising from its center sometimes to a height of forty feet. These beautiful bells come as a harbinger of death, for once bloomed, the plant forever dies.



"You are half way there when you know where you want to go."

—Robert Whitaker

Quit Your Worrying

By the Editor

(This is the third of a Series of Articles which will deal with this important subject in a sane, practical and forceful manner. Worry is the bane of many an existence. It is a robber of peace, comfort and rest. It brings misery to wives and husbands, children and parents. It is an ignoble state to be in. A sign of mental inadequacy, a proof that the "worrier" has no ideals or that he has no real living belief in himself, his ideals or his God. To help the readers of **OUT WEST** to quit worrying by finding out what life is worth and getting the full value of that worth is the aim of this series.)

CHAPTER III. SOME FORMS OF WORRY

I have already shown some of the protean forms that worry takes. Before discussing what I am assured are some of the underlying causes of worry, and pointing out the remedy, it will be well to look further at more manifestations of this peculiarly modern disease, prevalent only among the so-called civilized people. There is no doubt that in many respects we are what we are called—that is, we possess the highest civilization there is. But do we not pay a high price for it? If our civilization is such that it does not enable us to conserve our health, our powers of enjoyment, our spontaneity, our mental vigor, our spirituality and the exuberant radiance of our life—bodily, mental, spiritual—I feel that we need to examine it carefully and find out wherein lies its inadequacy or its insufficiency.

In presenting some of the forms that worry has assumed before my own varied observation, it is most likely that I shall discuss at the same time causes and possible remedies, for I am more interested in giving help to the victims of worry than I am in writing a treatise in rigidly academic form. Hence the repetitions that may occur need not "worry" the critic, for I shall be totally indifferent to them.

Let us first look at worries that pertain to the body. If one can form any idea from the question and answer columns, and the Fashion Departments of some newspapers there are many women deeply concerned if not actually worried about their physical appearance. Girls and women are worried about their skin, their complexion, their hair, its color, the style of dressing it, and a score and one things that to a healthy and sane mind seem the veriest

trivialities. Yet there is a basic reason for some of this anxious care. It is right and proper that due attention be given to our physical appearance. Every woman (and man, too, for that matter) has the right to look as well as possible. It is when reasonable attention to appearance becomes worry that it is reprehensible. Many women spend the major part of their time and earnings upon mere appearance. This is vanity and is bound to produce vexation of spirit, for when vanity has taken full possession it is a demon to ride its victims. Like the nightmare there is no shaking it off except by a thorough awakening, and comparatively few care to go to the trouble of being awakened. Vanity thus placed in the saddle soon begets worry, and when the two together ride a human being the load is almost more than can be borne. The victim is sure her hair is not the proper color. It has to be dyed. This is never satisfactory, and she is now worried lest people discover what she has done. If a stranger happens to look at her a little attentively she worries for she is assured there is something wrong. Then, too, her style and color of hair need certain treatment to keep it in fashion; the methods of dressing must be known and tried, and the poor creature worries hour after hour upon a matter that should occupy a few minutes *and no more* of her daily time.

There are men who are just as unhappy over their appearance. Their hair is not growing properly, or their noses are not the proper shape, or their ears are too large, or their hands too rough, or their complexion doesn't match the ties they like to wear, or some equally foolish and nonsensical thing. Some

wish to be taller, others not so tall; quite an army seeks to be thinner and another of equal number desires to be stouter; some wish they were blondes and others that they were brunettes, and drug-stores, beauty parlors and complexion specialists for men and women are kept busy all the time, robbing poor, hard-working creatures of their earnings because of an insane worry that they are not appearing as well as they ought to do.

Clothing is a source of worry to thousands. They must keep up with the styles, the latest fashions, and to be "out of fashion" gives them a "coniction fit." An out-of-date hat, or shirt-waist, or jacket, or coat, or skirt, or shoes humiliates and distresses them and to wear a hat-pin two inches shorter than those of "the girl next door" is a pain and agony that cannot be endured.

To these my worrying friends I continually put the question: Is it worth while? Is the game worth the shot? What do you gain for all your worry? Rest and peace of mind? Alas no! If the worry and effort accomplished anything I would be the last to deprecate it, but, observation and experience teach that *the more you yield to these demons of vanity and worry the more relentlessly they ride you.* They veritably are demons that seize you by the throat and hang on like grim death until they suffocate and strangle you.

Do you propose, therefore, any longer to submit? Are you wilfully and knowingly going to allow yourself to remain within their grasp? You have a remedy in your own hands. Kill your insane vanity by determining to accept yourself as you are. All the efforts in the world will not make any changes worth while. Fix upon the habits of dress, etc., that good sense tells you are reasonable and then follow them regardless of fashion or the prevailing style. You know as well as I, that, unless you are a millionaire, you cannot possibly keep up with the many and various changes demanded by current fashion. Then why worry yourself by trying? Why spend your small income upon the unattainable, and upon that, which, even if you could attain, you would find unsatisfying and incomplete?

In your case worry is certainly the result of mental inoccupancy. This is sometimes called "empty headedness," and while the term seems somewhat harsh and rough it is pretty near the truth. If you spent one-tenth the amount of energy seeking to put something into your head that you spend worrying about what you shall put on your head, and how fix it up, your life would soon be as different as it is possible to conceive.

There is another army, whose numbers are legion, who worry about their health. What with the doctors searing the life out of them with the germ theory, and seeking legislation to control their lives from the cradle to the grave, followed by the naturopaths, physicultopaths, gymnastopaths, hygienists, raw food advocates and a thousand and one other notionists, it is scarcely to be wondered at that people have learned to worry about this matter. Many members of the medical profession and the drug-stores have much to answer for in these cases. They have inculcated, nurtured and fostered a colossal ignorance in regard to the needs of the body, and a tremendous dread and blind fear of everything that deviates from the normal. They have consistently taught those who rely upon them that the only safe and sane plan is to rush immediately to a physician upon the first sign of anything slightly out of the ordinary. Then, with wise looks, mysterious words, strange symbols, and loathsome decoctions they have sent their victims home to imagine that some marvelous wonder work will follow the swallowing of their abominable mixtures, instead of frankly telling their consultants that their fever was caused by over eating, by too late hours, by dancing in an illy-ventilated room, or by too great application to business.

The results are many and disastrous. People become confirmed "worriers" about their health. On the slightest suspicion of an ache or a pain they rush to the doctor, or the drug-store for a pill, a dose, or a prescription. The telephone is kept in constant operation about trivialities, and every month a bill of greater or lesser extent has to be paid.

Now while I do not wish to deprecate the calling in of a physician in any serious case, by those who deem it advisable, I do condemn as absurd, unnecessary and foolish in the highest degree this perpetual worry about trivial symptoms of health. Every truthful physician will frankly tell you—if you urge it—that the worrying is the worst part of the trouble; in other words that if you never did anything in these cases that distress you but would quit your worrying the thing you fear would often disappear of its own accord.

The result of this kind of worry is that it genders a nervousness that unnecessarily calls up a large variety of possible dangers. How often we meet with this nervous species of "worrier."

The train enters a tunnel: "What an awful place for a wreck!" or it is climbing a mountain grade with a deep precipice on one side: "My, if we were to swing off this grade!" I have heard scores of people, who, on riding up the great cable incline of the Mount Lowe Railway have exclaimed: "What would become of us if this cable were to break?" and they were apparently people of reason and intelligence. The fact is the cable is so strong and heavy that with the two cars crowded with all they are able to carry their united weight cannot stretch the cable tight; let alone putting any strain upon it sufficient to break it. And most nervous worries are as baseless as this.

Imagine being the child of an anxious parent who sees sickness in every unusual move or mood of her boy or girl. A little clearing of the throat—"I'm sure he's going to have croup or diphtheria." The girl puts her hand unconsciously to her brow—"What's the matter with your forehead, dearie, got a headache?" The lad feels a trifle uncomfortable in his clean shirt and wriggles about—"I'm sure Tom's coming down with fever, he's so restless and he looks so flushed."

God forbid that I should ever appear to caricature the wise forethought or care of a devoted mother. That is not what I purpose. I am merely seeking to show the folly and absurdity of the anxieties, the worries, the unnecessary and unreasonable cares of many mothers.

For the moment fear takes possession of them some kind of nagging begins for the child. "Oh, Tom, you musn't do this," or "You must be careful of that," and the youngster is placed *under bondage to the mother's unnecessary alarm*. No young life can suffer this bondage without injury. It destroys freedom and spontaneity, takes away that dash and vigor, that vim and daring that essentially belong to youth. I'd far rather have a boy and girl of mine get sick once in a while than have them subjected to the constant fear that they might be sick.

Oh worrying mother, curb your worry, kill it, drive it out, *for your child's sake*. You claim it is for your child's sake that you worry. You are wrong. It is because you are too thoughtless, faithless, and trustless that you worry, and, if you will pardon me, *too selfish*. If instead of giving vent to that fear, worry, dread, you exercised your reason and faith a little more and then your self-denial, and refused to give vocal expression to your worry, you could then claim unselfishness in the interest of your child. But to put your fears and worries, your dreads and anxieties around a young child, destroying his exuberance and joy, surrounding him with the mental and spiritual fogs that beset your own life is neither wise, kind, nor unselfish.

A twin brother or sister to the worrying mother is the "worrier" who is sure that every dog loose on the streets is going to bite; every horse she drives behind is going to run away; every chaffeur is either reckless or drunk and is sure to run into a telegraph pole or have a collision with another car, or run down the crossing pedestrian; every loitering person is a tramp who is a burglar in disguise; every stranger is an enemy—in other words, the kind of person who always prefers to look on the dark side of the unknown rather than on the bright side. "Think no evil!" is good philosophy as well as genuine religion—when put into practice. The world seeks our good, not our disaster. Have faith in the goodness of the powers that be, and work and live to make your faith true. The man who sees evil when none exists will do more

to call it into existence than he imagines, and equally true, or even more so, is the converse, that he who sees good where none seems to exist will call it forth, bring it to the surface. Take the teacher who imagines that all children are mean and are merely waiting for a chance to exercise that meanness; what kind of children will his pupils become? It does not need much experience to tell. They soon justify his suspicions and become what he imagines them to be; but he little realizes that it has been his own wicked fears and worries that helped, to put it mildly, the evil assert itself.

Then there is the worrier who is sure that no one is to be relied upon to do his duty. Such an one is incapable of properly directing any great enterprise. Men must be trusted; their work specifically laid out before them; given their freedom to do it in their own way, but absolutely required to produce results. Then leave them alone. Quit worrying about them. Give them a fair chance; *then*, if they fail in their duty dismiss them and get those who can be relied upon. Mistrust and worry lead to uncertainty and worry in the minds of those who are mistrusted.

Dickens in his immortal *Pickwick Papers* gives a forceful example of this type of worrying. Mr. Magnus has just introduced himself to Pickwick, and they find they are both going on the same stage to Norwich.

"'Now, gen'lm'n,' said the hostler, 'coach is ready, if you please.'

"'Is all my luggage in?' inquired Magnus.

"'All right, Sir.'

"'Is the red bag in?'

"'All right, Sir.'

"'And the striped bag?'

"'Fore boot, Sir.'

"'And the brown-paper parcel?'

"'Under the seat, Sir.'

"'And the leathern hat-box?'

"'They're all in, Sir.'

"'Now will you get up?' said Mr. Pickwick.

"'Excuse me,' replied Magnus, standing on the wheel. 'Excuse me, Mr. Pickwick. I cannot consent to get up, in this state of uncertainty. I am quite

satisfied from that man's manner, that that leather hat-box is not in.'

"The solemn protestations of the hostler being unavailing, the leather hat-box was obliged to be raked up from the lowest depth of the boot, to satisfy him that it had been safely packed; and after he had been assured on this head, he felt a solemn presentiment, first, that the red bag was mislaid, and next, that the striped bag had been stolen, and then that the brown-paper parcel had become untied. At length when he had received ocular demonstration of the groundless nature of each and every of these suspicions, he consented to climb up to the roof of the coach, observing that now he had taken everything off his mind he felt quite comfortable and happy."

But this was only a temporary feeling, for as they journeyed along every break in the conversation was filled up by Mr. Magnus's "loudly expressed anxiety respecting the safety and well-being of the two bags, the leather hat-box, and the brown-paper parcel."

Of course, this is an exaggerated picture, yet it properly typifies this particularly senseless form of worry, one with which all of us are more or less familiar.

One of the chief manifestations of worry in some minds is concerning the religion of other people. Far be it from me to decry a certain degree of solicitude for the spiritual welfare of others, especially in those who are near and dear to each other, but the religious life of the individual—the real, deep, personal, hidden, unseen, inner life—of a human soul is a wonderfully delicate thing for any other person—no matter how near and dear—to meddle with.

But these "worriers," have found comfort, joy and peace in a certain line of thought; it has commended itself to them as TRUTH—the one, full, complete, indivisible TRUTH—and naturally they are eager that others should possess it. The street salvationist shows it by the fiery zeal with which he attacks the problem of reaching those of whom most churches know nothing. The burden of his cry is that you must flee from the wrath to come by taking advantage of the "blood of Jesus." And in season and out he urges that you "come under

the blood." His face wears a tense expression, his brow is wrinkled, his eyes strained, his voice becomes raucous in the intensity of his feeling, and "worry" is manifested throughout his whole demeanor.

Another friend is a Seventh Day Adventist and is full of zeal for the declaration of the "Third Angel's Message," for he believes that only by heeding it, keeping sacred the hours from Friday at sunset to Saturday at sunset, in accordance with the fourth commandment; and implicitly believing in the speedy coming of Christ, can one's soul's salvation be attained.

The Baptist is assured that his mode of immersion is the only one that satisfies the demand of heaven; and the so-called "Christian,"—the disciple of Alexander Campbell,—is assured that he has the right way. The Methodist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Nazarene, and several other churches, are "evangelical" in their belief, and one good brother recently came to me with tears in his voice, worried seriously because I had declared in a public address that I believed the earnest prayer of a good Indian woman reached the ear of God as surely as did my own prayers, or those of any man or woman living. To him the only effective prayers were "evangelical" prayers—whatever that may mean—and he was deeply distressed because I could not see eye to eye with him in this matter. And a dear, good woman who heard a subsequent discussion of the subject, with a deep sigh and a shake of the head, assured me when I left her that "she would pray for me."

I have friends who are Christian Scientists who desire that I should know the Truth, meaning, of course, their understanding of it; equally so I have friends who are zealous Roman Catholics, and a number of them are praying that I may soon enter the folds of "Mother Church." My Unitarian and Universalist friends wonder why I retain my membership in any "orthodox" church, and my New Thought friends declare that I belong to them by the spirit of the messages I have given to the world.

On the other hand the Theosophists present to me, with a force that I do not attempt to controvert, the Univer-

sal Brotherhood of Mankind, and urge upon me the acceptance of the, to them, comforting and helpful doctrine of "Reincarnation."

Two days ago, a good earnest man buttonholed me and held me tight for over an hour while he outlined to me his own slight divergencies from the teachings of the Methodist Church to which he belongs, and his interpretations of the symbolism of Scripture, and while he was quite willing to allow me the privilege of supposing the Catholic was honest and sincere in his faith and belief, he could not for one moment accord the same to the Christian Scientist, who, from his standpoint, denied the atonement and the Divinity of Christ.

My "breadth" of belief is a worry to scores of good people who have labelled themselves by some denominational tag, and accepted some form of belief that, to them, seems complete and incontrovertible. Many of them are praying for me, and each that I may see the TRUTH from *his* standpoint. For their prayers I am grateful. I cannot afford to lose one of them. But for the worry behind the prayers I have neither respect, regard, toleration, nor sympathy. I can do without it (the worry) and I resent it's being there. I am in God's hands the same as they are, and having listened respectfully and sincerely to each and all of them I have come to exclaim with Rabbi Ben Ezra

*Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me. We all surmise,
They this thing, and I that: whom shall
my soul believe?"*

Then, too, another question, in all sincerity and earnestness arises in my mind: Whose prayers will be answered on my behalf—the Methodist, the Evangelical, the Campbellite, the Baptist, the Roman Catholic, the Episcopalian, the Theosophist, the New Thoughtist, the Seventh Day Adventist, the —, whose? Whose? Their prayers differ; they are antagonistic; one nullifies the other, for I cannot by any possibility be converted to the specific form of

belief of each one. What is the consequent resultant in my own mind? Since I cannot become all that all these good people desire I should be, as their desires and prayers for me controvert each other, I must respectfully decline to be bound by any one of them, save and except those that demand the allegiance of my own mind and soul. Hence all their worry on my behalf is time, energy, strength and effort wasted.

Therefore, to the worrier about the religious belief of another I would say: "Hands off." This is none of your business. Believe as you will and much for your own soul's salvation, but do not seek to put *your* conceptions as the only conceptions possible of Divine Truth before another soul, who may have an immeasurably larger vision than you have. Oh, the pitiableness of man's colossal conceit, the arrogance of his ignorance. As if the God of the Universe were so small that one paltry, finite man could contain in his gill cup all the ocean of His power, love and knowledge. Let your worries go. Place them in the love of the INFINITE. Tenderly love and trust those whose welfare you seek, and trust God at the same time, but don't worry when you see the dear ones walking in a path you have not chosen for them. Remember your own ignorance, your own fraility, your own errors, your mistakes and then frankly and honestly, fearlessly

and directly ask yourself if you dare take it upon your own ignorant self to seek to control, to dare to guide another living soul as to his eternal life.

Brother, sister, the job is too big for you. It takes God to do that, and you are not yet even a perfect human being. Hence, while I long for all good for my sons and daughters and for my friends, and I pray for them, I have no fears, no worries, and especially have I no desire that they should accept my particular brand of faith or belief. *I would not fetter their souls with my belief if I could.* They are in larger, better, wiser, more loving Hands than mine. And if I would not thus fetter my children and friends I dare not seek to fetter others. My business is to live my own religion to the utmost. If I worry I will worry about that, although in another chapter I purpose to show the folly of that type of worry.

Worry about the religion of others, therefore, I regard as unwarrantable on account of our own ignorances as to the needs of others, as well as of the largeness of God's supplies for those needs, second, as a useless expenditure of strength, energy and affection, for, if God leads, your worry cannot possibly affect the one so led, and third, as an altogether indefensible attempt to saddle upon another soul your own faith or belief which may be altogether inadequate to the needs of that soul.



*The clouds come in through the Golden Gate:
Phantom fleets, they seem to me,
From a shoreless and unsounded sea;
Their shadowy spars, and misty sails,
Unshattered, have weathered a thousand gales:
Slow wheeling, lo! in squadrons gray,
They part, and hasten along the bay."*

Edward Pollock.

Date Culture on the Colorado Desert

By *Ralph D. Cornell*

IN JULY, 1912, Mr. Ralph D. Cornell, formerly of Pomona College was engaged by the Chuckawalla and Palo Verde Irrigation Association to make a study of date, citrus, fig and other fruit growing conditions in the Indio, Coachella and Imperial Valleys and Yuma region. From this report we quote the following on date culture.

"About seven thousand date shoots have been imported into the United States since the beginning of the date industry. Dr. Coit says that all of the requisite conditions for the successful growing of dates may be found in many places thruout the Imperial, Coachella and Colorado Valleys, and the country around Palo Verde and Blythe, Riverside County. The Imperial, Coachella and Colorado Valleys are the regions in which date culture has proven its worth, and where are now to be found bearing orchards and thousands of newly planted off-shoots. Dates are so far subject to pests, only as imported on the young plants and subsequently scattered. This infestation is in the form of scale of two distinct varieties: the Marlatt and Parlatoria. A spray has been found that will kill these scales, thus eliminating all future danger from outside infection and making possible its eradication, as now extant. Spraying and burning with a gasoline torch have proven to be effective means of killing scale on old and established palms.

"The date is not particular as to the soil in which it grows, and will thrive in considerable alkali. Light and heavy soil alike seem to produce dates. While the date is a desert palm and requires a long period of intense heat for proper development and ripening, the roots require an abundance of water. Dr. Coit says that one miners inch of continual flow is sufficient to maintain a five acre orchard of bearing dates.

The off-shoots are set 25 ft. by 30 ft. apart, or about sixty trees to the acre, and begin to bear at the ages of from three to five years. Seedlings are somewhat uncertain, but off-shoots always come true to the parent. A conservative estimate of the bearing capacity of a ten year old tree would be 100 pounds. Some will bear as high as 400 pounds to the tree. A leading Los Angeles grocer has placed the average retail price for fresh, California dates at from 50 cts. to 75 cts. a pound. They bring from 15 cts. to \$1 a pound to the grower. Fruit matures, here, from September thru December, some varieties ripening on the trees, others requiring artificial heat. The Deglet Noor is very popular, among growers, at present, as it will ripen on the tree before the cold weather comes, and is of unusual delicacy of flavor.

"A palm reaches its maturity of bearing capacity at ten years and will continue to produce for one hundred. One palm sometimes bears as high as twenty bunches in a season. Off-shoots are produced between the age of three and fifteen years, after which no more appear. During this period, one palm will produce ten or twelve off-shoots, sometimes more. The importers' price for off-shoots is \$8 apiece. Those grown locally cannot be had for that.

"Palm Springs can boast of a few young date palms that have come into bearing, but has nothing on a commercial scale, nor any palms of much age.

"At Indio, is located one of the Government experimental stations, where date culture is being forwarded. On an adjacent ranch, are four Deglet Noor trees that produced 300 pounds last year that sold for \$1 on the average. Twelve imported trees, on the same ranch will produce at the age of seven years, about 750 pounds of fruit, as they are now laden with 75 bunches of dates. An offer

of \$25 apiece for off-shoots from these Deglet Noors trees was refused, as the owner wished to set more plants, and considered them worth that much himself.

"At Mecca is the largest Government date garden in the valley. These trees are growing on soil containing three-tenths of one per cent alkali, and have been fertilized regularly each year with one yard of manure to the tree; and have received frequent and abundant irrigation, with prompt cultivation after each watering. The trees have been sprayed for scale. All of the old palms are heavily laden with fruit, and in splendid condition.

"Situated a few miles south west of Mecca, is an orchard containing 5000 date palms. Of these, between 300 and 400 are of bearing age, running from three to five years. The crop on them is estimated at 2000 pounds and should average 75 cts. a pound. From one Deglet Noor tree the owner took 90 pounds of fruit when it was three years old. When four years old no fruit was produced. This season, at the age of five, the crop is estimated at 250 pounds, of which 150 pounds are engaged at \$1.50 per pound. In addition the palm has already produced three off-shoots. This grower expects to net from \$300 to \$600 an acre from his dates when they have become ten years of age.

"These trees are growing in soil that contains from one to six-tenths per cent of alkali and some salt. They are fertilized with manure once a year, and for trees producing fruit potash, phosphates and cotton seed are applied. Several other ranches in this vicinity

have trees producing excellent fruit.

"The Imperial Valley is sprinkled with date plantings, and has several experimental farms where dates are grown. The trees thrive and fruit here very readily and are well adapted to such climatic conditions.

"One of the Arizona experimental farms is situated at Yuma where seven year old dates may be seen in full bearing. These trees have never been fertilized. Cultivated crops have been grown between the rows, thru which the dates have received their only tillage. In the spring of 1912 the palms were pruned severely and burned with a gasoline torch to kill the scale. After this harsh treatment one seven year old palm that already contained eight off-shoots produced ten bunches of fruit. Some palms did not bear at all.

"Fruiting palms of thrift are also to be found on the mesa near Yuma. These have had little care but the water necessary to keep them growing. One nine year palm produced, in 1911, 210 pounds of fruit that sold for 10 cts. F. O. B. Yuma.

"The date industry seems to be a coming thing for these valleys, while the results so far obtained are largely problematical, there seems to be no reason why the future shall not witness the growing of dates as a highly commercial success. The seedlings are uncertain as to sex, quality of fruit and age of bearing, but by proper selection and propagation from off shoots standard varieties can soon be produced in abundance. Scale is under control and the climatic conditions are proven. Time will do the rest.



"To clear the mind of life's obscurities—That is to live."

—F. P. Savinien

THE INDIVIDUALITY *of the* OUT-OF-DOORS

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES



No one would ever mistake a California Foothill Scene for one of its Lakes

NOBODY can mistake a landscape of the south of Ireland for a part of the prairies of Iowa or the forest-clad slopes of Michigan; nobody ever looked over the expanse of the great lakes and thought he was in the Savannahs of the South; no man ever mistook Niagara Falls for the Rhine, or the Bay of Naples for the harbor of New York. Neither did any human being ever imagine he was eating an apple when he ate an orange, or a lemon while he ate a persimmon, or a pear when he ate a peach. Every rose is different and distinct from every violet; and the callily from the poinsettia, the carnation from the fuchsia, the orchid from the cereus, the marigold from the poppy. No dog ever looked like a cat, or a burro like a cow, an elephant like a pig, or a deer like a buffalo. Every fly has its own individuality, and each creeping thing is distinct in its kind from every other creeping thing. No quaking-aspen is ever taken for an alder, no pine for a poplar, nor an elm for an oak,—each bears the stamp and seal of its own kind. No mocking-bird's song is ever confused with that of the linnet, nor the voice of the thrush with that of the cuckoo. The skylark sings its own song;

and the hermit-thrush and canyon-wren, the vireo and the robin, each has a voice that the world knows as its own.

Look at what you will, smell of what you will, taste, feel, hear what you will of the objects found in God's great out-of-doors, and each is itself, each is distinct, each is personal. And why? Is not the reason clear and self-evident? How could it be otherwise? Is not each object a clear and distinct representation of a thought of God? And how could God think indistinctly, unclearly, vaguely? If God has a thought, it is a thought, and as such must manifest itself sharp, clear, distinct, vigorous, detached, individual.

With man, sharp, clear, individual thoughts are comparatively the exception rather than the rule. Take our politicians: how vague their utterances often are. Who can tell whether the Republican platform demanded a revision *downward* of the tariff or a revision upward. "He straddles," "He is on the fence," are expressions used often about politicians, to express the vagueness of their thought, or at least the uncertainty of their avowed principles.

With scientists it is the same. Science changes yearly, until that which we be-

lieve today is wonderfully different from that which was taught yesterday. The science of geology of fifty years ago is a matter of laughter and mockery to-day; and if one were to propound to a class in astronomy to-day the ideas firmly held, believed, and taught by such eminent astronomers as Halley, Newton, or Herschel, the youngest student would have no difficulty in proving them absurd and ridiculous in the extreme. The greatest botanical society of the world is called the Linnean Society, after the great Swedish botanist, yet there is not a tyro in the study of botany to-day who does not know that his classification of plants was an incorrect and false one. And so with every science except that of mathematics. All have altered; all have changed; all have "progressed."

Has it ever occurred to you how much it means to you, individually and personally, as well as to all men collectively, that God's ideas are so real, so definite, so individual? What would become of

mankind if God—for one short day—were to think vaguely, uncertainly, unsurely, as man so often thinks? With man we are ever uncertain. "He is a man of moods," we say; "look out for him!" "She is uncertain; beware of her!" But with God is no uncertainty, no moodiness; every thought is sure.

Do you see what I mean? What would become of man if when he reached out and took an orange from the tree and tried to eat it, he found it made of granite? or sought to step on granite, and found it made of jellyfish? What would result if he went to bed at ten o'clock at night and awoke next morning at seven to find the stars still shining, the "dipper" showing that it was still seven hours before daylight? What would he think if when he stepped from his house upon the lawn, it were to let him in, and he found it were water? or if he started to drink water, he found it coal-oil?

You say these questions are too ab-



The Lake Scene is distinctly itself—different from Mountain, Forest, Plain or Canyon



Compare the Giant Saguaro of Arizona with the common Garden or Wild Flowers familiar to every Eastern Child

surd to answer. Are they? And why? There is but one reason, and that is that you are so sure, so certain of the certainty and sureness of God, that you have not the power to conceive of his changing. It is simply that you believe in the "individuality of the out-of-doors." It is because in him is found "no variableness, neither shadow of turning." And it is because of that unchangeable fact that you can turn to God at all times, knowing that he and all he has made is ever the same. How can we ever have fear of God when he is ever the same?

And it is this assurance that it is God's out-of-doors, that he controls and directs it in wisdom and love, and keeps everything stable and sure, that makes all life possible. We never think of oiling the machinery of the earth, as we do the steam-engines, wagons, carriages, automobiles of man's manufacture. Who stands guard over the axles of the earth as the greasers and oilers do at the various section stations on the railways? Where is the man—or angel—hammer in hand, who taps the wheels of the earth to see they that are sound and in no danger of breaking? How is it that you never think it is necessary for this great world-machinery to need such care? Is it not because you rest in God's unchangeableness as well as his love?

What fearful chaos would occur were God to lose hold for one day, one hour, nay, one moment! Try to conceive it! The mountains falling, the plains arising, the rivers, lakes, oceans refusing to be kept within bounds and flooding everywhere; all order lost; earth, air, sea, sky, ocean all in confusion worse confounded; birds walking or crawling; animals flying; reptiles coursing through the air; fishes traveling on land; trees refusing to remain in settled locations; the clouds taking the place of the lawns, and the lawns ascending to the sky;



What a Contrast between the Water Hyacinth and Giant Saguaro of Arizona



Each Waterfall has its own Individual Attraction and Charm as well as Distinctive Scenic Quality

the Milky Way disintegrating and falling; the planets swinging out of their courses; comets darting whither their unrestrained will leads them; all the stars of heaven loosing their hold. Instead of harmony, peace, happiness, the whole universe would go crashing, jangling, roaring, tossing, amid fearful fire and flame, down, down, down, into the awfulness and horror, the dreadfulness and terror, of wreck and annihilation.

A few days after the San Francisco earthquake, I stood on Nob Hill and looked over the scene of the wreck and fire. I went up to Santa Rosa and down to Salinas, and followed the line of the disaster. On a map of California, a pen-and-ink line drawn almost directly from one point to the other, north and south, would locate and specify the territory seriously affected by the earthquake. Fifty miles on each side of that line its power and influence were unknown. Yet the horror of that earthquake and consequent fire thrilled the heart of the world. The shake upon that insignifi-

cant line—insignificant when the vastness of the world untouched by it is considered—turned the thought of every man and woman of all civilized countries toward California and San Francisco. I saw the widest and deepest crack made by the earthquake, and a good athlete could easily have jumped across it. I saw the places where the earth's surface "buckled" with the motion, and a score of teams, under the direction of their drivers, could level them in a day. Had it not been for the fire that followed the earthquake, a month would have seen the damage repaired and the whole event forgotten. Yet what a stir we made about it! How it excited mankind! Why?—It was so unexpected, so novel, so strange. In other words, we have become so assured that the world is God's and that he controls it, that anything that seems to suggest that it is not so, entirely confuses and disconcerts us. Men live the life of security because unconsciously they believe that "in Him we live, and move, and have our being."

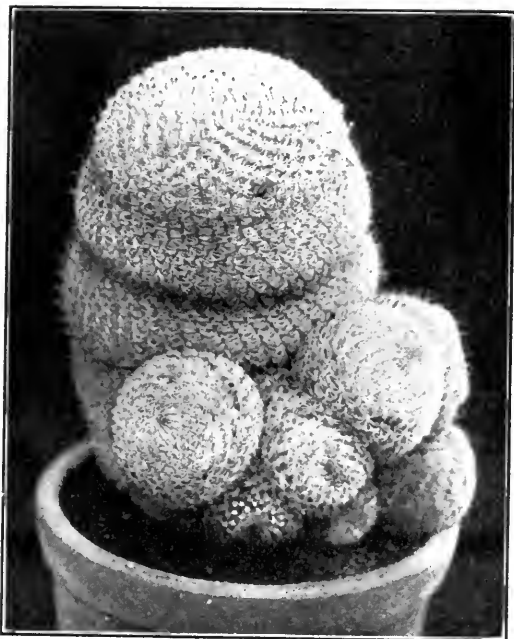


Crater Lake, Oregon, entirely and altogether unlike any other Lake in America

Do you believe that every fruit, every flower, every tree, every bird, every insect, every animal is a visualized thought of God, an idea of God's mind? Do you see those two sparrows, English sparrows at that? They are not only worthless (so they tell us), but worse than useless. Yet Christ used them to point out this very moral I am trying to get at; namely, that if these inferior objects are individual thoughts of God, and he cares for them, you and I also are definite, distinct thoughts of his, and he, never slumbering nor sleeping, watching ever over his Israel, never for one moment ceases to think of us, and toward us, and always for our good. What a glorious, helpful, stimulating thought this is! It takes away all discouragement, all disheartenment, and sends us on our way rejoicing.

Christ asserted that not one of these common, insignificant sparrows falls to the ground without our Heavenly Father knowing it; and, if it be one of his ideas, how can he ever ignore it? Then how much more does he care for us! how much more will he protect us, will he guard, and guide, and lead us, if we allow ourselves to be led! For we are made in his likeness, and are of more value in his sight than many sparrows.

Do you think that you are cast here into this world to fight your own battles alone? Do you feel disheartened, discouraged, dismayed at the fierceness of the conflict, the speed of the age, the



Note the exquisite order of the arrangement of the Spines on this Desert Mamillaria or Small Cactus

selfishness of the combatants? Do you wonder how you can ever stand up under it all and keep on going? Let me whisper a word in your ear. Don't try to fight alone. Don't try to keep up. Quit the fierce, selfish, cruel conflict. It is not for you. Here is your mission: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." When you get up in the morning, start out with *that* thought in your mind; not, "I have to go and plunge into this awful warfare again." At noon, when you are at liberty to rest for a few minutes, remind yourself, "The kingdom of God—truth, love, purity, honor for myself, and righteousness—the giving of these things to all with whom I come in contact,—these are my mission, my business. I am not here to amass material wealth,—gold, silver, precious stones, and the like,—for what of them? These things are only tem-

porary. There will be no pocket in my shroud, in which I can carry them away."

*"All you can hold in your dead cold hand
Is what you have given away,"—*

given away of love, of helpfulness, of brotherly kindness, of truth, of honor, of assistance to others.

And if every day's close enables you to sit down and say, "I have been enabled to-day to bless some weary soul, help some weak brother, guide some sinning sister; I have to-day battled with pride, anger, jealousy, with hatred, malice, evil-speaking, and have *overcome*," you have had a grand day,—a good day, a rich day, a blessed day, a glorious day,—for you have put into your bank account something real, something permanent, something eternal, that no burglar can loot, no thief steal, no fire destroy.

From Life and Health.



Compare the Golden Poppy of California with the Mamillaria

The Man who took a Risk

By Nettie Lounsbury Curtis

MISS ELLERTON will see you in the 'Green Parlor' sir," said the tidy English maid at his elbow to Copley Turner as he sauntered out from the cafe.

The man nodded his head, even lifted his hat courteously, but passed on to the verandah where he stopped to light a cigarette, only to throw it away again after a few puffs; then, pacing up and down, pulling fiercely at the ends of his mustache, finally with determined air he sought the interview.

The Green Parlor was a small octagonal room, all windows seemingly, built at one end of the inn and jutting out upon the lake. Secluded and distant from the hum of voices it was seldom frequented by guests at this hour.

Here in the flooding sunset light, Turner advanced to meet his beautiful betrothed, who with her mother and invalid brother, had been traveling through the western hills seeking health for the latter.

At thirty Copley Turner was a man whom no stranger would fail to glance at a second time. Of athletic figure, good-featured and well-dressed, his manner indicated power and energy; his glance evidenced integrity and loyalty, but a keen observer of character would have noted the lurking marks of self-will and masculine selfishness stamped upon an otherwise attractive face.

"Agnes, my love!"

"Copley!"

"My letter prepared you for my arrival, Sweetheart, and as I have only one short hour between trains, we must plunge right into the midst of business. Kiss me first. Put your arms tight around my neck. Tell me you are glad to see me, and that you love me better than all the world besides," and Turner clasped the slight figure to his bosom, his hand lingering on the soft brown hair.

The girl with happy eyes and heightened color brushed away the stray locks which her lover's warm embrace had disarranged:

"I do love you dearly, and with all my heart, Copley. It is a great happiness to have you near again," and the lovely eyes looked with fond affection into his own.

"Then you may prove it at once, darling. I am going to take a lease of 'Wildwood' for three years. It is within a mile of the Works and very convenient for me. We will be married next month and go there to live at once."

"But, Copley, mother needs me just now."

"Nonsense! I need you more and I must have you. You shall be mistress of 'Wildwood' within a month. Tonight I go to Denmar, where my car will pick me up at sunrise, and from there to the Works. I will come for my bride three weeks from to-day. This western life is one of action," and he straightened himself unconsciously, proud of his own powers.

"Copley, the doctors here say the climate does not seem to agree with Walter. They advise a long stay abroad. You have earned a good vacation after so many years of hard work. Come with us, dear, to Europe."

"What, leave now when the goal is almost in sight? My ambition is to get chief control of the executive force of all the mines in my section. Everything must give way to that." He put his hand hastily through the hair lying so abundantly on his fine brow, brushing it back, as if thus he would remove every obstacle in his path.

"You do not love me entirely or you would never propose such an alternative, Agnes," said he reproachfully.

"We are both still young, dear," she

pleaded. "Our engagement is only three months old, and I have others to think of, before I can yield to my own personal wishes."

"Your wishes, darling, will be controlled by your lover's, will they not!" and the tone of passionate ownership thrilled her with painful longing.

The girl charming in her light filmy evening gown, moved slightly apart from her lover. Her great blue eyes were fixed steadily upon him and her extreme pallor indicated the intensity of her feeling.

"Copley, I told you a few minutes ago that I loved you better than all the world besides. I made a mistake. I love my duty better, and its 'high, stern-featured beauty' will amply recompense me if you persist in misinterpreting my motives."

The sweetness of her face and the exultation of her tone caught and held the man's heart for a moment, then he burst forth impetuously:

"Your first duty is to me now, Agnes; and the decision must be final. Your mother will do very well with Walter without you!"

"Copley, our Walter may not live a year longer. Mother depends on me. Come with us to Europe," once more begged Agnes with winning grace.

"Impossible! and if that is your decision, let us say good-bye at once; for I must go." Turning on his heel his quick step was soon heard in the distance crossing the marble floor of the hall. Rapid questions at the desk pushed aside any twinges of compunction for the girl who had met her ordeal so bravely, but whom he fancied dropped suddenly as he strode away.

Over at the Works next day, he seized eagerly a yellow envelope handed to him, tore it away, and read the following message:

"Ordered to Carlsbad immediately. Leave by Pullman Special at eight tonight. Agnes."

A revulsion of feeling held the strong man in its grip. His Agnes going away for months, perhaps years! He had left her in anger. In fact he was brutal just at the end. How courageously she had faced him, resisting her own heart!

"I will go to her at once," he decided remorsefully, crossing over to the hotel rapidly, giving orders to his subordinates in sharp brief sentences.

"No train to Denmar before nine forty-eight to-night, sir," was the clerk's reply to his question.

"Then it must be the car at once," he ordered.

In another quarter of an hour Copley Turner was tucking the lap robe in well under his knees as he slowly sank to the seat by the chauffeur.

"How long is the distance, did you say, to the Crystal Spring House?" and he turned to the affable clerk who stood on the steps to speed the parting guest.

"Sixty-eight miles, Mr Turner, and mighty poor roads."

Copley frowned heavily. Only a few hours intervened before the departure of his betrothed for the East. An hour's delay was an hour lost.

"There is the little Cork-Screw Canyon Road, Mr. Turner," said the man hesitatingly, stepping nearer, and digging his toes into the gravel. "That would diminish a full third of the distance, but 'tis hardly safe. You want nothing in front of you excepting another machine faster than your own." He glanced admiringly at the handsome little auto, known at the Works as "The Clipper."

To Copley's abrupt demand for information he learned that far down between the two settlements, a fissure in the rocks ran for some four or five miles, so narrow it was impossible for one vehicle to pass another; that a few years before a compassionate jailer had turned a gang of prisoners into this gully to make the roadway a passable short-cut over to the Spring, only five miles from its lower exit. The passage was only used in life and death exigencies except by horsemen.

The chauffeur listened keenly to the data furnished to his master, for he knew Mr. Turner too well to imagine any risk or deed of daring could delay him in his attempt to reach the girl he loved.

"Off, Wilkins," and the car glided away as on wings of enchantment.

They settled down for a long steady ride in a country of gently declining

roads almost heedless of the crisp October weather and the gorgeous scenery on all sides.

"Can we make the Spring in two hours, Wilkins, over these infernal roads?"

"Hardly sir."

"Then at Black-Hawk Tavern we turn into little Cork-Screw Canyon"; and a determined dare-devil look swept over the face of the manager of the Lead-town Silver Mines.

"All right, sir."

Over rougher roads on so swift an errand the little car had never been forced to go. They made all the time they could on every smooth stretch, but the greater portion of the distance they threaded their way over highways where road-commissioners seemed unknown.

The sun was lowering in the west and a great silence fell between the men, as with strained vision and grim faces they turned the curve into Grasslow Valley, passing Black-Hawk Tavern, and entered the perilous passage through the crevasse.

Here they found the road bed fairly good but there was scarcely a foot in width to spare on either side, and the sun was chary of his light as it glinted down over the perpendicular walls, rising from thirty to fifty feet in height.

Copley Turner was in no mood to notice the dancing shadows on mossy niche, gray lichen or clumps of ferns, as Wilkins steered the car through the tortuous sloping defile. Perchance a stray reminiscence of his school-boy days flitted through his mind as he saw something white on the road ahead, and his imagination possibly rioted over its semblance to the dove sent through the Symplegades or Clashing Rocks of the classic myth.

Wilkins had straightened himself. He was going with intensest caution round each descending curve. What was that ahead of them anyway? They were gaining on it! A girl in a white habit on a roan steed? She sat her horse well, but they were surely gaining on her on that accursed descent, and there was no such thing as passing.

Every nerve in the strong man's body began to quiver. Where had he seen such luxuriant golden-brown hair, save on his own beloved one! Loosened now, it fell like a shining cloud around

her. Doubt gave way to certainty. He feared to shout lest her animal's speed should be checked, and the poor beast and his fair rider be offered in sacrifice before a modern Juggernaut. He likewise feared to keep still lest the girl should not appreciate the appalling danger.

What was the matter with that new brake? Was it going back on them before they reached the mouth of the Canyon?

There comes a time in the life of every human being when his own faults stand out sharply before him in all their ugliness with more than cameo-like distinctness. Such a moment had now arrived for Copley Turner. His own hand relentlessly pulled aside the cloaking draperies made by time, education and environment, and revealed to him his true inner self with all its accumulation of selfish habits, obstinate traits and arbitrary will, from boyhood down to the present crisis.

"She has received my telegram saying I would start at once for the Crystal Spring House," moaned he to himself; "and she thought to accompany me part of the way by taking this short cut which I had no business to risk. What accident has overtaken her groom?"

"Fly, fly," hoarsely burst forth Copley standing up.

The girl looking back recognized the face and form of her lover, heard the tone frenzied with anxiety, and the lovely smile on her delighted face changed to wild fear as she lashed her horse to greater exertion.

Five minutes; no sign of the mouth of the canyon, and the front of the car almost touched the haunches of the flying steed.

Another five minutes: the entrance was in sight! Like an oasis on the desert to a traveler perishing from thirst, or as a spar to a drowning man, their strained eyes were rooted on the distant picture presented as through a lens.

"On, on, Agnes my beloved! Courage! We are nearly out." The reverberation drowned the words of the agonized lover, but at the shout the old racer was again forced to increased speed, and again a few yards distanced them.

"The brake does not respond, Mr. Tur-

ner," said Wilkins at length; but love's keen prescience had already noted the terrible truth.

"On, on, Agnes; only a minute more," and the animal plunged before the grazing wheels.

Out into the clear open at last rushed the spirited roan as if a pack of furies was behind him. His almost unconscious mistress still clinging to his neck was lifted down at the little inn not far off, and gently ministered to by the kind-hearted host and his wife, until the arrival of the big man with the white face whose machine stood some hundred yards away submitting to the skillful manipulations of the chauffeur.

"Agnes, my little white lamb!" and the man's voice broke as he gathered her in his arms. "That treacherous brake and never-ceasing down grade! I shall never forgive myself this escapade nor all my beastly selfish conduct. Will you marry me to-night at the Spring-House and let me go to Europe with you after such behavior?"

The blue eyes sought his with unflinching trust:

"Yes, Copley, even here if you like," and she looked smilingly around at the close little room with its faded rag carpet and dingy chairs."



The Pointing Pencil

THE CHANCE WORD, OR OPPORTUNITY

By Martha Martin Newkirk

WHEN Longfellow wrote his simple rhymes on the "Arrow and the Song," he illustrated life's opportunities.

Almost any day one might recount a story of opportunities "caught on the fly," or allowed to pass unrealized. This was brought home to me recently by an incident.

Some acquaintances from a distance were making a friendly call. They had never been at Mrs. G.'s house before, and probably would pass on not to return. Mrs. G.'s mind had worn in itself a channel of discontent over her unsatisfactory cottage. During the short call of her friends she opened the floodgates and let the bitter waters of her discontent flow through, much to the annoyance of her family. After the visitors had gone a young friend who felt privileged to express himself said, "*And that was your one opportunity to say something that might have been for good.*"

The message Browning gives in "Pippa Passes" is just that of opportunity. "*Even the child voice singing, God's in His heaven, All's right With the world,*" may mark a life.

One comfort that must salve many of the gospel preacher's weary years is surely that some words of his are marking lives.

I know a woman whose whole life was electrified, in her early childhood by a text and a sermon. She says she was an indolent child, dreaming away the days. She had never awakened. But the minister read, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." From the sermon that followed the child awoke, and all her life she has been a worker, searching for the best things—"what thy hand findeth." The preacher went his way, and never knew that the "arrow" had found a lodgement.

A passing colporteur, the old-fashioned traveling Bible man, spoke at a wayside schoolhouse in Iowa. A little boy of twelve followed the burning words of the traveler. And, years after, he went into the ministry. His voice rang in the great Central Music Hall in Chicago. Later, New York found a pulpit for this worker, who claims that he was roused and fired for his life work by the passing

traveler. This man was Newell Dwight Hillis.

On the other hand, the Recording Angel must sigh over mortal failures to seize the present chance.

Recently a great audience had gathered to hear a brilliant speaker. But the "powers that be" in churches, decided to raise a lot of money before the chief speaker was allowed to proceed. A pleasant voiced man undertook to create enthusiasm—for giving. With tactics much like that of an auctioneer on his block, this talker extracted dollars from the audience. "Who'll be the next to give?" "I've got \$25," called one of the collectors, in the tone of a fisherman who yells "I've got a bite." It was a regular "Hurrah boys" occasion. A "whoop'er up" hour. The solicitor for funds made merry over every pledge given. "Ah, there's Sister Blank. Anxious to get rid of some money, just burning her fingers—she wants to get rid of it so quick."

"Ten, did you say? Oh! O-h! Twelve! That's better." And there were hand clappings and loud enthusiasm

that still Sabbath morning, while a hot audience waited to hear the great speaker.

At length he came forward. A sense of satisfaction breathed through the hall. Then it was still. Noble words from The Book fell like balm upon the spirit.

Then the great preacher closed the book and lifted up a mighty voice. But for what? To attack another denomination, a cult and a modern faith. Oh, the pity of it! To waste his one chance to plant seed for the immortal harvest. A weed puller! An iconoclast! The Master said,

That Failed! "Let both grow until the harvest." And He also by precept and example urged "Feed my sheep." The Good Shepherd didn't lecture to his flock to beware of nettles and weeds. He led them to "green pastures, beside still waters." A soul full of good thoughts, fed on noble truths, has no hankering for "cults." "A lost opportunity," groaned one who left that great auditorium, "and a lost morning for me."

The word we had not sense to say—

Who knows how grandly it had rung?

E. R. SILL



*"Pattering through the parlors,
 Romping overhead,
 Racing in the garden,
 Tumbling in the bed;
 Laughing in the morning,
 At the peep of light,
 Kissing in the evening,
 When they bid 'good-night,'
 Tugging at my heart-strings,
 Hour, and day, and year,
 Cling the little children
 God has sent me here."*

J. C. Duncan.

A GOVERNMENT OWNED RAILWAY FOR ALASKA

THE readers of *Out West* are doubtless familiar with the attempt of certain capitalists to "benevolently—assimilate" the productive coal-fields and other resources of Alaska, and the big fight that ensued ere their plans were thwarted. The people of the United States are awakening to the fact that they, as a whole,—not a few especially favored ones—have a right to enjoy some of the emolument that comes from the exploitation of these newly-discovered natural resources of our common territory. Hence they took an unusual interest in this fight between the "big business interests" and what they conceived to be the forces that sought the protection of their own interests. They rejoiced when the government of the U. S. withdrew all the Alaska lands from immediate exploitation, but they now feel that the withdrawal should be modified and the development of the country's natural resources begun. They were pleasantly surprised, therefore, when Secretary Fisher, of the Interior Department, suggested to Charles F. Bocher, of the House of Representatives, that all the machinery and material used in the construction of the Panama Canal be removed to Alaska as soon as it is no longer needed on the Canal, and there utilized for building and operating a trunk railway, *to be owned and operated by the Government*, from Resurrection Bay,—the chosen coaling station of the U. S. Navy at Tidewater,—to the Valley of the Yukon.

Here are some salient extracts from the Hon. Secretary's letter to Mr. Bocher:

"The United States has never carried on any Governmental enterprise of which it has greater reason to be proud, or with which it should be better satisfied in every way, than the construction of the Panama Canal and incidentally

the operation of the railroad across the Isthmus, which has been, and is now being, utilized in connection with the canal. This railroad has been extended and used not merely in the work of excavation and construction, but it has carried a very considerable volume of freight as a common carrier. It has been operated under the Isthmian Canal Commission, and this, in turn, has conducted its work under a very simple, brief, and effective act of Congress. What is needed in Alaska is the prompt enactment of a statute authorizing the construction of the Yukon railway under provisions as simple, brief, and effective as those which have worked so successfully at Panama.

"The work at Panama is nearing completion. We have there an engineering and executive organization which must soon be disbanded unless we seize this opportunity to transfer as much of it as may be needed to Alaska. It is an opportunity which should not be lost. There is at Panama a considerable amount of machinery and tools suitable for railroad construction, and also of railway materials and equipment which the Isthmian Canal Commission has been using in its work, but the need of which will rapidly diminish during the coming months, and all of which must ultimately be sold, much of it for prices far below its real value for utilization in Alaska. The Isthmian Commission has had to construct and operate much more railroad mileage than will be permanently needed at Panama. The surplus machinery and material can be transferred from Panama to Alaska by water at comparatively small expense. It will be released at Panama as rapidly as it can be utilized in Alaska if the necessary legislation is immediately passed by Congress."

The Secretary then gives a some-

what detailed account of the material the Panama Commission will soon have at liberty and continues:

"How much of the material at Panama can be used and what will be its real value I do not know, nor do I regard this as important. It is substantial in quantity and value and clearly sufficiently important to justify taking it into consideration and utilizing it so far as it may be found available. * * * * *

"The essential thing for the development of Alaska is the construction of a railroad from tidewater to the valley of the Yukon, thus connecting the great interior waterway system with the coast, and there with the world. The bill I am suggesting provides that Resurrection Bay shall be the tidewater terminus of the railroad and I invite your attention to the reasons I have given for recommending Resurrection Bay in the statement which has been published as Bulletin 36 of the Bureau of Mines. Resurrection Bay has been selected as a coaling station by the Navy Department, and I believe that your Committee should consider whether the development of this harbor and the construction of the railroad from it to the interior would not be justified upon military and naval as well as upon commercial considerations. It is also suggested that, during five months of the year, water transportation for coal may be made available on Cook Inlet or Knik Arm, within a short distance from the Matanuska coal field (General Marshall thinks from forty to sixty miles from the best parts of the field). This would reduce

the demands upon the line between Knik Arm and Seward and would remove the necessity for some heavy construction which would be required if the entire traffic is to pass over that line. I have pointed out in my annual report to the President the agricultural possibilities which would be opened by the proposed railroad.

"It has been urged that the act of Congress should not itself definitely fix Resurrection Bay as the tidewater terminus of the proposed railway, but that all the available routes should be considered. Believing that, when everything is taken into consideration, Resurrection Bay will be found to be the most available harbor, I prefer to have it definitely selected in the bill because this will enable action to be taken more promptly. It is also suggested that the Commission should have authority to lease or make operating agreements with the existing railroads, if it prefers to do this, rather than to construct an entirely independent railroad or to acquire any of the existing roads for this purpose. I believe that it will be better for the Government to own in its entirety an independent trunk line from tidewater to the Yukon (or one of its navigable tributaries) rather than lease or contract for operating rights over parts of such a line."

Out West is heartily in sympathy with Secretary Fisher's endeavor and urges upon its readers the importance of doing all they can to further it by writing to Senators and Congressmen and urging its adoption.



How to Curb and Utilize the Flood Waters of the Colorado River

The Colorado River is a constant and two-fold menace to all the people residing along its borders and relying upon it for water to irrigate their lands. When the snows of the mountains at its sources are melting with too great rapidity it goes on a rampage, washes away levees and restraining walls, eats into towns and settlements, destroys bridges, floods large settled areas, destroys thousands of dollars worth of property, causes occasional loss of life, and induces a sense of discomfort and insecurity that is disadvantageous alike to home life and prosperous business. There are several communities in California and Arizona which are thus afflicted and to which the Colorado River is a constant menace; these are Cottonia, the Indian lands at Needles, the town of Needles, Cibola, the Chemhuevi Valley, portions of the Mohave Indian Reservation, the Palo Verde Valley, the Yuma Indian Reservation, the Yuma Valley, and the Imperial Valley, while great tracts off and in Mexico are also constantly threatened.

This year the river arose unexpectedly, flooded immense areas of land, washed away levees that had been constructed at thousands of dollars worth of expense, destroyed miles of canal and caused tremendous uneasiness and financial loss. The president of the United States was called upon for help and suggested the passage of a bill authorizing the immediate expenditure of a million and a quarter of dollars to rebuild and reinforce the protecting levees and thus relieve the situation. Although all the senators and representatives involved worked valiantly for the bill it did not become a law owing to the lateness of the session and the fact that the appropriation bill had already passed.

Even had this bill passed, it is apparent, however, to those who have given much

thought and study to the question, that it does not adequately meet the situation. Prior to the time of this flood the Mexican Government had made an appeal to the United States Government asking that its rights to a certain amount of the water of the Colorado River for the irrigation within its territory be determined. The Imperial Valley had sent its representative to Washington to ask for the appointment of a commission to determine its rights to the waters of the River which it claimed were being infringed upon by other and later filers of claims. The Assistant Secretary of the Interior had issued an order notifying all persons interested that no further claims to the waters of the Colorado River could be recognized until these conflicting claims had been duly adjudicated and settled.

Hence it is apparent that an anomalous situation exists in regard to the waters of this river. On the one hand the people dwelling upon its borders are crying for a larger share or a surer supply of its water, whilst at the same time they are appealing for protection from its overflow during flood times.

Such a condition as this surely ought not to exist. The water-users and land-owners of the Colorado River districts are intelligent enough to think out a solution of this problem and they surely have influence enough to present it to the various departments at Washington, secure their approval, and then embody their desires in a bill which, if passed, will bring the matter to a reasonable and happy conclusion.

If the surplus waters during the flood-time of the Colorado River can be impounded in the upper reaches of the river where they have their origin in the melting snow-banks of the mountain slopes, the question of devastation by floods will be largely solved. At the

same time the impounding of these waters will solve the other question by holding in storage the excess supply until it is needed for the purposes of irrigation.

California and Arizona should get together on this question and bring their united influence to bear to produce the desired results. Let a campaign of education be inaugurated so that everybody will understand the problem and its proposed solution. At the proposed convention to be held under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce of Los Angeles, in that or some other city, all the interests involved should be fully represented. Let the situation be fully discussed and examined, conclusions arrived at, and a bill asking for the needed relief properly drafted and arrangements made to have it properly presented at the next session of Congress.

We believe the calling of this convention to be the first rational step to produce the end desired. With all interested communities united to secure a reasonable and just object their voices will have considerable weight and influence. Our senators and representatives are ready to help further every reasonable project that has the welfare of these communities at heart.

The Imperial Valley has risen in a few years into a horticultural and agricultural supremacy that has made it world-famed. Its people have reclaimed a barren and forbidding desert, that thirty years ago the Congress of the United States was willing to give away by the hundreds of thousands of acres, into one of the most fertile regions of the world. The same has been done all along the pathway of the Colorado River and there are still other desert areas within easy reach which are simply waiting for the vivifying energy of its waters to blossom as the rose and make

homes for countless happy and prosperous people. The cost to the Government will be ridiculously small compared to the gigantic results obtained. It is a federal question to be settled only by federal means.

The State of California especially has a right to be heard in its demands upon this subject. The profits from the sale of its public lands have been decreed by law to belong to the work of reclamation of its arid lands. All the districts named come under this category and whether they were reclaimed by private interests or by the United States Reclamation Service it ought to make no difference when the question of their permanency is involved and their existence is threatened either by the flood waters of the Colorado or by a too great scarcity of its waters, owing to the lack of proper conservation. Hence it is proper that the resources of the Government should be called upon to protect the work already accomplished and the further work of reclamation already begun.

To those who are not acquainted with the Government reports of the annual flow of the water of the Colorado River, the tables that show the monthly flow are both illuminative and interesting. They show that in the year of lowest flow, namely, 1902, nearly eight million acre feet were discharged. The highest flow was in 1907 when twenty-five and a half million acre feet were discharged.

The question has also been raised as to the feasibility of building reservoirs of large storage capacity on the headwaters of the Colorado River. A number of sites are named by Mr. James D. Schuyler, the eminent consulting engineer, of Los Angeles, in his report to the Chuckawalla and Palo Verde Irrigation Association, which he obtained from Mr. T. W. Jaycox, C. E., former State Engineer.



The Soul of San Diego

By Nellie Hawks

SAN DIEGO! the acknowledged on the Nation's wide-spread roll
Of cities famed in worth and grandeur—city of unbounded Soul—
Greets the world with heart most tender; bids the world a sweet God-speed;
Thanks the Father of the Waters that from thrall-dom she is freed.
Thanks the Father of the Lightnings that He rent the binding-chain;
Gave to her at last the lease-way she had striven years to gain.
Thankful that the soul within her that betimes had dormant stood
Has been quickened into power; grown a State's great Brotherhood
For she holds not grudge not anger 'gainst traducers, and her foes;
Rather—in her strength and valor would she heal another's woes.
She would write a peaceful future for all hearts upon her scroll;
She is gracious, and forgiving! *SAN DIEGO* has a *SOUL*.

Fate seemed intent to rob her of her glory and renown,
For disasters dark and crushing swept this oldest West Coast town!
From out the aeoned past, perhaps, grief was her tragic "due,"
But at last she claims her *BIRTHRIGHT*, for she met it, firm and true.—
A city born of Faith and Fire, with Spirit naught could daunt!
Her pure desire, her holy trust, shield her, despite all taunt.

Souls old and tried are always great. They know their force-reserve!
And the *SOUL* of this old city would not from her course swerve,
Or play into the hands of men or Corporations bold.
She met the situation, just as had been foretold!
With every new disaster she all but held her breath,
But her staunch and true defenders swore new loyalty "till death!"
She would never ask for pity, monied-aid or helping hand,
She would sink with her own sorrow, or would make a greater stand
For Liberty! for Light and Growth! No one should hear her moan!
She would fight her fight forever, if need be—and alone!
Her struggling sister-cities loved her doom to prophesy,
Oftimes told the world about them, "San Diego can but die."
But she raised her eyes to heaven when the dark breath of despair
Sought to settle round about her. And the world heard her declare—
Her day of hard-wrought triumph would be heralded—sometime!
To every Nation of the world. In every land and clime.

The cup of disappointment? She has drained it o'er and o'er;
But today the wealth of *ALL THE WORLD* stands waiting at her door.
She quaffed the cup of bitterness; hoped-for friends deride,
But she calmly waited storms to pass; watches the coming, going tide.
She clad herself in armor of invulnerable steel;
She drew her mantle 'round her, expanded in her zeal.
And never in her deepest gloom did she falter—mis-believe
That from all of her misfortunes she'd be granted full reprieve.

With the dawn of nineteen-hundred her soul-renewed desire
And the blood of youth and hopefulness were quickened into fire.

*She became a seething caldron of unquenchable intent,
 As tho the fire-traced word, "SUCCESS!", from heaven had been sent.
 She believed she saw it written—(Who shall say that she did not)—
 In the sky beneath a rainbow, (A Rainbow with its pot
 Of proverbial gold and silver)—meaning more than gold in coin,
 For it told: The Master-Builder meant the Colony to join,
 He has given to San Diego, a new lease of Life and Growth,
 And the people of its hostage are not friends to sinful sloth;
 They are folk of urgent spirit; people of distinctive thrift;
 They had never deigned to listen to the sometimes-proffered 'Lift!
 They are children of a people of inherent will and power,
 Who eighty years before the sailing of the historied Mayflower—
 Left their ships upon the waters dancing with the ebbing tide
 While they made a trial-footing on the land they had espied.*

*She holds within her treasure-cup so many trusts and claims!
 She holds by right! in pride and love, Hosts of illustrious names.*

*"Tucked out of sight and far away!"—the world of her has said,
 "Clad in a swaddling-garment and in her cradle-bed;
 A child born but to perish—at the end of all the earth."
 But in her soul she knew that she was not of transient birth.
 And thus her time she bided with bated breath awhile—(the while—;
 She met the onslaught of her foes with courage-proven smile,)
 For a something all within her, said: "Forgive them of their sins;
 Someday the world will come to know—This is Where the World Begins!"*



Universal Peace

UNIVERSAL PEACE will be realized as the adherents of the various religions recognize that Brotherhood of all mankind is a fact in nature; that the difference in expressions and forms employed in worshiping God is due to the degree of the development of the race, the nature of the clime, and the age in which it takes place. Great Teachers come to all races; the religion founded by them is based upon Truth, teeming with a philosophy which those to whom it is given are capable of understanding. As we learn to know that God the Father provides all the people of the earth with a religion adapted to their needs, we will study other religions for the purpose of understanding them, and devote our efforts to the service of those who may need our help in matters in which we excel, and eagerly learn from those having attained to an advanced state of spiritual unfoldment; we will build into our own consciousness a tolerance for all creeds and religions, daily striving to attain a broader conception of God and man's relation to Him; we will study our own religion, exemplifying it by attending to the work nearest to us, endeavoring to remove the beam from our own eye. Humanity is taking on an increased confiding trust in God, and a firmer belief in the teaching that, as we sow, so also shall we reap. What man thinks upon that he thereafter becomes. As causes precede results, so man continuing to live nobler will be followed by Universal Peace.

JOHN HAY.



Santa Ana

“The Substantial”

Marvelous thrift of
Orange County's Metropolis

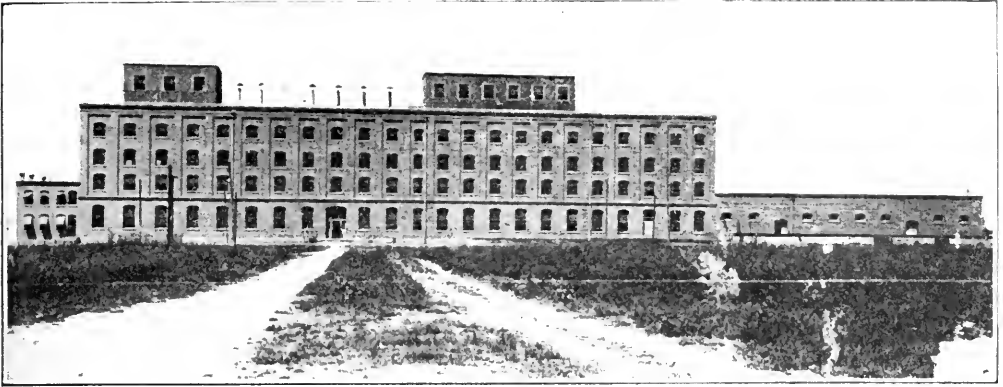
By Linn L. Shaw
Postmaster

ONE of the chief lines of tourist travel in Southern California is the Santa Fe system from Los Angeles to San Diego, the luxurious trains of which carry many thousands of delighted sightseers annually. It is doubtful, however, if any considerable proportion of these fortunate enough to enjoy this trip realize that for some forty miles of the distance they are traversing the heart of the richest and most wonderful region in all the world, for such is the claim with which Orange County challenges any other section of the universe.

Thirty-five miles southeasterly from Los

Angeles, on the Santa Fe line to San Diego, is situated the thriving city of Santa Ana, the County Seat of this wonderful region, which is now rapidly forging to the front as one of the leading points of Southern California. Located in almost the exact center of the rich Santa Ana Valley, this city is a natural commercial center, besides offering all the climatic advantages obtainable elsewhere. Two other great railway systems enter the town from Los Angeles—the Southern Pacific and the Pacific Electric,—and there is also both steam and electric connection with the beach, only twelve miles distant. To the eastward, at about the same dis-





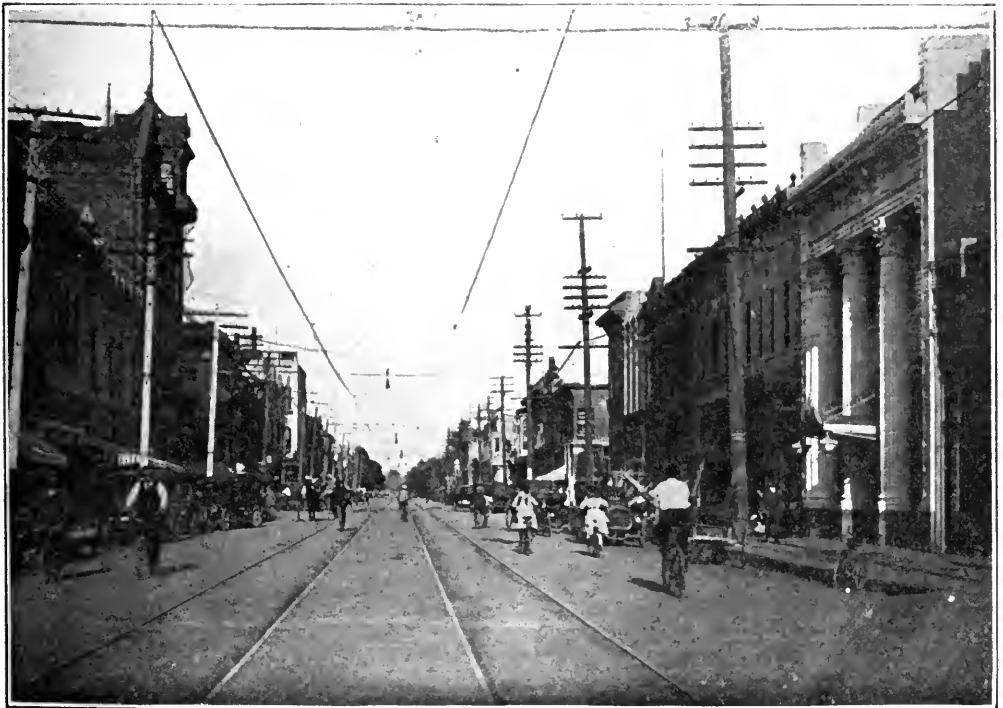
Plant of the Southern California Sugar Company, Santa Ana, Cal.

tance, rises a majestic mountain range where many beautiful canyons are easy of access. The vast area lying between the ocean and these mountains is almost all under cultivation, and presents a most surprisingly diversified list of farm and orchard products.

Proximity to the ocean provides an even and enjoyable climate, the ocean breezes tempering the atmosphere in winter and summer alike. Extremes of either heat or cold are unknown, which condition has brought Orange County to the front rank with many products which do not reach their highest state of perfection elsewhere. In this category may be mentioned the Valencia orange, for which

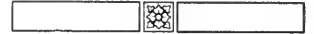
delicious fruit this county has held the world's record for price for many years.

While the orange industry reaches very majestic proportions in this favored county (4,500 earloads having been marketed last year) it is far from being the most important one. Foremost in point of value comes the sugar beet, of which crop 35,000 acres are planted, yielding a return of \$3,500,000 to the farmers. Another great crop is that of Lima beans, comprising about 30,000 acres, of which twenty five square miles lie in one unbroken field. Twelve million pounds of English walnuts valued at \$1,400,000.00 were also raised last year in this snug little County, while 10,000,000

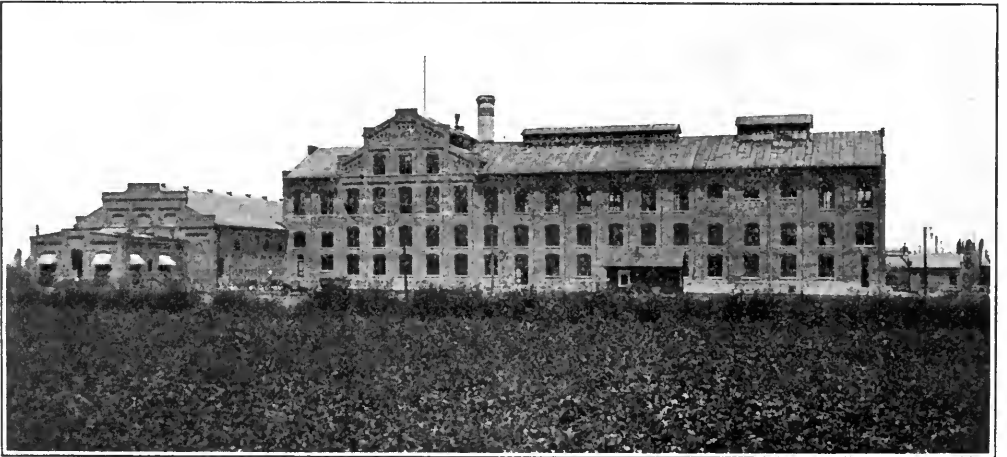


Fourth Street, Santa Ana, looking East from Sycamore

Photo by R. C. Boyd



**Orange County Court House,
Santa Ana, Cal., largest and most
handsome structure in the County.**



Plant of the Santa Ana Co-Operative Sugar Co. *Erected by the Dyer Co., Cleveland, O.*

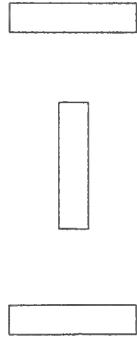


**French Street, Santa Ana, in the
Residence District.**

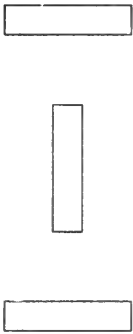




Elks' Home 794, Santa Ana



CITY HALL AND CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



barrels of crude oil, valued at \$7,000,000 helped very materially in swelling the total value of products, which reached over \$25,000,000 or more than \$700 for every man, woman and child of its population.

Over 75,000 acres were last year planted to cereals and hay yielding a return of \$1,127,000 and yet this very respectable sum was exceeded over two hundred dollars by the out-put from poultry and eggs. Other important crops, with their annual value, are apricots, \$360,000; lemons, \$175,000; celery, \$600,000; potatoes, \$800,000; honey, \$110,000; butter and cream, \$150,000; berries, \$50,000; olives \$30,000; chili peppers, \$30,000; tomatoes, \$50,000; cabbage, \$60,000; wool \$26,000; fish, \$27,000; onions, \$30,000; while many other products are exported in lesser quantities, including apples, peaches, pears, grape fruit, peanuts, cauliflower, green corn, wine and brandy.

Orange County leads the world in at least two great products, namely, the sugar beet and English walnut and may claim the same distinction as regards the Valencia orange. There

are five large beet sugar factories in the county, (two of which are located at Santa Ana) out of a total of fourteen in the state, or seventy-seven in the United States.

As before stated, this city is the county seat and commercial center of this favored county, and its stability is perhaps best indicated from the fact that with a population of about 12,000 the resources of its six banks aggregate nearly \$6,000,000. The city is growing very rapidly, the building permits for 1911 reaching well over half a million dollars, while, for 1912 they promise to total double that amount.

Santa Ana's school facilities are of the best, including the kindergarten, grammar and high school courses, a feature of the latter department being the most efficient commercial school on the coast. Two hundred thousand dollars were recently voted for a magnificent polytechnic high school, and practical courses in manual training, domestic science and art work are furnished pupils in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades.

A very reliable index of the city's growth



Main Street, Santa Ana, looking North from Third

Photo by R. C. Boyd

and importance are shown in its postal receipts, which amounted to \$33,000 for the year just closed, as against \$11,640 for the same period ten years ago, being an increase of over 275%. The city is provided with an efficient free delivery service, with seven city letter carriers, and seven rural routes are also in operation from its post-office.

Santa Ana's assessed valuation is consider-

ably over \$6,000,000 on a 40% basis, which furnishes ample revenue for its requirements under a reasonable tax rate. The city has over ten miles of improved streets and one hundred miles of splendid cement sidewalks. Automobiles and bicycles are in use in remarkable numbers the year round, good roads being provided throughout the valley and to the mountain and coast resorts.



PUBLIC LIBRARY

SECTY. OF THE MERCHANTS AND MANUFACTURERS ASSN., N.A.U.M.

NATE IS ONE OF THE KING PIN LIVE WIRES OF ORANGE COUNTY

Propaganda
Boosting
Things

LEADER OF THE WHIP-POOR-WILL CHORUS

C.S. KELLEY PROPRI. OF THE ROWLEY DRUG CO. THE BUSY CORNER WHERE CARS STOP

CHARLIE IS THE LIVEST WIRE IN SANTA ANA AND NEVER QUITS BOOSTING FOR EVERYTHING AND EVERYBODY

HAIR TONIC BAIT
PURE DRUGS GOLD KREMLIN
KELLEY'S PILLERS
BOOST 3-L
BOOST 3-L
BOOST 3-L
BOOST 3-L

WIRE TALKING

CLYDE BISHOP

ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND LEADING CRIMINAL LAWYERS OF SOUTHERN CAL.

THE LAW OF CRIMINAL PRACTICE

BRIEF

EVIDENCE INSTRUCTIONS TO THE JURY

E-CITY ATT. OF ORANGE AND CITY ATT. OF NEWPORT

W.A. HOFF THE LEADING CLOTHIER WHO ALWAYS BOOSTS FOR SANTA ANA INDUSTRIES

HART SCHAFFNER MARK SUITS

BOOST GET THE HABIT BOOST

STETSON HATS

As you were

FRANK B. SANDERS NEVADA AND FRANK IS WHERE THEY GO STILL GOIN' ONLY FASTER

FROM NEVADA WHERE THEY GO SOME

WHIP-POOR-WILL HE'S GOT ME SKINNED

HONK

HENRY T. RUTHERFORD ASST. CASHIER, FARMERS AND MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK AND HOME SAVINGS BANK.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS - \$300,000.00 ESTABLISHED 1905

DEPOSITS \$350,000.00

WE BOOST FOR ALL ORANGE CO.

W.H. TITCHENAL PROPRI. THE CHERRY BLOSSOM. 'BILLY' IS ONE HARD BOOSTER AND ONE JOLLY SCOUT

Cherry Blossom

W.L. GRUBB WALNUT GROWER, CITY TRUSTEE AND ALWAYS WEARS THAT "BOOST" SMILE

TO YOU BOOSTER BILL

MY MOTTO NEVER STOP BOOSTING

TO YOU BOOSTER BILL

CHAS. G. TWIST VICE PRES. W.M. F. LUTZ CO.


ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN ANGLERS OF SOUTHERN CAL. BLUE BUTTON MEMBER TUNA CLUB AND A SURE LIVE WIRE

MAC MILLAN MEDAL 1914 WEIGHT 28 1/2 LBS.

CARTOONS OF SOME OF SANTA ANA'S LEADING BOOSTERS

GEO. W. MINTER
PRESIDENT OF SANTA ANA
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

FOREMOST IN ALL PUBLIC SPIRITED MOVEMENTS FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE CITY



BOYER


F.H. CASE, PRESIDENT OF THE
SOUTHERN CAL. SUGAR CO.

AND ONE OF THE MOST PROGRESSIVE CITIZENS OF THE COUNTY

WE'LL STAY WITH YOU, GENERAL

MR. SUGAR BEEF

MY POLICY IS ONE OF CONTINUED BOOSTING FOR ALL




J.C. METZGAR
SECT'Y. CHAMBER COMMERCE...
AND A LIVE BOOSTING PUBLIC SPIRITED OFFICIAL

SANTA ANA PRODUCTS

Dear Journalist
Come and see Santa Ana

QUERIE



F.H. TAYLOR PART OWNER
J.E. TAYLOR AND CO.
PACKERS OF TAYLORS FAMOUS HOME CANNED FRUITS, SWEET PICKLES, ETC.
AND A LIVE BOOSTER FOR ANY COMMUNITY

FROM PRODUCER TO CONSUMER

HOME CANNED FRUIT

STARTED 20 YEARS AGO ON A KITCHEN STOVE



F.R. BAIN
PRES'T. SOUTHERN COUNTIES GAS CO.

A BROAD MINDED STRAUNCH CITIZEN

MY POLICY IS TO BOOST ALL THE SOUTH LAND


SUPPLYING GAS TO ANA SANTA ANGE ANAHEIM FULLERTON WHITTIER MONROVIA SIERRA MARRE ARCADIA SANTA ANITA EL MONTE COVINA GLENDALE



C.C. COLLINS SENIOR MBR. FIRM OF
C.C. COLLIN CO.
OLDEST PACKING HOUSE IN ORANGE CO. AND HE KNOWS "BOOST"

WESTERN UNION CO. C.C. COLLINS CO. Ship cars to 1st St. 250 250 250


EASTERN ORDERS FOR CAR LOAD SHIPMENTS



W. B. TEDFORD, ASSISTANT CASHIER
FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$500,000.00

THE 1ST NATIONAL BANK FOR ALL PROGRESSIVE INVESTMENT

SURPLUS



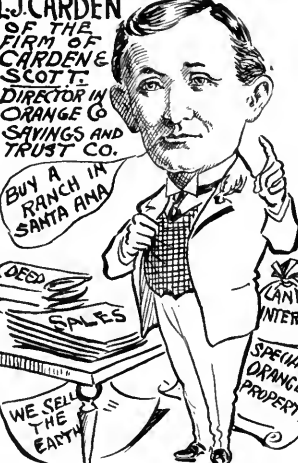
L.J. GARDEN
OF THE FIRM OF GARDEN & SCOTT
DIRECTOR IN ORANGE CO SAVINGS AND TRUST CO.

BUY A RANCH IN SANTA ANA

LAND INTEREST

SPECIALTY ORANGE PROPERTY

WE SELL THE EARTH



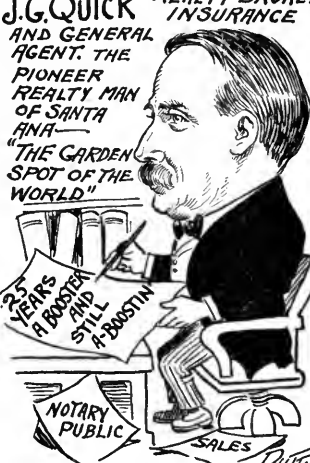
J.G. QUICK REALTY BROKER, INSURANCE AND GENERAL AGENT. THE PIONEER REALTY MAN OF SANTA ANA
"THE GARDEN SPOT OF THE WORLD"

25 YEARS A BOOSTER AND STILL A-BOOSTING

NOTARY PUBLIC

SALES

OUTON



THESE MEN ARE HELPING TO BOOST SANTA ANA TO THE FRONT

JAMES SLEEPER, BOOSTER
ASSESSOR
 OF ORANGE Co.
 AND A MOST POPULAR AND PUBLIC SPIRITED

CITIZEN
 ORANGE Co.
 ASSESSMENT ROLL
 \$1,342,000
 INCREASED
 \$12,500,000
 IN 2 YEARS

NO KICKS
 ALL BOOSTS

THE MOST PRODUCTIVE COUNTY EARTH

G.H. DOBSON, M.D.
 EYE, EAR
 NOSE AND
 THROAT

THE DOCTOR IS A ROYAL GOOD FELLOW AND ALWAYS BOOSTS - "WHAT'S THE WILL OF LADGE?"

WE CAN NEVER BOOST SANTA ANA TOO MUCH

H.C. HEAD, LAWYER
 15 YEARS PRACTICE
 IN ORANGE Co.
 A LEADING PRACTITIONER AND A LIVE BOOSTER

BLACKSTONE

AUTHORITIES

J.W. TUBBS SECT'Y. AND GEN'L. MANAGER
SANTA ANA COMMERCIAL Co.
 DISTRIBUTORS & MANUFACTURERS
 ICE CREAM & BUTTER -
 HE'S A BEAR

GILT EDGE BUTTER
 CREAM
 BOOSTS SANTA ANA ENTER PRIZES

O! YOU BOOSTER BILL

ICE

CRIS McNEILL ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST POPULAR CONTRACTORS AND BUILDERS IN ORANGE Co. AND A BELIEVER IN PROGRESSIVENESS

SPECIFICATIONS
 PLANS

BUILT ORANGE Co. COURT HOUSE - LARGEST BUILDING IN THE COUNTY

CO-OP SUGAR FACTORY

PLANS

DISTRICT ATTORNEY OF ORANGE Co.
L.A. WEST
 A LEADING PRACTITIONER AND A LIVE WIRE, IN OR OUT OF COURT CIRCLLES

EVIDENCE
 THE LAW
 LAW
 AUTHORITIES

DR. J.M. BURLEW
 ONE OF THE LEADING PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS ORANGE Co.

AND A GOOD BOOSTER FOR SANTA ANA

DR. BURLEW

W.H. SPURGEON, JR.
 OF THE HORTON-SPURGEON FURNITURE Co.
 AND ONE OF THE LIVE YOUNG BOOSTERS OF SANTA ANA.

I BOOST ALWAYS

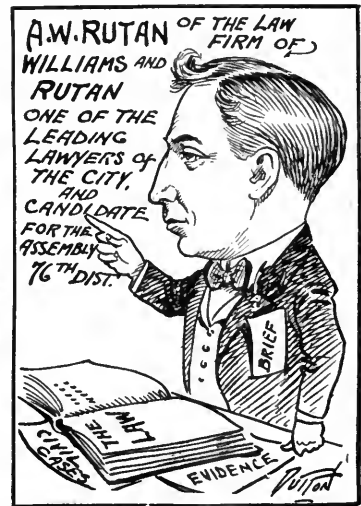
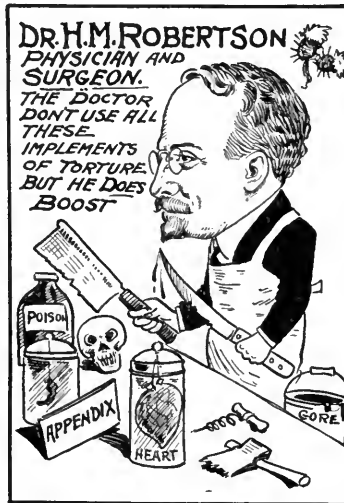
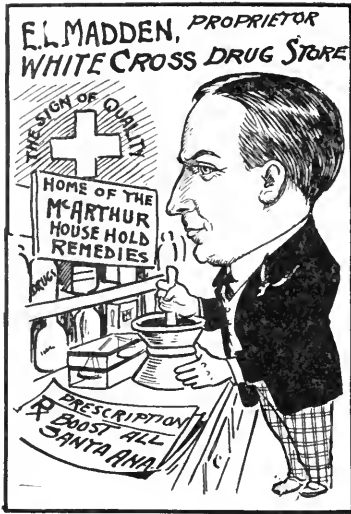
HIGH GRADE RUGS

HIRAM D. CONNELL, PROP'R
TURNER SHOE Co.,
 CITY TREAS.
 PRES'T
 SANTA ANA AUTO CLUB
 AFTER THAT - "HIKE" IS A JOLLY GOOD SCOUT.

WALK OVER

THE PEOPLE'S DOUGH

HERE ARE NINE MORE MEMBERS OF "OUT WEST'S" SANTA ANA BOOSTERS



PEN CARICATURES OF SOME OF THE LIVE ONES OF SANTA ANA

A.R. HERVEY ASST. CASHIER
CALIFORNIA NAT. BANK
 ONE OF THE MOST
 PROGRESSIVE
 BANKING MEN
 IN ORANGE CO.

WE MAINTAIN A BOOSTING POLICY

R.R. MILES GEN'L. MGR
MILES SHOE CO.
 HIGH CLASS
 FOOT WEAR
 AND A
 BOOSTING
 BUSINESS
 MAN OF
 GOOD OLD
 SANTA ANA

SHOE SALES

FLORSHIEM SPECIALTY

ALSO MARY JAMES

W.M. DEIMLING DISTRICT AGENT
SO. CAL. EDISON CO.
ORANGE GUNTY
 AND ONE OF
 THE MOST
 ARDENT
 BOOSTERS OF
 THE ENTIRE
 SECTION

550 MILES OF
 POLE LINES
 SUPPLIES POWER
 TO OVER 400
 PUMPING
 PLANTS
 5500 H.P. IN
 MOTORS
 54000
 INCANDESCENT
 LIGHTS

DR. J. F. DOYLE
 PHYSICIAN AND
 SURGEON
 A LIVE
 PUBLIC SPIRITED
 CITIZEN AND
 PRACTITIONER

LET'S ALL BE
 BOOSTERS

FRED ROSS
 AUTO SALESMAN
 FOR
W.F. LUTZ CO.
 THE
 "STUDEBAKER"
 AND
 "STUTZ."
 P.R. ELKS
 794 - AND A
 BOOSTER

STUDEBAKER &
 AUTOMOBILES

WHEN YOU
 BOOST HARD

W.A. ZIMMERMAN, PRES'T
ORANGE CO. SAVING & TRUST
 CO.
 AND A
 LEADER
 OF
 PROGRESSION

AND LOTS
 MORE IN
 THE VAULTS

DR. H.W. BARNES
 RECITING
 SHAKESPEARE'S
 SOLILOQUY.
 BUT IF IT'S TO
 BE, ORANGE
 CO. CAL. IS
 THE PLACE
 TO BE

BOTH A
 GOOD
 DOCTOR AND A
 GOOD
 BOOSTER

PAST EX-RULER
 B.P.O.E.
 605
 CRESTON
 1914

C.M. JORDAN THE CLASSY
 DESIGNER
 OF SANTA ANA "HE BUILDS
 'EM, TOO"

JORDAN'S
 ORIGINAL
 DESIGNS

BUNGALOWS

BUSINESS
 BLOCKS

J. WILEY HARRIS
 SECT'Y. & MANAGER of THE
ABSTRACT AND TITLE
GUARANTY CO.
 A LIVE ONE
 IN AND OUT
 OF BUSINESS

DEED AND
 ABSTRACT

ABSTRACT
 AND
 TITLE
 GUARANTY
 COMPANY

LAW LIBRARY

CODE LAW

WHY ARE THESE IN THE LIME LIGHT?—BOOST.

Dragon
FRED FULLER
 OF THE
DRAGON
 Confectionery Co.
 NO FINER
 CONFECTIONERY

MADE IN THE
 U.S. AND NO
 ONE BOOSTS
 ANY HARDER

WE BOOST
 FOR ALL
 ORANGE COUNTY

F.H.EHMKE MGR. SANTA ANA
 BRANCH
**GUARANTEE BUILDING AND
 INVESTMENT Co.**

STOCK \$1.20
 9% DIVIDENDS

PROFITS FOR
 STOCK HOLDERS

WE BOOST
 AND BUILD
 HOMES ON
 EASY TERMS
 GUARANTEE
 9% ON
 INVESTMENTS

F.L.AUSTIN SANTA ANA
 AGENT FOR

THE Overland
 THE CAR OF
 QUALITY
 AND CLASS

1913

RECORD
 SALES

MY MOTTO -
 LET'S ALL
 KEEP A-
 BOOSTING
 Austin

A.W.BARNES, GEN'L MGR.
LIBBY MOTOR CO.
 AUTO. REPAIRING
 "FORGING
 SPRING
 MAKING OUR
 SPECIALTY
 ALSO SOME
 BOOSTER"

KISSER CAR

J.F.PARSONS of **HATZFELD**
 AND **PARSONS**

THE NYAL
 STORE
 THE "GO-AHEAD"
 DRUGGISTS
 OF
 SANTA ANA
 "ALL GOOD,
 GOOD FOR
 ALL"

30 YEARS
 OF BUSINESS
 R. BOOST
 SP. TABLETS
 FOR

30 LAX
 TABLETS

DRAM.ROBERTS PROP'R.
 OF THE **BELL** AND
 AND MGR.
TEMPLE
THEATRES
 ORIGINATOR OF
 TALKING
 PICTURES
 AND ONE OF
 THE MOST
 UNIQUE
 CHARACTERS
 IN THEATRICAL
 HISTORY

30 YRS. IN
 SHOW BUSINESS
 LECTURER.
 BABY INCUBATOR
 WORLDS
 FAIR
 PORTLAND
 EXPOSITION
 LEWIS & CLARK

NEVER
 STOP
 BOOSTING

J.I.CLARK, M.D.
 ONE OF SANTA ANA'S
 FOREMOST
 PHYSICIANS AND
 SURGEONS - AN
 ENERGETIC
 BOOSTER

R. CLARK
 BOOST 3/4
 BOOST 1/2
 BOOST 1/4
 BOOST 1/8

CITY
 HEALTH
 OFFICER
 FOR
 6 YEARS

TOM HILL - THE BOOSTING, THE
 SPORTING GOODS
 AND BICYCLE
 MAN OF SANTA
 ANA.

100% A
 LIVE ONE

BAIT

M.L.LANE
 THE "BIG"
 FURNITURE
 MERCHANT, AND
 OLD TIME
 BOOSTER

BOOSTING
 IS MY
 TRADE
 MARK
 M.L.L.

JUST A FEW LINES ON MORE LIVE ONES

I.M. VON SCHRITZ
 REAL ESTATE AND INVESTMENTS
 ONE OF THE BIG BEET RANCH OWNERS OF THE COUNTY AND A LIVE WIRE

BOOSTING IS A PLEASURE TO ME

REAL ESTATE TRANSACTIONS

WALTER EDEN TITLE OFFICER
ORANGE COUNTY TITLE CO.
 C.E. PARKER, PRES.
 PROGRESSIVE AND BOOSTING TITLE FIRM OF SANTA ANA

WE BOOST TRUST DEEDS ESCROWS DEEDS

ISSUED BY THE ORANGE COUNTY TITLE COMPANY

G.C. ROSS, DDS.
 ONE OF THE LEADING DENTISTS AND LIVE WIRE OF SANTA ANA.

MY POLICY IS BOOST ERNESTLY SANTA ANA

J.J. JACOBS, D.D.S.
 PROPRIETOR SANTA ANA PAINLESS DENTISTS - THE DOCTOR IS A LIVE BOOSTER

AND IT DIDN'T HURT A BIT

WHEN IT COMES TO BOOSTING THE DOCTOR IS ALWAYS ON THE JOB

C.O. MANSUR VICE PRES.
 WEST END GARAGE, INC.
 AGT. FORD CARS
 LARGEST GARAGE IN ORANGE CO.

Ford

SALES

H.H. KELLY PROP'R.
 Cadillac AGT. FOR ORANGE CO GARAGE

AND A LIVE BOOSTER FOR SANTA ANA
 515 NORTH MAIN ST.

EXPERT REPAIRING

GEO S. HARPER
 PROPRIETOR HARPER MOTOR CAR CO. AGT. FOR AUBURN AND HUPMOBILE. HE'S A BOOSTER

AUBURN

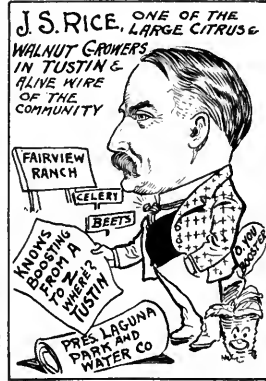
C. COPE PARTNER OF THE
 SANTA ANA VULCANIZING WORKS AND A LIVE ONE

OUR MOTTA FIRST CLASS WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES

TIRE

H. HEANES PARTNER
 SANTA ANA VULCANIZING WORKS - HE KNOWS HIS BIZ AND BOOSTS

TIRE



TUSTIN— FOUR OF THE MOST PROGRESSIVE CITIZENS OF BOOSTING TUSTIN



A description of the city would not be complete without reference to its churches, which include all leading denominations and many notable structures.

No tourist or homeseker should fail to include Santa Ana in his itinerary of Southern California, for here many opportunities and attractions are offered which are not to be found elsewhere on the continent. Even a brief visit will amply repay the stranger to this section, and will

Any further information concerning the city will be promptly furnished by the Santa Ana Chamber of Commerce. A letter or postal is all that is necessary to obtain it.



speedily dispel any previously acquired impression that stability in native resources is lacking in this locality, as is frequently suggested concerning other parts of Southern California. No where else can be presented so much evidence of absolute and unshakable resources, coupled with all the climatic and scenic conditions which have made this entire southland world-famous. Santa Ana and Orange County occupy a peculiar and exclusive field which can only be understood and appreciated by actual observation.

Mrs. Dr. A. M. Roberts, Director and Manager of the College of Music of Santa Ana. The Fall and Winter Term begins September 24th. Teaching string, brass and reed instruments, piano, voice, elocution, acting, and artistic whistling. All departments under noted instructors. Practical experience assured on the well equipped stage of the Temple Theatre.

IN THE EDITOR'S DEN.



California is preeminently the out-of-door playground not only of the American people, but of the human race. Its climatic conditions are such that its residents and visitors may be out-of-doors practically all the time. Californians are just waking up to this supreme advantage, and are arranging for out-of-door festivals at every portion of the year, for the express purpose of calling attention to their own particular section. For instance, Pasadena has long had its Tournament of Roses on New Year's Day; Fresno has its Raisin Festival; Santa Cruz, its Water Carnival; Saratoga, its Blossom Festival; Los Angeles, its Fiesta de Los Angeles; Santa Barbara, its Flower Carnival; Lodi, its Grape Festival; Hayward, its Cherry Carnival; Riverside, its Orange Day; San Diego, its Bay Festival; Stockton, its old California Day Festival, and now Escondido, in San Diego County, has entered the lists to stay with its Grape Day.

The idea was suggested in 1908 and that year, September 9th, the first Grape Day was held. Special trains brought 1,000 people from San Diego, while people from all the country tributary to Escondido flocked to the city. The excursionists were given free transportation over the Valley, provided with free grapes, and were entertained in various ways. Every one left the city voicing praises of Escondido and its hospitable people. Publicity through newspapers, with generous references to the resources of the Valley which hundreds of dollars could not have bought, were secured free. Escondido added materially to its reputation as a host and unquestionably the entire Escondido country received substantial benefits.

Grape Day has since been held each year with increasing success. This year it falls on Monday, September 9, which is Admission Day, and the preparations are on a larger scale than ever. The Editor of *Out West* was courteously invited to deliver one of the addresses but prior engagements rendered his acceptance impossible. He hopes, however, to be invited again next year, for he knows by delightful experience that the grapes of Escondido Valley are not surpassed by any that grow in California or anywhere else in this country. May glorious success attend this and all the other of these out-of-door festivals of California.

On Saturday morning, August 17th, as I stood looking out of the window of my office, I saw Clarence Darrow, the eminent Chicago criminal lawyer, and his wife, come out of the Los Angeles Hall of Records. It was the first time he had passed through that doorway for months without feeling the restraining hand of the law upon his shoulder. For long and weary months he had been under accusation as guilty of a crime which, if proved against him, would have sent him to the penitentiary for a long term of years. I saw the straightening of the shoulders, the bright gleam of the eye, the joy of the face, the springiness of the step, that revealed the sense of relief which he felt. The smile of his wife was reflected on the faces of the score or more people who greeted him almost immediately he stepped out of the doorway, and it was a long procession of congratulations, as he walked down the street, for nine-tenths of those who met him, men and women, stopped to shake hands, give a cheery word and express their satisfaction at his release.

Personally I have never believed that Clarence Darrow is the kind of a man who could be guilty of the crime of bribery. I see a picture before me. It is of a young man of brilliant intellect who has already won a certain degree of fame among his fellow students. He possesses the keenest and brightest mind of them all. His ability in debate is unquestioned. His studiousness and his thoroughness are recognized by all. His honor and integrity are never questioned. He has just been ad-

mitted to the bar. A case is brought to him. It is one in which eminent lawyers are engaged for a large corporation that is well known to "take care of"—in a most satisfactory manner—those who protect its interests. He is asked to associate himself with these distinguished and eminent members of the bar in the protection of the affairs of this corporation. He is anxious to rise in his profession. The love of his heart demands that he give to the maid of his choice as beautiful a home as she can desire. He wants to make money for her sake. He wants to advance in his profession to satisfy his own ambition. But he has a conscience. His conscience demands that he examine into this case of the corporation before he accepts. He asks for both the opportunity and the time. They are accorded to him. He delves into the case. He finds that the power of the corporation and the brilliant array of intellect of its lawyers are to be used against a poor unfortunate who feels that he has a just case. His conscience is aroused. His sympathy as a man is awakened. That night he cannot sleep. He walks the floor. The agony of a soul-decision is upon him. Dare he disobey the voice of his conscience? Is it possible for him to fight against such powers as these that have asked him to align himself with them and really succeed in life as he counts success? How shall he decide it? I do not know and I do not care to know whether he knelt and prayed for divine guidance to help him in his decision. I do know that he received divine guidance. For wherever a man accepts the human, the humane, the just, the truthful, and the brotherly path of life—though he may thereby accept poverty and the thwarting of his personal ambitions at the same time—instead of accepting the selfish, the unbrotherly path though it be combined with wealth and position, he is guided by the Divine.

That was Clarence Darrow's first decision, won in the Court of his own soul.

He has been making decisions like that ever since, and in every case they have been in behalf of his down-trodden fellow-men. There are a hundred brilliant, brainy and competent lawyers willing and anxious to take the cases of the great corporations as against one man of equal intellect, competency and power who will undertake the cases of the poor, the illiterate and the down-trodden.

Men of this latter class are not the bribe-givers. They are men of an entirely different stamp. For when a man's soul has once fought a big fight between the Powers of Darkness and Light, as did Clarence Darrow, and won on the side of Light, as did Clarence Darrow, he is not apt in another fight deliberately to array himself on the side of the Powers of Darkness, no matter what the case may be nor the temptation ambition presents.

"Ninety-five millions of people, mostly fools," was my remark, as I stood behind a Pacific Electric motorman the other day. I had left my seat and come forward to leave the car at the next corner, and just as I reached the open door the car began to describe the curve from one street into another when a motor car dashed up alongside and whisked immediately across the track in front of the rapidly traveling street-car. The street had just been watered and the rubber tires slipped upon the wet pavement and tracks so that the motor car was nearly overturned. Hence my comment. The conductor's reply was, "Yes, the fool-killer will surely get him before long."

That leads to the following reflections: Why are we such fools as constantly to play with life and death? I do not believe in being afraid of death or afraid of anything. But when I see men and women tinkering with the eternal verities of life, the same feeling comes over me as that which led to my expression to the motorman.

The young man who fosters the social cup habit; he who becomes a slave to the cigarette; she who sacrifices home, husband's affection and children's love for society's acclaim; she who dissipates her energies of mind, body and soul to shine with the fast set; he who would rather be a good-fellow at the Club than be accused of being "too domestic;" he who values money more than honor; he who risks the "shady things" in order to win,—all these and scores of others belong to Carlyle's category. It's easy to be a fool, but it requires brains, watchfulness and character to put ourselves outside of that numerous category.

Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor



Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

While there are a great number of novels flooding the country, many of which should never have seen the light, and while hundreds of others are written merely to while away a pleasant hour, it cannot be denied that one occasionally meets, (indeed, far oftener than the literary critic would have us believe), a well written and artistic novel which has a distinct reason for its existence. Decidedly of this latter class is Dorothy Canfield's *The Squirrel Cage*. It deals with the love story of Lydia Emery, the youngest child and pet of a judge in Ohio. The early life of the judge and his wife was one of struggle to attain social position. Lydia was born after this position was attained and consequently she knew nothing of the struggle of the earlier years. Owing to her mother's conception of life, she was brought up a frivolous and vain butterfly, receiving the ordinary useless education of a society belle. In spite of this, however, she doubtless inherited from her level-headed father, a strong power of reasoning which demanded to know the *why* of things. As soon as this inherited questioning spirit was once aroused, Lydia's life became a persistent though somewhat pitiable and pathetic struggle against what Mrs. Canfield so effectively calls "The Squirrel Cage." For what is *Life* to the ordinary society man or woman but a struggle to get into a "squirrel cage" which requires all one's time, energy, brain and life to keep whirling at "regulation" speed? When I started to read the book I began to mark those lines that I desired to quote. After reading, if I were to quote all the passages marked, I should require at least two numbers of this magazine for the purpose, hence my readers can understand the profound impression it made upon my mind. I believe that if every intelligent high school boy and girl or university graduate, and especially those, who are seriously considering matrimony, could be interested enough to read this book with studious carefulness it would work a social revolution inside of a decade. For though there is little of direct preaching in it, the story is so graphically told and the characters are so vividly and artistically set before the sympathetic reader that he cannot fail to see how empty and absurd, how frivolous and unsatisfactory and how absolutely demoralizing and injurious is the life of the ordinary society man and woman. *The Squirrel Cage*. By Dorothy Canfield, 371 pages. \$1.35 net. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

To those who are interested in a study of the United States Monetary System, a book of 400 pages by Alfred Owen Crozier, will prove of interest. It is a bold indictment of the money magnates of Wall Street and its charges claim to be enforced by letters written by United States Officials, Congressmen, Insurance Companies, bankers and others, the accuracy of which is guaranteed by an affidavit.

The List of chapters is as follows:—Central Money Trust; The Aldrich Plan; Fooling the People; A Discovery; Inflation and Contraction; Frenzied Finance; Confession of Wall Street; Wall Street's First and Second Plans; A Confidence Game; A Central Bank To Be Bought; Wall Street Stock Market; Panics Natural or Artificial?; Money Is The Power; The Slavery of Debt; History of National Banking System; Bank Graft and Crime; Crime of Conspiracy; Bank Credits vs. Government Currency; The Legal Tender "Joker;" Reorganizing the Money Supply; U. S. Monetary Council; The Octopus.

U. S. Money vs. Corporation Currency, "Aldrich Plan," 30 illustrations, by Alfred Owen Crozier, paper cover, 25 cents, The Magnet Company, Provident Bank Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

There has been much said and written about the immorality of the stage, and many individual cases have been held up as proof that the stage and morals do not go well together. But now comes an anonymous writer, who assures us of the truth of her statements, and who relates the bald and piteous experiences of her own life. She and her husband loved each other, but little by little the unwholesome atmosphere of the stage poisoned his mind, and he was led away. Incidentally the lives of others are presented and each and all come under the sinister influence to their moral detriment. The author says in her preface: "The popular contention that a good woman can and will be good under any and all circumstances is a fallacy. The influence of environment is incomputable.

I believe that my little friend Leila was fundamentally a good girl; in any other walk of life she would have remained a good girl. I believe that fundamentally my husband was a good man; in any other environment he would have been a good husband. The fantastic, unreal and over-stimulated atmosphere which the player breathes is not conducive to a sane and well-balanced life."

This is a book that stage-struck maidens who are ignorant of the fierce facts of life will do well to read and heed, before they plunge headlong into the vortex. We are all creatures, more or less, influenced by environment and there is none of us so morally strong that he needs not to pray, "Lead us not into temptation." There will be evil enough come to all of us without our rushing to meet it, and if this story be in large part true, then it indeed behooves every good man and woman, who wishes to preserve his or her purity, to keep as far away as possible from an atmosphere which is so dangerous to those who breathe it. *My Actor-Husband*, 327 pages, \$1.25 net, John Lane Co., New York.

Perhaps as vivid and graphic a description of a College Baseball game as was ever penned is that given by Owen Johnson in his *Stover at Yale*. One thrills, holds his breath, feels like gasping, and again like shouting, just as the fans do on the bleachers, as he reads it.

Yet the book as a whole is not a mere rollicking story of College life—though there is a great deal of that element in it, and it is thoroughly enjoyable—but it is a deep and searching criticism of certain phases of College life. It deals mainly with Sophomore societies and their influence upon the manhood, individuality and real development of those who are of them. Stover goes to Yale with the spontaneous whole-heartedness of a healthy youngster, full of high ambitions and fairly solid purposes. He finds himself met almost on the threshold with warnings to be cautious, to remember that the eyes of the upper classes are upon him, and that if he wishes to belong to the "set that counts," he must make no false steps.

Then comes the long struggle to please the men running the Societies, in order that when the choice for members is made, he may be one of the chosen. Naturally Stover wins, but he is fortunate enough to win, also, the friendship of men who have real knowledge of life. One of these is Regan, a big bluff, hearty Westerner whose clear vision penetrates to the heart of the snobbishness and false standards of the Societies, and who gruffly snubs the men belonging to them—though he is but a freshman—and another is Swazey, a youngster who had earned his own living since he was twelve years of age, and who tells Stover his story, somewhat as follows: "Selling newspapers, drifting around, living on my wits. Only I had a pretty shrewd head on my shoulders, and wherever I went I saw what was going on and I salted it away. I made up my mind I wasn't going to be a fool, but I was going to sit back, take every chance, and win out big. Lord of mercy, though, I've seen some queer corners—done some tough jobs! Up to about fifteen I didn't amount to much. I was a drifter. I've worked my way from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, stealing rides and hoofing it with tramps. I've scrubbed out barrooms in Arizona and Oklahoma, and tended cattle in Kansas City. I sort of got a wandering fit, which is bad business. But each year I tucked away a little more of the long green than the year before, and got a little more of the juice of books. About four years ago, when I was seventeen—I'd saved up a few hundreds—I said to myself:

"Hold up, look here, if you're ever going to do anything, its about time now to begin.' So I planted my hoof out in Oklahoma City and I started in to be a useful citizen."

And he wound up his astonishing self-revelation by announcing to Stover that he had already got a business that was bringing in between four and five thousand a year, and that he was doing all this to marry the girl he loved. And then he almost took Stover's breath away by telling him he was educating the girl at a Convent in Montreal, and that she was "the bravest little person I ever struck, and the squarest. She was waiting in a restaurant when I happened to drop in, standing on her own feet, asking no favor."

The effect of this story on Stover was wonderful. It sent him to his own room and plunged him into a reverie which began to reawaken the imagination in him that the college grind had about killed. "Before him all at once had spread out the vision of the nation of the democracy of lives of striving and of hope. He had listened as a child listens. He went out bewildered and humble. For the first time since he had come to Yale, he had felt something real. His mind and his imagination had been stirred, awakened, hungry, rebellious." * * * * *

"He could not get from his mind what Swazey had told him. His imagination reconstructed the story that had been given in such bare detail, thrilling at the struggle and the drama he perceived back of it. It was all undivined. When he had thought of his classmates, he had thought of them in a matter-of-fact way as lives paralleling his own."

Swazey arouses him out of his hypnosis induced by his self-complacency that one of these wonderful societies had let its choice rest upon himself. "In one whole year what have I done? I haven't made one single friend, known what one real man was doing or thinking, done anything I wanted to do, talked out what I wanted to talk, read what I wanted to read, or had time to make the friends I wanted to make. I've been nothing but material—varsity material—society material; I've lost all the imagination I had, and know less than when I came; and I'm the popular man—the big man—in the class! Great! Is it my fault or the fault of things up here?"

"Where had it all gone—that fine zest for life, that eagerness to know other lives and other conditions, that readiness for whole-souled comradeship with which he had come to Yale? Where was the pride he had felt in the democracy of the class, when he had swung amid the torches and the cheers past the magic battlements of the college, one in the class, with the feeling in the ranks of a

consecrated army gathered from the plains and the mountains, the cities and villages of the nation consecrated to one another, to four years of mutual understanding that would form an imperishable bond wherever on the face of the globe they should later scatter?"

I sincerely wish that every father and mother who has been slaving and saving to send their son to college could read this book *understandingly*. It reveals more than any bare statement of facts could do the tyranny of system, the damnable destruction of imagination, of originality, of personality that these societies necessarily produce. Certain self-sufficient, self-seeking, brainy, cold-blooded sets get together and formulate their ideas as to what the varsity ideal should be, and they organize themselves into limited societies, the succeeding members of which they alone choose. Naturally they choose only those who willingly subject themselves to standards already fixed. And the result, Stover tells himself when he gets fairly down to business is that the university is nothing more nor less than a business system for achieving a required result—success.

But read the book yourself. It is well worth while. There is a well-told love story running through it and the whole tone of the book is uplifting and stimulating. *Stover at Yale*, by Owen Johnson, with eight illustrations by F. R. Gruger, 386 pages, \$1.35 net, Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Once in a while some striking event narrated in a newspaper, the sight and hearing of some drama, or the reading of a book, will suddenly reveal to us the depths of perfidy, vileness and crime to which man will descend for the sake of riches. This is the impression I have received profoundly from my perusal of *The Flower of the North*, a romance of the shores of Hudson's Bay. It is the story of a young man's honest and ambitious attempt to make wealth by building up new sources of food-supply for the great cities of the East. He unites forces with a well known financier with whose society-daughter he had had an experience. Going into the northern wilds personally to superintend operations, he later discovers that in his absence his financial partner has made this legitimate enterprise a means for swindling people out of many hundreds of thousands of dollars by the methods generally followed by stock gamblers. While he is struggling with this fierce problem, his manhood revolting at the temptation to yield to the older man's financial wiles, another and more sinister and dangerous situation arises. He discovers that some subtle and hostile force is at work in the new land subverting his influence with his own men and turning the whole country into hostility against him. He clearly sees that some monster hand is directing a conspiracy to bring about his ruin. The forestalling of this conspiracy affords the dramatic elements of the book—of which there are plenty. Two beautiful maidens, a devoted half-breed, a unique old French Seigneur, and other striking characters are introduced, together with a few strong passages that reveal vividly the fierce fight for supremacy that the years have seen in the faraway north. *Flower of the North*. By James Oliver Curwood, illustrated, 308 pages. \$1.30 net. Harper & Brothers, New York.

Everything that Gilbert K. Chesterton writes is bound to be interesting. Sometimes it is funny, generally cynical or sarcastic, always brilliant, and occasionally profoundly philosophical. This latter characterization is the one I should give to the latest book of his that has come to my desk. Yet I believe many men, reading it casually, would wonder what the author was aiming at, and deliberately denounce the book as the work of a lunatic. And then G. K. would stand back and laugh, for I am sure that is just what he anticipated when he wrote it.

The fact is the book is a keen satire upon modern life and its civilization, or modern civilization and its life—whichever way you choose to put it. G. K. evidently believes that all men and women of this age are more or less hypnotized from their birth on to believe a lot of the most senseless and crazy ideas. For instance—that the legal system of our country secures for us *justice*; that newspapers are run for the public good; that fashions in clothes are changed for the benefit of anybody on earth save the makers of clothes and cloth goods; that patriotism consists of clap-trap hurrahs for the flag and declaration of belief in certain buncombe expressions; that our "educational system" is "as near perfect as it can be"; that money-getting is a laudable effort for a man; that "success" and "getting on in the world" are mainly determined by a man's bank account; that our present economic system is fair to the under-dog; that Socialists are dangerous to the commonwealth because they advocate radical changes in the social system; that doctors know what they are talking about and administer "specifics" for every disease under the sun; that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian;" that the best way to secure peace is to build more battle-ships; that the whisky business is conducted for the good of the people, and a thousand and one other idiocies and lunacies.

So he goes to work and writes the story of a real man, whom he calls Manalive. This man seeks to free himself from all these hypnotisms and really wake up and live. The result is he is arrested as a lunatic and a large part of the book consists of the efforts of these hypnotized wise-acres trying to prove that this happy, merry, really alive man is insane. Ye masters, it is a merry book, if ye have sense and wit enough to read it aright and profit by it. Long life to the Innocent Smith who had sense enough, daring enough, wit enough to cut loose, to be really alive, to run away every now and then with his own wife to renew the delights of his honeymoon and to climb the trees and frolic as a James Whitcomb Riley youngster in order to renew his youth. Here is one of the "pearls" of the book. I hope I cast it before the proper persons. "Only saints and sages ought to be robbed. They

may be stripped and pillaged; but not the poor little wordly people of the things that are their poor little pride."

Manalive, by Gilbert K. Chesterton, 311 pages, one illustration, \$1.30 net, postage 12 cents, John Lane Co., New York.

Is there sex in mind? If so, some woman are born men—in mind. How else can you account for a woman's writing a rattling good story of war, and carousing, and fighting, and marches, and sieges, and a host of men's subjects of that nature. Beulah Marie Dix must be a regular swash-buckler (in mind, d'ye mind) for she sends us a romance of Cromwell's time, in which the hero is an undersized German duellist, who coolly pinks his man and rams his sword through the heart in the most blood-thirsty manner. Then he falls in love with a romantic heroine who starts out by hating him, and she braves the dishonor of her name by protecting and hiding him in her bedroom when his life is in danger. (And by the way, let me here interject an idea of my own. What a reflection it is upon our faith and trust in one another's honor and purity that it is taken for granted, is sufficient *prima facie* evidence that, given the opportunity, every man and woman will commit adultery. This fact, in itself, is a sadder commentary upon the decadence of our morals than the existence of all the assignation houses and refuges for fallen women in existence.)

Cromwell is brought into the story, and a couple of false hearted traitors to King Charles, and there is plenty of action and fight. Of course the hero and heroine finally come together and are duly married and they "lived tolerably happy ever after." It is an interesting and superior book of its class. *The Fighting Blade*, by Beulah Marie Dix, with frontispiece by George Varian, 328 pages, \$1.30 net, Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Special localities produce special types, and certainly the type described in *Scuffles* is distinctively Southern. For while scufflers are found the world over such a scuffler as this book describes could have been reared only in the country of family pride and chivalry. "But," you ask, "What is a scuffler?" "A scuffler is one who struggles to keep that station in life in which God has placed her . . . a Scuffler is absolutely feminine."

Scuffles is the story of a Southern widow left with four small children, much pride of family, little money and great love in her heart for her tiny brood. She leaves her home and strikes out in life by taking a boarding house. One knows the struggles she must pass through, but her bravery and cheerfulness, her heroism and tenderness are told with the power of genius touched by love. The *Scuffler* tells of one family that came to board with her: "I was informed by mamma and grandmamma Green that they desired board for themselves, William and the baby. 'Baby' took only milk which they would supply. The size of 'baby' surprised me; she seemed, to my understanding, far beyond the 'milky way.'

"In a few days grandmamma sweetly asked that 'baby' might come in the dining-room for milk. It would be so much better for me, because then neither she nor 'Daughter' would have to watch 'baby', and the servants would not be kept waiting. I consented unwisely. At first 'baby' gulped her milk and a bit of cold bread—pinched from mamma's and grandmamma's loaf; gradually tid-bits passed from grandmamma's and mamma's plates into 'baby's' willing lips. These tid-bits were good to the taste, and 'baby' strengthened by them, grew irrepressible. She went from chair to chair and stood expectant. Each boarder made a choice contribution to 'baby's' silent but compelling importunity."

The love story of the growing daughter and the mother's heart revelations are exquisitely told, and the book is one that once picked up will not be put down until it is read through. I predict a greater popularity for it than Mrs. Wiggs. *Scuffles*, by Sally Nelson Robins, 207 pages, \$1.00 net. The Alice Harriman Co., New York.

Few of those who read in the newspapers stirring accounts of exciting events occurring in far away portions of the globe have any idea of the expense, trouble, and risk often incurred to obtain the news. One of the special writers of the Chicago News tells in *The Cable Game*, a fascinating story of a few of his experiences just after the Japanese-Russian war. "It is for no material gain which he labors, but the pure love of the work itself. There are dozens of such men who suffer untold hardships and face any risk simply to get their stories out. They care little whether their names are signed or not, and their one aim is that their paper shall be the first to have the news, and that their version of it may have the front page wherever newspapers are published. It may be the depths of winter, and miles away from a cable office, but he will gladly ride hours in a driving snowstorm, even if it takes his last breath, to get his story on the wire. Perhaps it is summer in the tropics, but he faces the heat as readily as the cold of winter. Hunger and hardships of all kinds are a part of the day's work to him if he can but land that priceless 'story,' which is the only object of his life from day to day. Few people who read the daily papers dream of the suffering and heartburn that 'special cables' have cost some man in some far corner of the globe. The story which they read complacently at their breakfast-table has often all but cost the sender his life in getting it to the telegraph, but the correspondent does it and counts the cost as nothing if he gets his 'beat.' From the world he looks for recognition, and if his chief at home is satisfied, the cable-man rejoices and his heart is glad." *The Cable Game*, by Stanley Washburn, 220 pages, \$1.30 net, with illustrations, Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.

If any one should guess that Jack London is losing his virility and power as a short story writer because of the immense number he has written, his last book would clearly indicate that "he has another guess coming," for in his *Son of the Sun* he shows that his hand had lost none of its cunning. Indeed his wonderful powers of perception, absorption and imagination were never exemplified in a more remarkable manner than in his South Sea Stories. He visited this region in the *Snark* for but a short time—a few months—and the result is seen so far already in several volumes, all full of the tang of the South Seas, or as London puts it—"The smell of the reef; the infinite exquisiteness of the shoals of living coral in the mirror-surfaced lagoons; the crashing sunrises of raw colors spread with lawless cunning; the palm-tufted islets set in turquoise deeps; the tonic wine of the trade-winds; the heave and send of the orderly, crested seas, the moving deck beneath his feet, the straining canvas overhead; the flower garlanded, golden-glowing men and maids of Polynesia, half-children and half-gods; and even the howling savages of Melanesia, head-hunters and man-eaters, half-devil and all beast."

The titles of his stories are as felicitous as the stories are graphic and powerful. Here is his description of the *Son of the Sun*: "Unlike other white men in the tropics, he was there because he liked it. His protective skin pigmentation was excellent. He had been born to the sun. One he was in ten thousand in the matter of sun-resistance. The invisible and high-velocity light waves failed to bore into him. Other white men were puerious. The sun drove through their skins, ripping and smashing tissues and nerves till they became sick in mind and body, tossed most of the Decalogue overboard, descended to beastliness, drank themselves into quick graves, or survived so savagely that war vessels were sometimes sent to curb their license.

"But David Grief was a true son of the sun, and he flourished in all its ways. He merely became browner with the passing of the years, though in the brown was the hint of golden tint that glows in the skin of the Polynesian."

One enters an entirely new atmosphere as he reads these stories for if London got nothing more from his *Snark* trip he certainly brought back to the Occident the most vivid conceptions of the South Seas that have ever been written,—not even excepting those masters of English prose, Charles Warren Stoddard and Robert Louis Stevenson.

In one of the chapters of the book there is a quaint and grim humor that now and again London indulges in. He tells the story of a drunken Irishman who became the prime Minister of one of the Solomon Islands in which he keeps the king drunk in order that he himself might exploit all the trading vessels that called. I can imagine London's chuckle at the grim irony of this story as a reflection upon our own protection system and the way the many are made to contribute "legally and officially" for the benefit of the few. But I had better not touch on this theme as it is not the purpose of this review to discant on London's sociological theories.

The book grips one with its strong movement from beginning to end. All the stories are not descriptions of life fit to be read in a young ladies' boarding school nor would the men he depicts serve as models for preachers, teachers or bank clerks, but all the same they are intensely alive and show that humanity under any guise can be made interesting when described by a master hand. *A Son of the Sun*. By Jack London. Illustrated. 333 pages. \$1.20 net. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

If you enjoy intricate plot, strange intrigue, startling incident, and unusual characters, such as a murder or two, a stolen daughter, a wild-eyed and fiercely-denunciatory anarchist, a pretty woman with a cheese-mongering husband, a foreign potentate with no moral standards save his own, a fine and manly young fellow with whom the stolen daughter was in love and fiercely jealous of the pretty wife, you will like to read *The Lighted Way* by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Mr. Oppenheim certainly has a wonderful brain for the creation of strange plots, and a certain hand for the swift drawing of vivid, realistic characters to carry them out. His scenes shift rapidly and there is no lack of stirring incident of most unusual happenings. Hence those who wish to read for excitement, or to pass away a weary hour in self-forgetfulness will do well to read this latest product of his pen. *The Lighted Way* by E. Phillips Oppenheim, illustrated, 355 pages, \$1.30 net, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

Why Worry? What an effective title for a book! And the book itself is as effective as its title. Its author is a skilled physician who has had much practice in dealing with "worriers"—the fretful, petulant, hypocondriacs, neurasthenics and those who, generally, "are never happy unless they are miserable." What a wretched, pitiable congregation it is. The Lord save us from worry. The doctor tells us how we may do it, with greater or lesser success, by ourselves. His suggestions are practical and full of common sense, and his experience has proven that they work. Every over-anxious person in the country should be given a copy of this book, for it is a healthful, safe, and sound guide. *Why Worry?* By George L. Walton, M. D., 275 pages, \$1.00 net. Published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, Pa.

Crazy, fantastic, satiric, fluent and altogether impossible is Max Beerbohm's *Zuleika Dobson*. Undoubtedly the redoubtable Max had some purpose in writing it, but it takes a different kind of brain from mine to grasp that purpose. Strange, too, for an Englishman generally can see a fellow-Englishman's joke. Zuleika is an awfully pretty girl who makes her way through the world as a

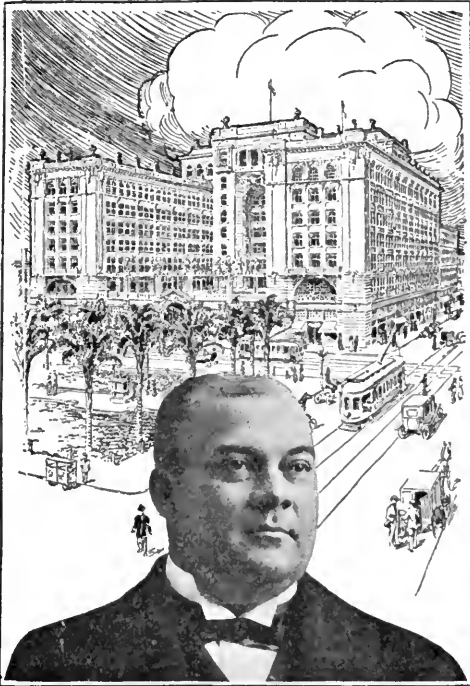
conjurer—a performer of very poor thaumaturgic tricks on the vaudeville stage. Her venerated grandfather is a warden—think of it, ye gods,—of Judas College, Oxford, and troubles begin when he invites her to come to visit him. She does so and falls in love with a Duke who is a student at the old college, but ceases to love him as soon as she finds that he grovels at her feet the same as every other one of her commonplace lovers have done, instead of ruling her with a masterful hand. Most of the “undergrads” of the city also fall in love with her, and the foolish denouement of the book comes when the Duke and all these other fools drown themselves either because they really love her, or really don't. If you wish a literary puzzle, that in spite of its exasperating nonsense is cleverly written and interesting buy a copy of *Zuleika Dobson*, by Max Beerbohm, 358 pages, \$1.30 net, John Lane Company, New York.

There are few names in California, more honored than that of John C. Frémont, the pathfinder and of Jessie Benton Frémont, his devoted wife. The early history of the state is inseparably connected with both these names, hence it was appropriate that when Genl. Frémont died, his brilliant and devoted wife should be provided a home by friends in Los Angeles, who wished her to spend the remainder of her days in its lovely precincts. Their daughter, Elizabeth Benton Fremont, still resides in the Frémont home, and she has just given to the world, through the pen of I. T. Martin her *Recollections*. The story is simple and interesting, though it is much to be desired that Miss Fremont could have been prevailed upon to write out *in full* the story of her life. Before she had reached the age of nine she had been brought twice to California, by the Isthmus of Panama (Darien it was then called), and had made the voyage to England. The following chapters suggest the scope of the book: The March of Progress; Across the Isthmus of Panama in '49; Early Days in California; Memories of the Court of Victoria; Paris Scenes; The Winter of '53 and '54; The Campaign of '56; Bear Valley; Yosemite and Mount Bullion; Black Point and War Days; From Yuma to Prescott in Army Ambulances; Three Years in Prescott; The Year at Tuscon; Finis. There are eight illustrations and the book is useful to fill in details of certain phases of early California life. *Recollections of Elizabeth Benton Frémont*, compiled by I. T. Martin, 184 pages, \$1.25 net, Frederick H. Hitchcock, New York.

Clever in plot, charmingly written, interesting throughout is a little book just received. It is entitled *His Uncle's Wife*. A young scrapegrace dashes off to England leaving in his uncle's house a strange woman whom he had run over with his automobile. The shock had rendered the woman oblivious to her past, and the young rascal, to make his own escape easy, had led her to believe that she was his aunt—his uncle's wife. Imagine the uncle's feelings when he arrived in New York from a trip to find himself thus saddled with a wife and a problem at the same time. With exquisite delicacy he threads the maze that opens before him, but, need it be said, he falls in love ere long with the sweet being who regards him as her husband and naturally offers him the caresses and affection which are his due. It is a ticklish situation, but the firm hand of Ruth Newberger (the author—who is she, by the way?) handles it satisfactorily. The lawyer friend of the uncle helps to solve the problem, but it is not until the *uncle of the uncle* arrives from Europe that the situation begins to clear. Yet not too clear. For by this time both man and woman are dead in love with each other, and the fact has become patent to each, and Dr. Leighton, (the uncle,) comes to the conclusion that he has fallen in love with, and declared his love for, his uncle's wife. Then, suddenly, he wakes up to find out his mistake, but how I shall leave my reader to find out. Get the book and read it. You'll find it ingenious and amusing. *His Uncle's Wife*, by Ruth Newberger, 175 pages, \$1.00 net, The Alice Harriman Co., New York.



U. S. Grant Hotel



U. S. GRANT HOTEL

San Diego, California and its manager James H. Holmes.

The U. S. GRANT Hotel, recently completed, is conceded to be the finest fireproof steel and concrete hotel on the coast and rivals any hostelry of the larger cities in the east.

THE HOTEL has five hundred guest rooms and three hundred fifty private baths besides two complete turkish bath equipments including large salt water plunges.

A tent city on the roof is an innovation appreciated by the guests and is used twelve months of the year.

Cuisine and service are the very best and prices are as reasonable as any hotel of its class in the world.

"HOUSE OF COMFORT"

Hotel Manx

Powell Street at O'Farrell.

San Francisco's best located and most popular hotel. Running Ice Water in each room. Commodious lobby. Metropolitan service.

TARIFF.

12 rooms.....	\$1.00 each
50 rooms.....	\$1.50 each
50 rooms.....	\$2.00 each
60 rooms Private Bath.....	\$2.00 each
50 rooms Private Bath.....	\$2.50 each
30 Suites, Bedroom, Parlor and Bath	\$3.50 to \$4.00

50 large light sample rooms \$1.50 up
Reduction by week or month.

Under management,
CHESTER KELLEY.

"MEET ME AT THE MANX"

NAILINE

THE
FINGER
NAIL
SHINE



Send **10c** For a Sample pkg.

Brilliant
Stylish
Inexpensive

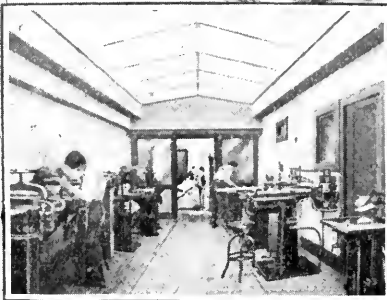
1629 Van Ness Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal.

GARBEL ENGRAVING COMPANY



The Illustrations in this Book are Specimens of Our Work

The Finest Equipped Photo Engraving Plant . . . In California



The Photo-Engraving Department Produces Cuts in all the Modern Processes of Tri-Color, Multi-Color, Copper Half-Tones, Zinc Etching and Embossing Dies.

OUR Art Department Creates Distinctive and Original Designs for Booklets, Newspaper and Business Stationery of the Highest Quality . . .

San Diego - Calif.

Reliable Expert Advice

given to

Homeseekers in California

Are you seeking a home in God's Garden Spot of America?

An orange or lemon grove, a date palm orchard, a rose garden, a chicken ranch, a hog or alfalfa ranch—or anything else that California's wonderful resources offer?

All the productive, profitable and pleasant spots are here awaiting you, but the problem as to the exact location of the best place for **YOUR PARTICULAR REQUIREMENTS**—is a hard one to solve.

Disinterested, expert, reliable advice is hard to get—we might say next to impossible to obtain, without considerable expense and lapse of time.

We can help you Greatly.

We have trained experts in our organization who know this magnificent and productive country well as you know your front yard.

They have no land interest or connections or obligations to hamper them. They have studied the conditions for years and years and can give unbiased, trustworthy advice as to the best location to suit your particular needs or desires.

We have nothing to sell—not even our advice—but to eliminate the simply curious and to show your good faith and earnest desire for practical, dependable advice, we will require you to send us One Dollar in two cent stamps with your request for information—for which we **GUARANTEE** to give you advice and suggestions which you probably could not get elsewhere for \$100.00.

We will spare no pains to give you the practical, detailed, expert advice that you want—advice which you may place absolute confidence in as to accuracy.

If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the reliability and helpfulness of our advice, just say so and we will **IMMEDIATELY RETURN YOUR FEE.**

Are you ordered Out West for your health?

Our experts have given years of study to the health conditions best adapted to various diseased conditions and our services are at your command and included in the small fee named.

These experts are on the staff of **OUT WEST**—brilliant students of the productive and health conditions of the Pacific Coast, whose investigation and experience covers a period of thirty years.

This is not a money-making proposition but rather a desire on our part to render additional service and helpfulness to our many subscribers—who are looking for just such advice.

These privileges are available only to those who are actual yearly subscribers to **OUT WEST.**

Address
ADVISORY BUREAU

Out West,

218 New High Street,

Los Angeles, California



396 South Los Angeles St.

Call F 2577

A DOG'S FOOT

Has a number of raised cushions which prevent slipping and take up the concussion over hard surfaces.



BAILEY'S "WON'T SLIP" RUBBER HEELS
 Embody this principle and insure ease and safety over all surfaces. The tread surface formed with "U" shaped ribs, together with flat ended rubber studs, form a surface that is positively non-slipping on ice or other slippery surfaces. Mailed upon receipt of price.

35 cents per pair. For Men or Women.

When ordering send a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot. Order from your shoe dealer. Dealers write for prices. 100-page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.

22 Boylston Street,

BOSTON MASS.

Pierce & Co. **KODAKS**
 PHOTO. AMATEUR FINISHING IS OUR STUNT
 WE FLY HIGH ON QUALITY
 BUT HAVE HIT THE GROUND ON PRICE

127 WEST SIXTH ST. NEXT TO THE ALL NIGHT BANK.

ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St, Los Angeles

PATENTS

\$180,340.00

PATENTS

MADE BY MY CLIENTS

YOU Should Have My FREE BOOKS telling HOW OTHERS will do the same IN THE FUTURE. "What and How to Invent." Book Free!

E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer

803 F., Washington, D. C.

Your Opportunity!

A COMPETENCY ASSURED FOR LIFE in a CALIFORNIA DATE ORCHARD

Date Growing has already passed the experimental stage. In the Coachella Valley in the Colorado Desert, Southern California, six years has demonstrated the contentions of the experts that dates can be grown here as well as in Africa, Arabia or the Persian Gulf region. Large companies are being organized with vast capitalization that only the rich and prosperous can enter into.

I have a proposition designed to meet the demands of that class of discriminating investors with moderate regular incomes, embracing mechanics, artisans, professional men, and salaried people generally, who are ever on the alert for safe and profitable investments for their savings.

Prompt Action Necessary!

I have studied date-growing ever since it was begun in California. I own one of the finest pieces of land in the Valley, for this purpose. Of this I have set apart forty acres in—

One Acre Date Orchards.

Do you want one of these? I will properly clear, grade and level one of these acre tracts for you, plant it out in tested dates, supply them with sufficient water, keep them in constant cultivation, bring them into bearing and turn the deed with clear title over to you for the following ridiculously small amount: \$25.00 down on sending in your application; then \$10.00 a month for seventy consecutive months.

No Interest. No Forfeiture.

I charge no interest, and in the event of inability of purchaser to complete payments, all payments made will be refunded at the end of six years from date of contract, plus interest at the rate of 7 per cent, or may be refunded at an earlier date, at my option, plus interest accrued at time of such refunding.

Directly opposite from my land one of the largest date companies in the world is preparing their land. It is publically announced that a ten-acre date grove of seven year old trees in this valley has just been sold for \$15,000 cash, or \$1,500 per acre; more than twice the actual purchase price of the land I offer you, with date trees planted, growing and bearing.

This Offer is GOOD For 60 days ONLY.

That is to the 15th of October. On that date the price will be advanced Twenty-five per cent.

A Yearly Income of from \$1000 to \$1500
for an expenditure of \$725 paid, without interest, at \$10 per month.

According to the figures of the company to which we have referred, Two to Three Thousand Dollars per acre is the yield of ten year old date palms. Cut this estimate in half and you have an annual income of \$1000 to \$1500 for an expenditure of only \$725.00, paid without interest, at \$10.00 per month.

If you want to know more of this proposition, send \$1.50 for one year's subscription to OUT WEST, and I will send you free, as a premium, a 50 cent booklet on "Date Growing in Southern California," edited this by George Wharton James. OUT WEST fully guarantees every statement contained in this advertisement,

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES,

218 NEW HIGH STREET

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Important Announcement

The Old Adobe Spanish Restaurant, formerly known as CASA VERDUGO will hereafter be known as

LA RAMADA

(The Arbor)

and will continue to be operated as a strictly high-class resort, where genuine Spanish dinners will be served in the quaint old dining room or under the ancient pepper tree. Service a la carte or table d'hote.

Special Facilities for Private Luncheons, Teas, Dinners, or Banquets.

FREE GARAGE

Sunset, Glendale 69 Home, Glendale 691

Management of

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Glendale Cars from Sixth and Main Sts
Stop Directly in Front of Entrance

Name of Station "LA RAMADA"



A REPUTATION for good printing is an enviable thing. It can not be gained in a day. Years of good work—good presswork—good composition, prompt delivery—which counts in these days of keen competition, tell the story.

Good Printing is cheaper in the end—Try ours

WILL A. KISTLER CO.

218 NEW HIGH STREET

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Hello Number—Home A 2297—Main 5610

ARE YOU RECEIVING SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS ON YOUR SAVINGS?

Where can you find a safer investment or a greater producer of large dividends than in building "HOMES" such as shown in the illustration?

We are building just such "HOMES" in the Hillandale Tract, comprising 204 of the most slightly foothill lots.

Would you not like to be a shareholder in a company that builds such "HOMES?"



Information can be obtained by addressing—

PRUDENTIAL BUILDING & INVESTMENT COMPANY

Dep't of Publicity

575 Eagle Rock Ave., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

**The
ART of
BAKING**

By P. E. Laskowski

Designed for both the amateur and professional Baker

Result of twenty-five years experience

Hundreds of excellent receipts

Western Pilgrim Publishing Company

218 NEW HIGH STREET

Los Angeles, Cal.

RUSSIAN
LEATHER

\$1.50



unusual trains

The Saint

Los Angeles to San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley.

The Angel

San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley to Los Angeles and San Diego.

Discriminating Travelers tell us they are California's finest trains.

The equipment is superior.
The dining service is superior.
Employees are courteous.

Offices:

673 Market St., San Francisco
1218 Broadway, Oakland
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

Blanchard Hall Studio Building

Devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science Studios and Halls for all purposes for Rent. Largest Studio Building in the West. For terms and all information apply to

F. W. BLANCHARD

233 South Broadway 232 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

TRADE MARK
LOS ANGELES BREWING CO'S
Fast Side
BOTTLED BEER
**FEW AS GOOD
NONE BETTER**
TEL HOME 10857 SUNSET EAST 820

THE
**Southern Pacific Railroad
of Mexico**

traversing the Mexican Pacific states of

SONORA-SINALOA-TEPIC-JALISCO

gives access to

RICH NATURAL RESOURCES AND OPPORTUNITIES FOR WEALTH

in

**Cattle - Ranches - Farming - Mines
Timber**

Let us list you for a copy of our new booklet which will be published shortly.

H. LAWTON, G. P. A.

GUAYMAS, SONORA, MEXICO

STAMPS--Stamp Album and 155 ALL DIF. RARE, incl. China (dragon), Malay (tiger), Rhodesia, Tasmania (P'dscape), Jamaica (w't'r-fall), etc. only 10c; 1000 mixed for'gn only 10c. 1000 hinges 5c. 112 pp. Lists, coupons, etc., free! Agts. W't'd. 50%. WE BUY STAMPS. Hussman Stamp Co. Dept. S, St. Louis, Mo.



Arizona Ruby FREE
To Introduce Our Genuine Imported
Mexican Diamonds

We will send you FREE a genuine Arizona Ruby in the rough, with Illustrated Catalogue of GENUINE MEXICAN DIAMONDS and other gems. Mexican Diamonds exactly resemble finest genuine blue-white diamonds, stand acid tests; are cut by experts, and yet we sell at one-fourth the cost. Only gem of its kind guaranteed permanently brilliant. **SPECIAL OFFER.** For 50c deposit as guarantee of good faith, we send on approval, registered, either 1/2 or 1 carat Mexican Diamond at special price. Money back if desired. Write today. Catalog FREE. **MEXICAN DIAMOND IMP. CO., Dept. 8, Las Cruces, N. M.**



HOME 10983 — BROADWAY 961

**LOS ANGELES
GREATEST
GARMENT
CLEANERS**



4 STORES

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Oldest and Largest Savings Bank in the Southwest

Avail yourself of our Free Information Bureau which is in position to advise you on many important points regarding Southern California.

Are You Interested in the West?

Let us send you valuable maps, rainfall charts, and other data regarding Los Angeles and vicinity and give you some idea of the growth of its prosperity.

This Bank places its services, suggestion, and advice entirely at your disposal.

Resources \$47,000,000.00
Capital and Reserve . . . \$ 3,300,000.00
80,648 Depositors

Send for our magazine
"The Savings Depositor"
Sent free to all who ask.

SECURITY BUILDING
Spring and Fifth Streets

Savings—Trust—Commercial



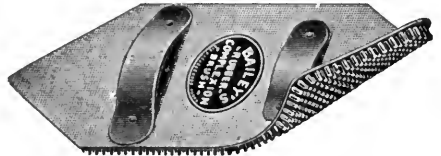
THE EVER-READY MESSENGER

Noon or Night
Week-days or Sundays
Always Ready—Never Tired

"JUST HOMEPHONE"

Home Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.

BAILEY'S RUBBER COMPLEXION BRUSH



TIS THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. Mailed 50 cents.



Mailed for price, 10c.

BAILEY'S RUBBER SEWING FINGER

Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the forefinger in sewing or embroidery. Three sizes—small, medium and large. Mailed 6 cents each.



Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1 for 25c.; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

BAILEY'S WON'T SLIP TIP



This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17 5-8 in.; No. 18 3/4 in.; No. 19, 7-8 in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21, 1 1-8 in. Mailed upon receipt of price 30c per pair
Agents Wanted

100 Page Rubber Catalogue Free.
C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, Mass.

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

. . . Books by George Wharton James . . .

- HEROES OF CALIFORNIA.** 515 pages, with eighty illustrations. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.16.
- THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA; HOW TO SEE IT.** An entirely new and complete guide book. 265 pages, with maps and 48 pages of pictures. \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.63.
- IN AND AROUND THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER IN ARIZONA.** Mr. James's original and instructive work on the Grand Canyon. 346 pages, with 23 full-page plates and 77 illustrations in the text. Crown 8vo. \$2.50 net; postpaid, \$2.70.
- THE INDIANS OF THE PAINTED DESERT REGION.** 268 pages, with 16 full-page pictures and 50 half-page illustrations from photographs. Crown 8vo. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.18.
- IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.** An Historical and Pictorial Account of the Franciscan Missions. The best book on the subject. 392 pages, with 142 illustrations from photographs showing the architecture, the interior decorations, furniture, pulpits, crosses and candlesticks of the Missions, pictures of the Saints, etc. 8vo. \$3.00 net; postpaid, \$3.20.
- THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT (Southern California).** Its Rivers and its Mountains, its Canyons and its Springs, its Life and its History pictured and described. The standard work on the Colorado Desert Region. With a colored frontispiece, 32 full-page plates, and more than 300 pen and ink sketches by Carl Eytel. 8vo. \$2.50 net; express paid, \$2.75.
- THROUGH RAMONA'S COUNTRY.** 406 pages. Fully illustrated from photographs. Crown 8vo. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.20.
- THE STORY OF SCRAGGLES.** An autobiography of a Song Sparrow. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.07.
- INDIAN BASKETRY.** Fourth Edition, including "How to make Indian and Other Baskets. 412 pages. With 600 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, \$2.50 net; postpaid, \$2.75.
- HOW TO MAKE INDIAN AND OTHER BASKETS.** 140 pages. With 225 illustrations. \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.15.
- TRAVELER'S HANDBOOK TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.** Baedeker size for pocket. 507 pages, with illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10.
- WHAT THE WHITE RACE MAY LEARN FROM THE INDIAN.** 269 pages. 84 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.50; postpaid \$1.75.
- CALIFORNIA BIRTHDAY BOOK.** Selections from the writings of Living California Authors, with biographical sketch of each and lists of books. 43 pages. 16mo. Cloth \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10.
- AN APPRECIATION OF CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.** With four choice selections from his writings. \$1.00.
- THE GUIDING LIGHT.** A small Texbook on Sex Physiology for the young. Also a "How to Tell" for parents. In paper 50c, cloth \$1.00.
- A LITTLE JOURNEY TO STRANGE PLACES AND PEOPLES,** Being a vivid account of the Indians and their homes of New Mexico and Arizona, including Inscription Rock, Zuni, Laguna, Acoma, the Lava flows, the Navahos, the Hopis and their Snake Dance, the Havasupais, the Grand Canyon, etc. etc. Fully Ill. \$2.69 pages, \$1.00 net, postage 10c.

▶▶ Copies will always be autographed for those who desire and who order direct from the author, George Wharton James, 1098 N. Raymond Ave., Pasadena, Cal., or "Out West," 218 New High St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Are You Going to

LOS ANGELES

- LOS ANGELES** is without question the most **Comfortable** city in the United States, both Winter and Summer.
- LOS ANGELES** climate in winter is like that of the Eastern and New England States in May and June.
- LOS ANGELES** in winter has roses in abundance, and its neighboring city of Pasadena has its annual Rose Tournament on New Year's Day.
- LOS ANGELES** has a score of delightful beach resorts, such as **Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Redondo, Long Beach, Alamitos, Bay City, Huntington Beach, Newport and Balboa**, all within an hour of the center of the city by commodious electric cars.
- LOS ANGELES** has **500** hotels and apartment houses, including some of the best appointed hotels in the United States, at moderate prices, conforming to the accommodations.
- LOS ANGELES** has the largest and best Cafeterias in the nation, affording a most economical method of living for tourists of moderate means.
- LOS ANGELES** county is constructing 300 miles of model roadways, for which it has bonded itself for \$3,500,000 and is a Paradise for Automobiles. Take your automobiles with you.
- LOS ANGELES** roadways in winter are fragrant with the odor of orange blossoms, which frequently cover the trees while the yellow fruit is still hanging to the branches.
- LOS ANGELES** is famous for its sea fishing. Tuna, Black Sea Bass (up to 300 pounds), Yellowtail, Barracuda, Rock Bass and Mackerel are abundant, and sportsmen from all parts of the world go to Los Angeles to fish.
- LOS ANGELES** is about completing the Los Angeles Aqueduct, one of the greatest water conduits of the world, 240 miles long, of which 30 miles was tunnel work through the mountains, at a cost of **\$25,000,000**, and with a capacity of **20,000** miner's inches—sufficient to supply a city of **2,000,000** inhabitants with an abundance of pure mountain water. For further information and literature address

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DATES

We are preparing to make an importation of offshoots of the choicest varieties of early ripening Persian Gulf dates. A member of our staff, well equipped for this work by previous experience, will sail from San Francisco about August 1. He will spend the winter in the date gardens, locating the most desirable varieties and arranging for a shipment of offshoots to reach Arizona and California about April 1, 1913. Delivery of palms in good order guaranteed.

We are desirous of communicating with anyone who is interested, especially those who contemplate engaging in the commercial culture of dates.

WEST INDIA GARDENS,

Horticultural Importers and Growers
of Subtropical Plants and Trees
Altadena, California.
Bank References

It's Baker's and It's Delicious



Made by a perfect mechanical process from high grade cocoa beans, scientifically blended, it is of the

finest quality, full strength and absolutely pure and healthful.

Sold in 1/5 lb., 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. cans, net weight.

Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.

Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

Polarine

Polarine Oil is the best oil you can get for your motor, whatever the make.

It retains its body and feeds uniformly under all running conditions.

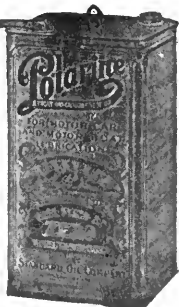
It leaves no carbon.

POLARINE TRANSMISSION LUBRICANTS. Prepared in different consistencies to meet the particular mechanical conditions existing in different types of motors.

POLARINE GREASES. Unequaled friction-reducing value wherever a solid lubricant is required.

Write to-day for the Polarine booklet to the nearest agency of the

STANDARD OIL CO.
(INCORPORATED)



THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

Savings (The German Bank) Commercial
(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.)

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Guaranteed Capital.....	\$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash.....	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	\$1,631,282.84
Employees' Pension Fund.....	131,748.47
Deposits Dec. 30th, 1911.....	\$46,205,741.40
Total assets.....	\$48,837,024.24

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Express Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only

OFFICERS — N. Ohlandt, President; George Tourny, Vice-President and Manager; J. W. Van Bergen, Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; William Herrmann, Assistant Cashier; A. H. Muller, Secretary; G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse, Assistant Secretaries; Goodfellow Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, jr., E. T. Kruse, W. S. Goodfellow and A. H. R. Schmidt.

MISSION BRANCH—2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Streets. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH—601 Clement St. Cor. 7th Ave. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH—1456 Haight St., between Masonic Ave. and Ashbury St. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. O. F. Paulsen, Mgr.

VOSE PIANOS

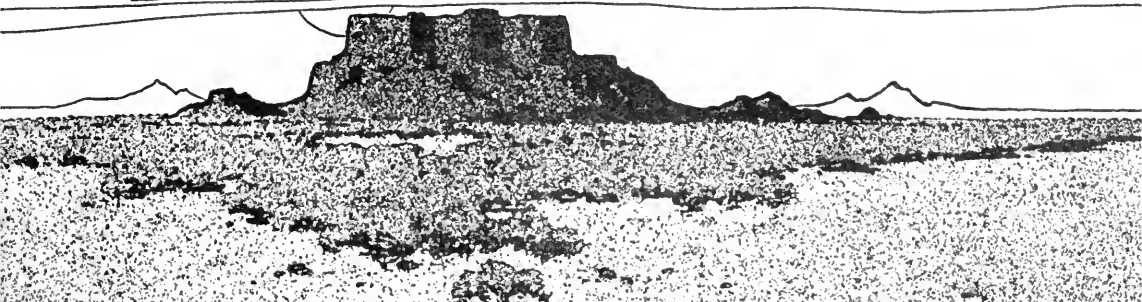
have been established over 60 years. By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

Boston, Mass

OUT WEST

George Wharton James, Editor



California's Sweetest Singer
From Indian Mission to University

Who Will It Be?

The Perfection of the California

The Great San Diego Exposition

Anaheim--the Mother City

October 1912

7 TRAINS Daily

San Francisco Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley

Some via Coast Line

100 miles along the ocean shore.

Some via San Joaquin Valley

LAST TO LEAVE FIRST TO ARRIVE

Three leave between 5 and 8 p. m.
and reach San Francisco by or before
9.30 a. m.

THE FAST ONES

SHORE LINE LIMITED

Leave Los Angeles 8 a. m.
Arrive San Francisco 9:50 p. m.

OWL via San Joaquin Valley

Leave Los Angeles 6 p. m.
Arrive San Francisco 8:10 a. m.

Lark via Coast Line

Leave Los Angeles 7:40 p. m.
Arrive San Francisco 9:30 a. m.

Southern Pacific

LOS ANGELES OFFICES:

600 South Spring Street
STATION, Fifth and Central Ave.

Coachella Valley

Riverside County

WHERE DATES GROW

Visit the Valley and see the heavily laden trees on the Government Farms and private ranches. "Deglet Noor", the highest priced Date in the world, will be ripe in a few weeks.

Southern Pacific Date Lands, sold in 20, 40 and 80 acre tracts. Ten Years' time. One-tenth cash.

C. E. WANTLAND, General Sales Agent,

410 Grosse Bldg.,

Los Angeles, Cal.

A NEW CREATION WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

The *Only New* unabridged dictionary in many years.

An Encyclopedia. Contains the *pith and essence* of an authoritative library. Covers every field of knowledge.

The *Only* dictionary with the *New Divided Page*. A "Stroke of Genius."

400,000 Words Defined. 2700 Pages.
6000 Illustrations.
Cost \$400,000.



Let us tell you about this most remarkable single volume.

Write for sample pages, full particulars, etc.

Name this paper and we will send FREE a set of Pocket Maps.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Whitaker Knows the Pacific Coast

Twenty Five Years Residence from
Seattle to Mexico City

WHITAKER'S REVIEW AND HAND-
BOOK OF THE PACIFIC COAST

is not a promotion publication. It is a magazine with a message, and contains also a compact, well-ordered digest of just the facts you want to know about the Pacific Coast.

Send Twenty Five Cents for the latest issue, which will also entitle you to a letter of personal advice or to a free service through our Sales and Exchange Bureau.

Address
WHITAKER'S REVIEW

Los Gatos, California

Out West Adlets

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Bring Buyer and Seller Together

In this classified department will be inserted advertisements of a clean and reliable character up to 14 lines, at the rate of 50 cents per line. None will be inserted of less than 2 lines. No illustrations nor display features will be permitted in this department. Our policy, which excludes medical, palmistry, fortune-telling or misleading advertisements, or advertisements of unreliable parties or commodities, also prevails in this department, and the business management will appreciate prompt notice from *Out West* readers of any such that may get in by false pretense. Address all letters pertaining to this department to

OUT WEST

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT,

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

AMUSEMENTS—

BELASCO THEATER

MAIN STREET, bet. 3rd and 4th sts.,
Matinees Thursday, Sat. and Sun.

ORPHEUM

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE,
Broadway, bet. Sixth and Seventh.

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

BROADWAY NEAR MERCANTILE.

MASON OPERA HOUSE

BROADWAY BETWEEN 1st and 2nd.
All week—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

MAIN STREET NEAR SIXTH.

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

BROADWAY NEAR EIGHTH.

FISCHER'S LYCEUM

FORMERLY ORPHEUM, Spring near Third.

HOTELS—

ALEXANDRIA HOTEL

FIFTH AND SPRING.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

FIFTH NEAR MAIN.

BOOKS—

LIFE, HISTORY AND CHARTER of the Commission Form of City Government, by William Hamilton McGoldrick, 218 New High St. You cannot afford to vote without it. Send \$2.00.

ADVICE

HAVE YOU PROPERTY to rent or sell? There's a customer or a tenant waiting to reach you through the Want Columns of *Out West*. Results are certain.

ARE YOU SUFFERING from ignorance as to the best foods you ought to eat? Are you below par physically and unable to do your best every day?

Then consult Miss Clara B. Lambert expert on diet.

(Trained under Dr. J. H. Kellog at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.)

739 N. Marengo Ave.

Home phone 3816.

Pasadena, California

STUDIO BUILDINGS—

BLANCHARD HALL

STUDIO BUILDING devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science. Largest Studio building in the West. F. W. Blanchard, 233 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

SECURITY TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK.

MORE THAN 80,000 depositors. Resources exceed \$47,000,000.00. Special Savings Accounts, 3 per cent. Term deposits, 4 per cent. Largest Safe Deposit Vaults in the West. Security Building, 5th and Spring Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

TOILET ARTICLES—

FINGER NAIL POLISH

SEND 10 CENTS for a 25 cent package of Finger Nail Polish. A trial order of just what you want. 1629 Van Ness, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED

MANY TEACHERS WANTED for schools in the West. All positions good salaries. Address, D. T. Bladwin, San Antonio, Texas.

Metaphysical Circulating Library

611 GRANT BLDG. Los Angeles

Hours 12 to 8 p. m.

Dues 25c. per month

Home Phone A171

\$2.50 per year

BOOKS FOR SALE

Mail Orders promptly Filled.



OUT WEST

New Series Vol. 4

October, 1912

Number 4

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS

213. California.....By Theodore C. Williams
214. Frontispiece—ELLEN BEACH YAW "LARK ELLEN".
215. California's Sweetest Singer.....By George Wharton James
226. From Indian Mission to University.
232. Aspiration.....By Margaret Troili Campbell
 WHO WILL IT BE?
233. Democratic Party.....By Lorin A. Handley
236. The Progressive Party Ticket.....By Arthur P. Will
239. Prohibition Party.....By Wiley J. Phillips
241. The Socialist Party and Its Candidates.
244. The Perfection of God's Great Out-of-Doors.....By George Wharton James
248. Quit Your Worrying.....By the Editor
253. A Picture of the Plains.....By Josephine Clifford McCrackin
255. The Pointing Pencil—ECONOMY VS. SAVING.....By Martha Martin Newkirk
256. My World.....By F. L. W.
257. Night Impression of Capistrano.....By Lee Bernard McConville
258. David Starr Jordan on "The Unseen Empire."
260. October Days in Siskiyou.....By Julia P. Churchill
261. The San Diego Exposition.
 Cartoons by George D. Heisley
271. Anaheim.....By Frederick J. Ahlborn, Sec. Board of Trade
 Cartoons by A. H. Dutton,
279. In the Editor's Den.
283. Under the Study Lamp.....By the Editor

Published monthly by the Western Publishing Company, 218 New High Street, Los Angeles, California. Price Fifteen Cents. Yearly subscriptions \$1.50 per year in advance. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Los Angeles Postoffice.

POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila, Samoa, Canal Zone, Cuba and Mexico.

HOW TO REMIT. Remittances should be sent by Check, Express Order, or Postal Money Order, payable to the Western Publishing Company. Currency, unless mailed in a registered letter, is at the sender's risk.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent One Week before the date of issue on which the change is to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising in the Magazine must be received Ten Days before the first of the month on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by its author.

WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LOS ANGELES
218 NEW HIGH STREET

You're Safe

If you advertise in OUT WEST. There is a reason for it. There is no gambling chance—results are certain. OUT WEST space pays big dividends to its advertisers. Just try it and be convinced.

“The advertising medium you will eventually use”

Eventually? Why not now?

Out West

Is a UNIQUE Magazine and an intensely interesting one. Its title indicates what it stands for—The Great “OUT WEST”—its resources and their development, its history and its literature, its romance, its mystery and its grandeur.

If you are interested in these things, read OUT WEST. If you are a stranger to their charm, read OUT WEST, and find a new world of pleasure.

\$1.50—CHECK OR MONEY ORDER—WITH YOUR ADDRESS, MAILED TO US, WILL BRING “OUT WEST” TO YOU MONTHLY, TWELVE TIMES.

POEMS WORTH MEMORIZING

Masterpieces of Western Poetry

California

By Theodore C. Williams

*Hidden from the elder peoples, guarded by the Vesper star,
Lay the Golden Land, untravelled as the dreams of prophets are.*

*Ages old, the redwood towered to the vast, expectant sky;
In the glens the naked buntsmen syllabled their savage cry,*

*Morning throned herself on mountains, evening touched the sapphire sea;
But between them lay the glory only of futurity.*

*O'er the mountains of the morning, down through many an eastward glade,
Came at last the crowning wonder, for which all the rest were made.*

*Came the masters of the planet, th' imperial heirs of time,
Girded for supreme dominion, like the Titans of the prime.*

*Then the Golden Land awakened from her immemorial dream,
Gave the treasures of her caverns to the lords of steel and steam.*

*All her gates were opened; fiercely all her barriers trampling down,
Burst new races, eastward, westward; delved in mine and ranch and town.*

*Crimes were done; the lavish beauty of the Virgin of the West
Droze men mad; her rival lovers slew each other on her breast.*

*Slowly, slowly o'er the tumult bloomed the olive-leaf of peace;
Slowly yet may Golden Justice rule the Golden Land's increase.*

*None the less (our hearts believe it) did the jealous aeons spare,
Even for us, th' Hesperian riches, knowing well the rightful heir.*

*Not to Pharaoh's slaves given, not to Caesar's crimsoned sword,
Not to pope, or silken prelate claiming tribute for the Lord.*

*Freemen won, and freemen hold it; freer yet their sons must be,—
All God's golden gift of sunlight mellowing fruit for liberty.*

*Here are treasures such as tyrants loved to filch from starving land,
Here are roses, feasts, and fragrance, such as Roman strength unmanned.*

*Therefore did God hide this garden, therefore did our sires endure
Wars and winters in the Northland, breeding races stark and pure.*

*God too long had grown the laurel for the carnal brows of pride;
Oft, too oft, did golden glory bul the conqueror's madness hide.*

*Bloom, unfading groves! Ye mountains, yield the glittering gifts ye hold!
O Mankind, achieve the human in the land of wine and gold.*



Ellen Beach Yaw "Lark Ellen"

Photo Hemenway, L. A.

OUT WEST

OCTOBER

1912

California's Sweetest Singer



By George Wharton James

LARK ELLEN by name, Lark Ellen by nature, it is as natural for her to sing as it is to eat. The moment she puts her hand out and greets you with her gentle, winning smile, you know that she is a singer. There is that quiet but insistent and

flutelike tone to her voice that makes you anxious to hear her sing. But it is a very different proposition hearing Lark Ellen sing in the open air, under the trees, accompanied by the birds that she welcomes to her Home Nest and the rustling of the leaves of the orange, aca-



Lark Ellen at work in her beautiful flower garden at Covina, California



The Lark Ellen Public School, Covina, California

elia and eucalyptus trees,—it is as different hearing her sing under these conditions and when she is in a crowded concert hall or opera house as are the actions of a simple country maiden in her father's house and the same girl in the garb of a nun.

Lark Ellen is the name by which Mrs. Ellen Beach Yaw Goldthwaite is affectionately known throughout Southern California. Her Home Nest is located on the outskirts of Covina, twenty four miles from Los Angeles, in one of the richest orange growing sections of the world. The Pacific Electric Railway has named a station after her, the avenue that passes her home is Lark Ellen Avenue, one of the schools of Covina is the Lark Ellen, and in Los Angeles a Newsboys' home also bears her name.

This Home Nest is a charming spot, completely surrounded by a thousand varieties of flowers, an emerald green lawn and eleven acres of thriving orange trees. On the lawn is a fountain per-

petually flowing, the basin of which is filled up with pebbles so as to give the birds full opportunity for taking their baths. It is a study in bird life simply to sit for an hour or two and watch these joyous creatures enjoying the luxury thus provided for them by their human friend.

It seems as if the birds acquaint each other with the existence of this fountain for every year more and more come to enjoy its waters. Miss Yaw said that the day before my first visit a beautiful canary appeared that was so tame as to allow her almost to put her hand upon it.

Bordering on all sides of the orange ranch are rows of gigantic eucalyptus trees, those glorious importations from Australia that give such wonderful life to the sky portion of many a Southern California landscape. Miss Yaw speaks lovingly of these trees. She was first attracted to the ranch by their presence, and she is as familiar with their every



Lark Ellen and one of her most enthusiastic and adoring pupils

mood as a lover is with the face of his beloved. She knows their notes and understands the significance of their tones. She can tell when a storm is brewing or when the noise they make

is merely an index of a sudden and temporary flurry.

Three years ago she and her husband came here, having just bought the ranch, though they had already spent two years



"Lark Ellen" singing to the birds on the lawn, in front of her "Home Nest," Covina, California

of happy married life traveling in the East and in Europe. There was an old house to which they materially added, building on a large and commodious music room and adding an open air screened-porch around two sides. There was not a flower or blade of grass growing at that time, but no sooner were they planted than the place became, what it now is, a perfect bower of beauty.

For sometime this was indeed a Home Nest of joy and affection until Mr. Goldwaithe was taken seriously ill. After a month's illness at Rochester, New York, he passed on and Lark Ellen was left in the Nest without her mate. Consequently she now lives near by with her mother and married sister, the latter having lived in Covina for ten years.

The Nest, however, is not unoccupied. While Miss Yaw takes no pupils, there is scarcely a week passes that young girls and women do not come to sing to her to have her give judgement upon their voices. Out of this number she has chosen three whom she calls her proteges. To these she has turned over her Nest and she hears them sing every day, criticising, suggesting and directing them in their studies and exercises. Need it be said that to these singing maidens Lark Ellen is a fairy god-mother and almost worshipped? They speak to her and of her with such manifest devotion as only young and im-

pressionable, strongly temperamental girls could do and it is a joy to the intelligent onlooker to observe the sweet relationship that exists between them.

On the occasion of my first visit Miss Yaw told me with considerable glee that the girls, that night, were going to have a little dinner party, and that she and I were numbered among the invited guests. Of course I accepted with alacrity. All through the evening it was apparent that she occupied more the position of a beloved elder sister, whose every desire was anticipated, than of any more formal and dignified relationship. It was an interesting and happy evening, long to be remembered, by at least one of the guests.

Miss Yaw was born at the little country village of Boston, Erie County, New York. She laughingly says it was so many years ago that she cannot remember anything at all about the event. Like Topsy, she just "grewed."

Her great grandfather fought in the Revolutionary War and at its conclusion moved out to this frontier settlement when the hills and valleys were completely covered with trees. She can well remember the stories that were told of the early days when her great grandfather was a soldier and her grandfather had to work hard day after day cutting down the trees in order to make room for the fields of grain.

When Ellen was born the region was

California

A State Song

3

Words and Music by
ELLEN BEACH YAW

SOP.
ALTO



Cal - i - for - nia! Glo - rious land! What mys - try dost thou
Won - drous land of sun - shine, That draws men un - to
Lift your voice in gra - ti - tude! Ring out ye Mis - sion

TEN.



Cal - i - for - nia! Glo - rious land! What mys - try dost thou
Won - drous land of sun - shine, That draws men un - to
Lift your voice in gra - ti - tude! Ring out ye Mis - sion

BASS



Cal - i - for - nia! Glo - rious land! What mys - try dost thou
Won - drous land of sun - shine, That draws men un - to
Lift your voice in gra - ti - tude! Ring out ye Mis - sion




hold? — Thy name through-out the U - ni - verse Is
thee, — And holds them with a ma - gic bond In
Bells! — Go claim with love and har - mo - ny The



hold? — Thy name through-out the U - ni - verse Is
thee, — And holds them with a ma - gic bond In
Bells! — Go claim with love and har - mo - ny The




4

writ in shin - ing gold. The eyes of ev - 'ry
per - fect u - ni - ty. Here is found a
joy - our coun - try tells! Peace and sweet con -

writ in shin ing gold.
per - fect u - ni - ty.
joy - our coun - try tells!

na - tion Are turn'd to - ward thee now, For
hav - en, Where sun and flow'rs com - bine To
tent - ment For - ev - er shall a - bide In the

For
To
In the

God has placed with gra - cious hand A wreath up - on thy brow. —
drive a - way all world - ly care And teach a love Di - vine. —
homes of Cal - i - for - ni - a Our na - tion's great - est pride! —

God has placed with gra - cious hand A wreath up - on thy brow. —
drive a - way all world - ly care And teach a love Di - vine. —
homes of Cal - i - for - ni - a Our na - tion's great - est pride! —

Cal - i - for - nia, Cal - i - for - nia,
Cal - i - for - nia, Cal - i - for - nia,

Earth's own charm - ed land, — Thy name through out E -
Earth's own charm - ed land, — Thy name through out E -

ter - ni - ty Is writ in God's own hand.
ter - ni - ty Is writ in God's own hand.



Vere Goldthwaite, as he appeared in his typical Western costume, shortly prior to his marriage to Ellen Beach Yaw

a beautiful, fertile country of hills and valleys with occasional clumps of forest that had been allowed to remain, and these forest spaces were later to have a large place in the vocal development of the growing girl. She says that she cannot remember the time when she was unable to sing and her first public appearance made such an impression upon her that it is as fresh in her memory today as the time it occurred. Being an attendant at Sunday School she had learned to sing such hymns as "Jesus Loves Me," "Shall We Gather at the River," etc. A revivalist came to the town and the little girl persuaded her older sister to take her to the service. The director of the singing called for the hymn, "Jesus Loves Me," and while the verses were being sung he walked to and fro amongst the singers listening to the voices. After two or three verses had been sung he took little Ellen by the hand and led her to the platform and asked her to sing the verses while the audience joined in the chorus. Too young to feel any sense of self-conscious-

ness, the little tot sang, in her clear and beautiful voice, the simple words until she could remember no more. Then, prompted a line at a time, she sang the other verses, the audience coming in at the chorus.

At the close of the revival services a concert was given and the director asked his little soloist if she would sing on that occasion. Ellen replied that she didn't know; he must ask her sister, and when the sister was asked she gave the same reply, except that her mother must be consulted. When the mother was asked, she had no objection and so Ellen appeared in due time and sang her little song.

This was the beginning of her concert career. Her fame spread to the whole countryside and it soon became a regular thing for her to be invited here, there and everywhere to sing at concerts, special services and the little social functions that country churches are in the habit of giving. While she never learned to play the instrument, it was not long before she was able to extem-

porize her own accompaniments, so that no matter what she wanted to sing she was always independent of any outside assistance.

Now it was that her real training began, for although she had no teacher she followed what, in my judgement, was by far the wisest and best course for anyone seeking to follow a vocal career. Being left very much to her own devices—her mother believing largely in the modern idea of child training, which is practically to allow the child to follow its natural bent—Ellen used to go out and climb the hills and the trees, singing the while as if she herself were a bird of the woods. She taught herself to listen to her own voice and to detect its sweetest, purest and most carrying tones. She found the places best adapted for singing and would place her little friends in certain positions and at different distances to tell her how her voice sounded. By a system of waving signals she soon learned to understand what tones were the most clearly heard and those which her hearers deemed the most beautiful. These facts determined she would sing by the hour, resolutely confining herself to such tones as had been decided to be the best. The result was her throat became accustomed to the natural method of singing. She could sing by the hour whether it rained, blew, snowed or hailed, in sunshine, or in storm, in hot weather, or in cold, just as does the nightingale, the mocking bird, the linnet or the skylark. It mattered not what kind of weather it was to Lark Ellen, she sang for the very joy of singing with nothing to make her afraid.

Miss Yaw believes that to this simple and natural training is owing the fact of her remarkably high register. As is well known she has a range of four full octaves and sings with perfect ease and clearness E in altissimo, which is nearly an octave higher than most prima donnas are able to reach.

Miss Yaw has sung much less in the United States than in Europe. Hence, it was with considerable pleasure that I learned that she intended to spend the major part of next winter singing in this country prior to beginning a tour of the world.



Ellen Beach Yaw's Golden Angel in London

That she loves her California home goes without saying though it is different since her beloved passed on. Few marriages were happier than hers. She first met the man who became her husband several years ago as they were returning by boat from England to New York. They struck up an acquaintanceship and enjoyed each other's society. But a few years later when she met him in Boston this acquaintance soon ripened into the affection that means marriage. Vere Goldthwaite was a genuine westerner, born in Nebraska and fond of life upon the open plains and roaming up and down the mountains of Colorado. He studied law, was ad-



I thought I
heard a bird!
Yours truly
Rex

Rex and his autograph made expressly for Ellen Beach Yaw

mitted to the bar and practiced before the United States Supreme Court in Washington. Five years ago last March they were married in Boston and life became more beautiful than ever to the sweet singer who had already seemed to receive so many of Fortune's most winning smiles.

Twice she and her husband went to Europe together. On one of their trips they spent two months at Hallstatt, near Ischl. Here in this quiet and retired spot, they dressed in Austrian costume, mingled freely with the natives, were happy in the most simple and primitive fashion, while Lark Ellen studied German repertoire.

Their happiness was rudely broken into by the fatal attack of pneumonia which suddenly terminated Mr. Goldwithe's brilliant career.

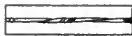
Like nearly all residents of California Miss Yaw is devoted to the Golden State, and altho she has been absent much of the time, singing abroad, it has been her home over twenty years. Her sister has lived here for ten years and she has always visited her at every opportunity with the greatest pleasure, and it was with the full expectation that she made her home here for life when she bought the orange orchard on which the Home Nest is located. Hence I was not surprised when she turned to me and asked if I had heard her "California Song." On my replying in the negative, she immediately trilled forth with considerable vim and enthusiasm the accompanying song which I am privileged to reproduce by the courtesy of her publishers, Messrs. Heffelfinger and Hemmenway of Los Angeles' the owners of the copyright. Both words and music are of Miss Yaw's composition, and it is arranged both as a solo and quartette.

On entering the house my eye was arrested by a photograph on the wall of the open air porch of a Scotch collie and as I looked at it I saw underneath, the following inscription: "I thought I heard a bird. Yours truly, Rex." This

was followed by the sign-manual of the dog whose paw had been dipped in the ink for that purpose. Laughingly Miss Yaw told me the story. She happened into the photographer's studio where for over an hour the artist had been vainly endeavoring to make a photograph of this dog which belonged to a neighbor. Noticing Rex's restlessness, Miss Yaw began, very softly, to trill. In a moment the dog was still, the plate was exposed and the photograph made.

That there is considerable presence of mind, *sang froid*, and deliberate self-possession under the quiet and almost girlish demeanor of Lark Ellen is proven by the following true incident. She was singing at the State Cotton Exposition at Waco, Texas. Cotton in every form was displayed all around in its most inflammable condition. Miss Yaw had just arrived on the back of the stage when a scream was heard from some part of the audience-room, followed by a loud yell of fire. It afterward transpired that this was a false alarm caused by the fact that a lady had fainted and some one else had misunderstood her scream to be a call of fire. In a moment the vast audience was in confusion, when, suddenly from the girlish figure that had rapidly dashed upon the stage there arose as insistent as the tones of a bell the sweet voice of the self-possessed young singer, giving out the first notes of the call from the Bell Song, from *Lakme*. After the concert many of those who were in the audience called upon Miss Yaw and expressed their gratitude for her thoughtfulness in eliminating what might have been a very serious disaster.

Miss Yaw is just about to start on a complete tour of the world. Her thousands of friends and admirers in the United States will first have the pleasure of hearing her, and then she will cross the ocean to Europe, in all of the capitals of which she is a prime favorite. We wish her a hearty God-speed and assure her of the most sincere and cordial welcome on her return.



From Indian Mission to University

DO "just men made perfect" in the spirit world have the power of seeing the efforts of their successors on earth? If so, then the Franciscan padres who, in the year 1777 founded the Mission of Santa Clara, in the chain of California Missions, must have rejoiced with exceeding great joy

sent to witness the ceremonies, which were elaborate and extensive.

Sunny skies that lent an additional glory to the flashing helmets of the dragoons and a silvery sheen to the Knights of Columbus swords, burned to a deeper brown the cheeks of the young Spanish girls about the mission



Procession on way to Dedication

at what they witnessed at Santa Clara on Sunday, June 16, 1912. The occasion was the Diamond Jubilee of Santa Clara College, henceforth to be a college no longer, but a full-fledged university, with all the honors and responsibilities that inhere to the larger and more dignified name. Fully 20,000 people were pre-

and put a halt to the extended oratory of the chosen speakers. While the entire town of Santa Clara took a part in the festival and decorated its streets gaily with Old Glory, flags of Spain and pennants of the college, the chief scenes of the drama of dedication were set in front of the old college chapel



Dedication Celebration, June 16, 1912

in the shadow of the cross planted by Padre Tomas de la Pena in 1777. The day began with religious observance, and when the shadows of the gathering dusk fell athwart the cross there were still thousands left to sing the vesper hymn. An altar was temporarily built in the field and the good ladies of San Jose came and decorated it with red canna and golden poppies. Father Joseph Sasia, S. J., celebrated mass in the open field, while the incoming excursionists were hastening to the campus. In most instances the faithful knelt on the hard crusted sod during the service. A brass band played at the offertory and at communion, and when a familiar chant was sounded the congregation joined in singing.

The vast throng shifted when Father Lambert of the Paulists took up a position in a temporary grandstand and, after referring to the occasion of the celebration, spoke on politics and religion. He took for his text the motto

of the Young Men's Institute—"Pro Deo, Pro Patria" (for God and for country)—and besought his hearers to give deep study to the political questions of the day and to fight for the cause they believed to be right.

"It is a reprehensible thing in a man to avoid politics because he knows it to be vilely played," he said. "The ballot is a powerful instrument for good, and a good Catholic would be deficient in his duty and love for country if he did not actively engage in the fight to right political conditions should he believe them to be crooked."

The great crowds began to arrive about noon. The little town became one vast amphitheater and its usual quiet streets sounded with the music of many voices. Of first interest, of course, were the two new buildings erected and ready for dedication—the nucleus of the new university.

When this great institution, as proposed, is completed it will be to the west what Georgetown is to the east, a

seat of learning second to none, as Father Morrissey, president of the institution, said, in the development of the intellect and the building of a strong moral character.

Sixty years ago Father John Nobili founded the first college of Santa Clara. Driven out of Europe by religious persecutions, these sons of Loyola found refuge here in California. As Father Joseph F. Byrne of the class of '88 said in his dedicatory remarks:

"As the mighty ocean tears down the rugged cliffs and disintegrates their rocks, only to bear them on her bosom to build up other lands, so the persecution of the church in 1848, as other persecutions in other times have done, tore down the granite walls of learning in Europe only to cast upon our shores the beloved and saintly son of Loyola, whose erudition and culture in the arts and sciences made this great institution possible."

During these sixty years the college has contributed to the world many men prominent in every branch of learning. It has educated priests and professors for the teaching of religion in the missions and for continuing the work of education.

It has given to California many of its most successful professional men, lawyers, physicians, engineers and architects. In many phases of science, notably in the study of aviation, wireless telephony and seismic phenomena, it has achieved worldwide fame, the names of Professor George Montgomery, Father Ricardo and Father Bell being familiar in the annals and journals of science.

It has been directed by such men as Nobili, Congiato, Cicatterri, Villeger, Varsi, Masnata, Brunego, Pinasco, Kenna, Riordan, Gleeson and James P. Morrissey, the present head of the institution.

Early in the afternoon the first feature was the parade. It was the greatest in Santa Clara's history. There may have been more historic episodes in its annals, such as January 12, 1777, when Padre Tomas de la Pena and his Franciscan monks raised the Mission cross, or when Padre Magin Catala, to whom has been attributed miraculous powers,

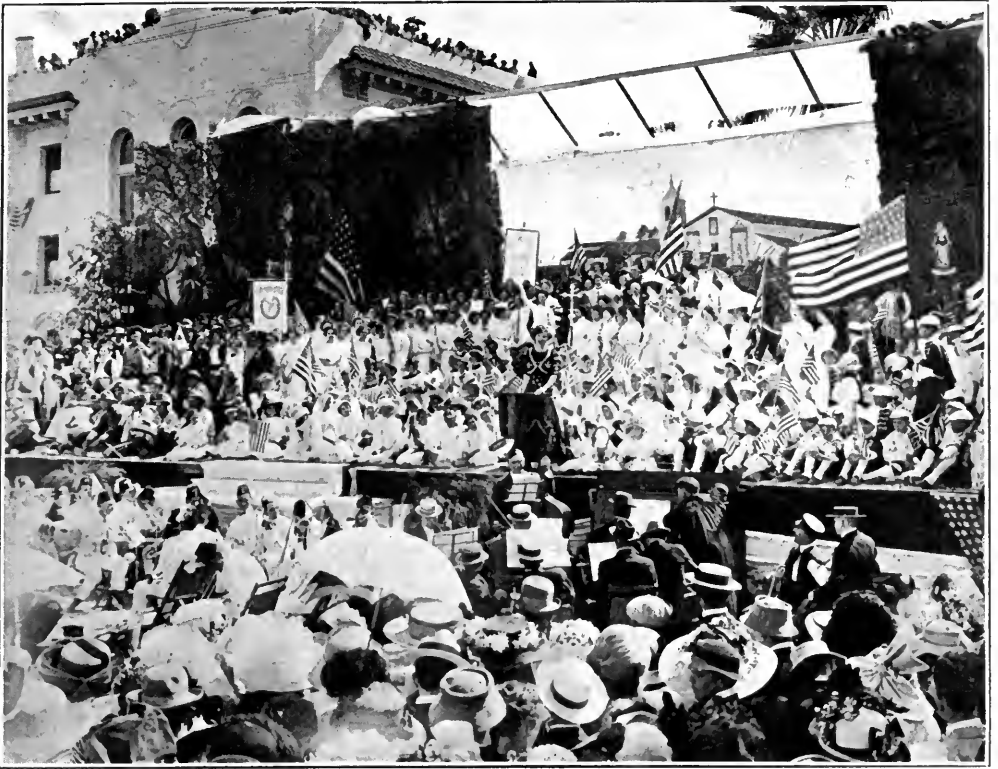
with his Indian neophytes planted the driveway of willows between San Jose, the pueblo and Santa Clara, the mission.

Flags and bunting were seen throughout the town. The cottages of the humble had some testimonial that they were glad, and although the aged resident jabbered in Mexican, he wore the red and white of the college on his coat and carried an American flag in his hand.

Ten thousand men, women and children marched through the village, which does not contain a third that number of inhabitants. Grand Marshal Thomas Monahan sat on his horse with dignity and saluted to the compliments of his friends as gracefully as did Don Gasper de Portola, impersonated by old Nicholas Corvarrubias of Santa Maria, during the Portola festival in San Francisco.

At the close of the parade the visiting thousands assembled in front of the great open-air platform and witnessed a series of historical tableaux, all worked out with a wonderful degree of care and attention to detail by Professor Charles D. South, depicting the history of the school from the days of the planting of the Mission cross in 1777 up to the present time. The first of the tableaux represented the valley in the days of the aborigines. In the foreground were the Indian worshipers holding a festival. They were grouped about their tepees and wigwams, and native music was being made upon the toms and thunder drums as a part of their worship. The scene was a beautiful one and much was added to the effectiveness of the illusion by the music on the native instruments given by Miss Pia Porta and Master Raphael Porta. The Indian's characters were portrayed by members of the Improved Order of Redmen of Santa Clara, San Jose, Los Gatos, San Francisco and San Mateo.

The second tableaux showed the Franciscan monks raising the Mission cross in 1777, with Padre Tomas de la Pena officiating on this memorable occasion. The characters in this scene were Franciscan monks, impersonated by Knights of Columbus of San Jose and San Francisco; Spanish soldiers,



Another Stage Setting at the Dedication

by members of the Loyal Order of Moose; Spanish men and women in costume of the time, by Native Sons and Native Daughters of the Golden West; Indians, by tribes of Redmen. A particularly pleasing feature was the chanting by the Franciscan monks, impersonated by Professor J. W. Rainey, Roy Thompson, Charles Sullivan, M. Carrera, Earl Towner, Frank Towner, Ervin Best, S. Schalkhammer and C. A. Fitzgerald.

The third scene was along the Alameda, showing the grand archway of willows planted by Padre Magin Catala and his Indian neophytes between the years 1797 and 1803. The picture represented the Alameda in 1820, during a religious procession, in which the Franciscan monks were chanting the hymn. The characters were: Padres (Knights of Columbus), Indians (Redmen), Acolytes (Sanctuary societies of San Jose and Santa Clara Young Ladies' Institute in costume), Spanish soldiers (Loyal Order of Moose), Span-

ish ladies and gentlemen (Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West), flower girls (students of Notre Dame Academy), Latin processional by double male quartet and chorus of monks.

The fourth scene showed Santa Clara College in 1851 during the dedication by the Rev. Father John Nobili, who was assisted by American soldiers, represented by Companies "B" and "M" of the fifth regiment, pioneers and Argonauts (Native Sons), Padres (Knights of Columbus), Spanish ladies, (Native Daughters), Spanish soldiers (Moose), Acolytes (Sanctuary society), American girls (auxilliary of Foresters of Christopher Columbus), Indians (Redmen).

During this scene came one of the star features of the day, Miss Helen Petre, a San Francisco soloist sang "Santa Clara Forever," the words of which were composed by Professor Charles D. South and the music by Earl Towner. Her beautiful lyric soprano

voice, despite the fact that she was singing out of doors, rang out rich and clear across the thousands who were assembled about the stage. The audience was so hearty in its reception of her work and was so insistent upon hearing her further that she was obliged to repeat her song. It was the first opportunity that a host of her friends in San Jose had been given of hearing her sing since her recent return from abroad where she has been studying for seven years, in fact ever since she was graduated from Notre Dame College in San Jose, and the response that her work received showed that her voice had not lost, but on the other hand had gained much in its charm.

The final tableaux showed the university as it stands today with the new buildings in the background, with the faculty of Jesuits and lay professors, graduates in caps and gowns, all surrounded by representatives of all the eras of Santa Clara valley history. Again during this scene Miss Petre was heard, this time in the "Star-Spangled Banner," the beautiful strains of which had hardly died away when the vast audience as if by pre-arrangement joined in, and, she taking the cue from her hearers burst forth again in the final verse of the National anthem. It was truly an impressive series of scenes and all were carried out in a manner that brought new honors to Professor Charles D. South, who arranged and staged the entire performance.

Immediately after the curtain had dropped upon the last tableau, a procession headed by the Rev. Father James P. Morrissey and Archbishop P. W. Riordan, and including the clerical faculty of the school and a large number of visiting clergy, left the administration building and slowly marched to the veiled bronze tablet upon the cornerstone of the building. There a blessing was invoked for the future of the school and the silken flag was drawn revealing the tablet upon which was seen the university emblem and the figures "1851-1911." The guard of honor, made up of members of the fourth degree of the Knights of Columbus, led

the way across the grounds to the church where the procession disbanded.

Then followed the commencement exercises,—the last of the old College—graced by the presence of Archbishop Riordan. The faculty of the University, the visiting clergy, the Knights of Columbus who formed a guard of honor, and the graduating class of nineteen members took their place upon the open-air platform and thus added another great event to those that had made the day memorable.

A number of honorary degrees were conferred, in addition to those bestowed upon the graduates, after which President James P. Morrissey announced that donations for the University fund to the extent of \$50,000 had been received.

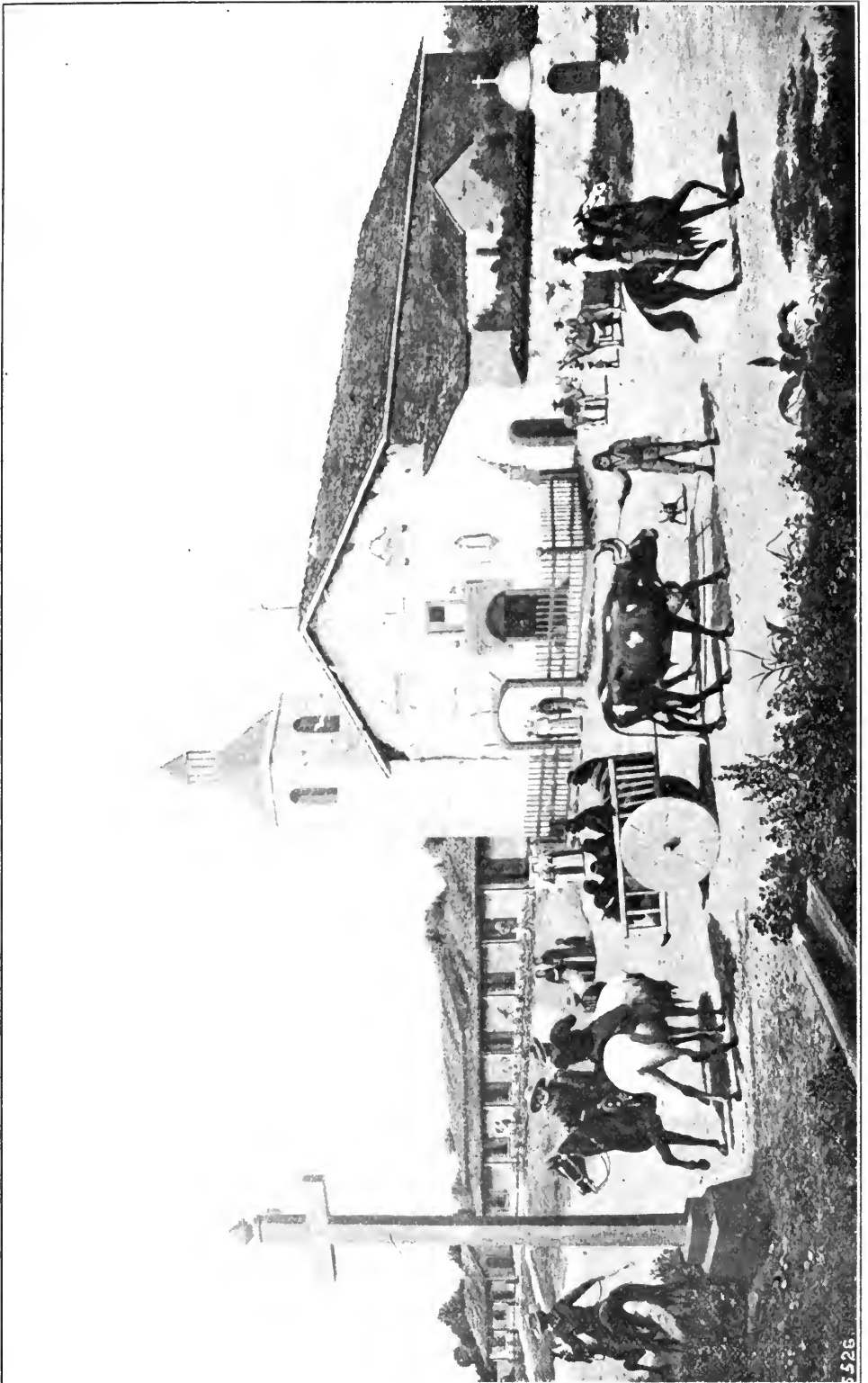
While there were hundreds of old graduates at Santa Clara University to witness the epoch-making scenes, still there was no one more interested in the events than William D. Brown, the father of Richard Brown, formerly fire chief in San Jose, who was a member of the first class which graduated at Santa Clara after it had been transformed from a little mission school into a college.

In company with the Rev. Father Nobili, the founder of the college, William D. Brown, then a stripling of a youth came to Santa Clara from San Francisco in a stage coach to take up work at the newly-formed college. He was a fellow student of John Burnett, son of Peter H. Burnett, the First Governor of California, and also a fellow student of Thomas R. Bergin.

When Mr. Brown was given his first instruction at the school the buildings consisted of one-story adobes with tile roofs and a crude fence marking the front entrance to the grounds.

Some years ago it was rumored that Santa Clara would move to Mountain View and there build its university, retaining in old Santa Clara the college buildings for preparatory courses. But Santa Clara two years ago was visited by fire, and the administration building was wiped out by the flames.

Nothing could have been more effective in prompting quick action in settling forever the selection of a site



Santa Clara Mission soon after its foundation

5226

than that fire. The fathers began to plan almost immediately to repair the loss, and to go further. The university was a surety. When they started to build, it was with the idea of making the old college site the permanent settlement of the greatest religious institution of learning on the Pacific coast. The new buildings are in sharp contrast to the structures of the old institution. The new are of stone and marble, the old are of wood. Will T. Shea is the architect and he has had the able assistance of the faculty, many of whom are thorough engineers and architects of unusual merit.

The buildings at present nearing completion consist of an administration building of three stories and a senior wing of the same design and height. Where the present chapel is a finer building will be constructed. Separate buildings for law, agriculture, engineering, architecture and other branches will be added as the money is available. Father Morrissey declares that he has no hesitancy in saying that with the splendid generosity

displayed in the last year the complete university will shortly be a reality.

The builders have used in the construction of the two new buildings everything known to modern science and engineering. And quite in keeping with the enlargement of the material forces of the institution will be the widening of the curriculum and the establishment of several new branches of study.

Santa Clara university was not built on the ideas prevailing fifty years, or even ten years ago, declared Father Morrissey in his address. In learning and in all things, while the principles of Christian philosophy will always be fundamentally the same, the Jesuits intend to give to their students the most modern conveniences and to keep pace with and go ahead of the ideas of modern scientific knowledge and research.

Santa Clara opened as a university September 12. *Out West* joins with its many friends in bidding it a hearty God-speed.

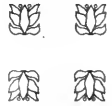
Aspiration

By Margaret Troili Campbell

*Such and such a day
With skies of gray, and wind among the leaves,
Could there be
Beyond it,
A fairer, brighter day?*

*Such and such a day
Of inert spirit gray,
Of lapsed shriving,
Could there be,
Beyond it,
A braver energy?*

Who Will It Be ?




The following articles are responses to our request to the various political party leaders.

We regret very much that up to the time of closing our forms, nothing has reached us from the Republican party managers.

Democratic Party

By Lorin A. Handley

OODROW WILSON, next president, is the personification of progressive Democracy in America. His pre-eminent fitness for the Presidency has been recognized for many years and now the people see in him a man, possessing in rare degree, the qualities which make the pillars fundamental to Americanism, viz:—intelligence, integrity and courage. With his election we shall have an affirmative answer to the constant question, "Shall the people rule?"

Providence was kind to Democracy, not only in giving to her so able a statesman as Governor Wilson for a leader, but in selecting Thomas R. Marshall, the distinguished and brilliant Governor of Indiana, as his running mate. Here two strong men stand the champions of the people upon that fundamental American basis of "Equal opportunity to all and special privilege to none."

Governor Wilson is a real Democrat, a true American. Whether as President of a great University, or Governor of a great Commonwealth or as a Candidate for the Presidency, he has kept the proper perspective of citizen-ship. So profoundly plain is he in speech that no one can honestly doubt that in the great struggle of Wealth against Commonwealth, that he is conscientiously and

squarely and openly fighting for the people.

We know a man by his words and his work. Wilson's speeches are the marvel of his time. Devoid of trickery, he analyses our political conditions and sets them forth in words that one can run and read and understand. Collier's Weekly says, "If Thomas Jefferson should walk this earth again and should wish to acquire for himself, in the shortest possible time, a clear knowledge of the new issues which compose the present body of political and economic controversy, his most helpful means would be to read the addresses of Woodrow Wilson." The Philadelphia North American comments thus: "We wish that every right-minded American citizen could find time to read the series of public utterances made by Governor Woodrow Wilson during the few months that have passed since he won his single-handed victory for popular government in regenerated New Jersey's memorable session of the State Legislature—we could count it no exaggeration to declare our opinion that no other American has approached more nearly to Jefferson and Lincoln in wonderful facility and felicity of stating the problems and their solutions which touch real Americanism from every angle."

Here are some of his own utterances from his great speech of acceptance:

"We must speak, not to catch votes, but to satisfy the thought and conscience of a people deeply stirred by the conviction that they have come to a critical turning point in their moral and political development. WE STAND IN THE PRESENCE OF AN AWAKENED NATION, IMPATIENT OF PARTISAN MAKE-BELIEVE.

"We need no revolution; we need no excited change; we need only a new point of view and a new method and spirit of counsel.

"The tariff question, as dealt with in our time at any rate, has not been business. It has been politics. Tariff schedules have been made up for the purpose of keeping as large a number as possible of the rich and influential manufacturers of the country in a good humor with the Republican party, WHICH DESIRED THEIR CONSTANT FINANCIAL SUPPORT.

"We denounce the Payne-Aldrich tariff act as the most conspicuous example ever afforded the country of the special favors and monopolistic advantages which the leaders of the Republican party have so often shown themselves willing to extend to those to whom they looked for campaign contributions.

"We do not ignore the fact that the business of a country like ours is exceedingly sensitive to changes in legislation of this kind. It has been built up, however, ill-advisedly, upon tariff schedules written in the way I have indicated, and its foundations MUST NOT BE TOO RADICALLY OR TOO SUDDENLY DISTURBED. When we act we should act with caution and prudence; like men who know what they are about, and not like those in love with a theory. It is obvious that the changes we make should be made only at such a rate and in such a way as will least interfere with the normal and healthful course of commerce and manufacture. But we shall not on that account act with timidity, as if we did not know our own minds,

for we are certain of our ground and of our object. THERE SHOULD BE AN IMMEDIATE REVISION, AND IT SHOULD BE DOWNWARD, UNHESITATINGLY AND STEADILY DOWNWARD.

"The welfare, the happiness, the energy and spirit of the men and women who do the daily work in our mines and factories, on our railroads, in our offices and ports of trade, on our farms and on the sea, is of the essence of our national life. There can be nothing wholesome unless their life is wholesome; there can be no contentment unless they are contented. Their physical welfare affects the soundness of the whole nation. We shall never get very far in the settlement of these vital matters so long as we regard everything done for the working man, by law or by private agreement, as a concession yielded to keep him from agitation and a disturbance of our peace.

"No law that safeguards their life, that improves the physical and moral conditions under which they live, that makes their hours of labor rational and tolerable, that gives them freedom to act in their own interest, and that protects them where they cannot protect themselves, can properly be regarded as class legislation or as anything but as a measure taken in the interest of the whole people, whose partnership in right action we are trying to establish and make real and practical.

"I know the temper of the great convention which nominated me; I know the temper of the country that lay back of that convention and spoke through it. I heed with deep thankfulness the message you bring me from it. I feel that I am surrounded by men whose principles and ambitions are those of true servants of the people.

"I THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE."

But actions speak louder than words. Ponder over the Wilson program in New Jersey. Here are some of the things he wrested from a hostile legislature:

1. Direct primaries for all State and local offices.
2. Direct primaries for choice of United States Senator, delegates to national conventions and popular expression for President and Vice-President.
3. Personal registration of voters.
4. Civil Service for election officers.
5. Drastic corrupt practices act.
6. Regulation of Public Utilities with power to make rates and a physical valuation.
7. Commission form of government for cities desiring it.
8. Initiative, Referendum and the Recall for administrative offices.
9. Regulation of Cold Storage.
10. Reform in State railroad taxation.
11. Reorganization of State School System, etc

Gov. Wilson's Labor Record

1. Employer's liability and compensation laws.
2. Fire escape laws.
3. Regulation of Employment Agencies.
4. Child labor laws.
5. Elimination of contract labor in penal institutions.
6. A semi-monthly pay act.
7. Regulating employment of Telegraph and Telephone messengers.
8. Sanitation of Bake Shops.
9. Plumber's License Law.
10. An act providing time for meals.
11. Eight hour law for State, County and municipal work.
12. Increased number of Factory inspectors.
13. Providing for safety and health of foundry workers.
14. Establishing Commissioners of Old age pensions and Old age Insurance.
15. Amended Factory Laws.

The State Federation of Labor of New Jersey has endorsed Woodrow Wilson's administration and A. A. Quinn of the United Carpenter's of America says: "We have the most Progressive Governor in the Country. He will be our next President."

We know a man also by the company he keeps. Governor Wilson has not

consorted with the Bosses; ask James Smith, Jr., of New Jersey. On the Democratic National Committee managing the Campaign are men like Gore and James and McAdoo and Davies and Chairman McCombs. No Boss, no Trust magnate, but known progressive leaders. It is interesting to note that no prominent Democrat in the Nation has turned away from Wilson but all are calling upon the people to elect him. Moreover, progressive Republican leaders are calling for Wilson's election. Charles R. Crane, Harvey W. Wiley, Brand Whitlock, Louis D. Brandies and our distinguished progressive Senator John D. Works of California. La Follette has said that "if any Democrat is to be elected he hoped it would be Woodrow Wilson." Senator Clapp recently said, "I yield to no Democrat in admiration for Woodrow Wilson. He has fought for the people and achieved victories in their behalf," and Wm. Jennings Bryan points him out as the man fitted to redeem this Republic. Yes, rather respectable company, and the kind that Wilson seeks and the kind that seek Wilson.

No man has had greater support from the great journals and magazines of the nation. Collier's Weekly, World's Work, the Springfield Republican, the Boston Transcript; Indianapolis News and numerous other great and independent journals and magazines are urging Wilson's election in the interest of the people and there is every indication that the people are going to respond and respond heartily.

Woodrow Wilson is the real progressive leader and the people know it. No amount of misrepresentation can now defeat him. His place is fixed. His singlehanded and successful fight against the Bosses and Corruptionists in his own State, has excited the admiration of the nation. Vigorous but not vindictive, radical but not reckless, he stands today, the foremost exponent of progressive principles in America. Impelled by a passionate spirit of Democracy, tempered with a profundity of knowledge and judgement, he has stirred the people of this country and will now lead them to victory; and ours shall be a happy and prosperous people.

The Progressive Party Ticket

By Arthur P. Will



THE career of Theodore Roosevelt during the last 30 years presents a record of activity and of accomplishment unparalleled in our history. The mere recital of his activities in the field of politics and in the field of literature would occupy all the space that is allowed for this brief article. And this one consistent purpose has manifestly dominated his whole career: to combat the forces of evil in public affairs and to secure an honest and efficient administration of law within the scope of his then employment.

As a member of the New York Assembly his record was so admirable that later, while he was on his ranch in North Dakota, he was nominated by the Republican party for the mayoralty of New York City. As civil service commissioner for six years at Washington he raised the work of the Commission from a theoretical to a practical importance and brought it into national prominence. As police commissioner of New York he enforced the law without partiality and purified the police force. As assistant secretary of the navy he infused vigor and life into that department, and began the work of revivifying the navy and adapting it to modern conditions which he carried out so successfully during his term as chief executive. As governor of New York State he developed the merit system, made the Canal Commission non-partisan, procured the passage of a law taxing corporation franchises, and, acting without fear or favor of the "bosses," generally reformed the administration of state offices.

As president of the United States he is to be credited with a number of notable achievements any one of which would have given him an enduring place in our history. By arousing the sentiment of the people he shattered the power of the Aldrich-Cannon machine and forced through Congress the law which gave the Interstate Commerce Commission the power to regulate railroad rates and charges, and to compel an examination of the books and trans-

actions of interstate carriers. He organized the Department of Commerce and Labor, one of the most important departments of government, a department which embraces the bureau of corporations. He procured the passage of the pure food law, the law providing for inspection of meats, the law prohibiting corporations from contributing to campaign funds, of the safety appliance law, the employer's liability act, and of the law limiting the hours of railroad employes.

All of our relations with foreign nations during his presidency were inspired by an intense patriotism. He organized our consular service, and made it an aid to our commerce and a source of national pride instead of a discredited asylum for political hacks. The voyage of the fleet around the world, for which he alone was responsible, and for which he prepared with incalculable labor and energy, was intended to arouse the national pride of our own people, to encourage our commerce and to give to foreign nations some idea of the efficiency of our navy. His position is that we should do no wrong to any nation, great or small, and should submit to no wrong. But he believes that the same standard of honor and justice should govern in dealings between nations as in dealings between individuals. And he has publicly declared on more than one occasion that this nation should not enter into a treaty unless it intends to keep it, and that when it has once undertaken treaty obligations it should faithfully perform them. He believes in defending and maintaining the national honor. He believes also in so acting that we are not dishonored.

Colonel Roosevelt's services during the war with Spain are fresh in the minds of us all. As he himself has said, it was not much of a war but it was all the war we had. His services there are evidenced by the public records and by the enthusiastic tributes of the men who risked their lives with him.

Mr. Roosevelt is a man of peace. The judgment of Europe is evidenced by

the fact that the Nobel Peace Prize was conferred upon him because in the opinion of the eminent committee he, of all the citizens of the world, during the period for which the prize was conferred, had done most to further the cause of peace among the nations. His interest in this cause was illustrated by his successful work in ending the Russo-Japanese War. It is worthy of note also that under his direction our Department of State negotiated many treaties of arbitration. These treaties, so procured by him, are the ones under which we are now living, and upon which we must depend for the peaceable settlement of disputes that may conceivably arise with more than a score of the most important of the nations of the world.

Roosevelt's conservation work is well known and need not be dwelt upon here. It has earned him the hatred and opposition of an energetic band of citizens who have made it their business to grow rich quickly by exploiting the forests, mines and waters which belong to all the people.

As this writer has said in another place: For the Panama Canal—the dream of centuries—which is destined to be of inestimable value to the nation and to California in particular, Mr. Roosevelt is entitled to the credit. To his matchless administrative ability and sound judgment we are indebted for the fact that the work on the canal has been diligently and honestly prosecuted, and that it is nearing a successful completion. To his courage in grasping the opportunity, to his genius for organization, and to his perseverance in pushing the construction in the face of tremendous obstacles, the Pacific Coast and the nation are indebted for the opportunity to celebrate in 1915 the accomplishment of one of the greatest of the works of man.

Mr. Roosevelt believes in a liberal construction of the Constitution in favor of the people as a whole for whose benefit the Constitution exists. Judge Thomas M. Cooley, one of the greatest constitutional lawyers that this country has produced—the man whom a democratic president made the first chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission—said in effect that as times advance and

conditions change our Constitution changes to meet the new conditions; we see it under new lights and with different eyes. So, Mr. Roosevelt believes that the Constitution is sufficiently comprehensive to allow whatever may properly be done by the national government to accomplish social and industrial justice under the conditions which prevail today. During his presidency when it became a question of a measure or an action which was imperatively demanded by unfortunate conditions he did not ask, Does the Constitution expressly allow me to do this? but, Does the Constitution forbid my acting in this matter in such a way as to alleviate the burdens of the people? This was well illustrated by his action at the time of the great coal strike, the peaceable settlement of which he alone brought about.

Many great corporations have made common cause in opposition to Roosevelt's election for the ostensible reason that, as they say, his election would hurt business. Mr. Roosevelt does not hesitate to say that some kinds of business ought to be not only hurt but suppressed entirely. He points out that the Progressives are against crooked business, big or little, and that they are in favor of honest business, big or little. He says: "Our proposal is to help honest business activity, however extensive, and to see that it is rewarded with fair returns so that there may be no oppression either of business men or of the common people. * * * Every honest business man big or little, should support the Progressive program, and it is the one and only program which offers real hope to all our people; for it is the one program under which the Government can be used with real efficiency to see justice done by the big corporation alike to the wage-earners it employs, to the small rivals with whom it competes, to the investors who purchase its securities, and to the consumers who purchase its products or to the general public which it ought to serve, as well as to the business man himself."

A little further examination of the record of Roosevelt while he was President may throw considerable light on the query why so many men interested in great corporations are vociferously

favoring the candidacy of Wilson rather than of Roosevelt. We do not have to dig very far before we find that the New York Herald had for a long time published advertisements that were obscenely suggestive, that Roosevelt directed its prosecution for improper use of the mails, and that the publisher paid a heavy fine. We find that the Sugar Trust had been for a long time defrauding the customs by false weights and corruption, and that under Roosevelt they were mulcted of several millions of dollars. We find that the Meat Trust was not pleased with the federal statute providing for the inspection of meat. We find that the anti-trust law was enforced against the Northern Securities Co. (involving the Great Northern Railroad Co., the Northern Pacific Railroad Co., James J. Hill, J. P. Morgan, and others) until that railroad trust was dissolved. And it was actually dissolved. We find that at Mr. Roosevelt's instance suits under the anti-trust law were instituted and successfully prosecuted against the Standard Oil Trust and the Tobacco Trust. And he does not hesitate to declare that if again elected to the presidency he will again administer the "Abyssinian treatment" to such business interests as continue to violate the law. In short, then, if the records disclose that Mr. Roosevelt was the only man who ever put the fear of God and of the law into the hearts of men who had long defied both God and law, we realize that there is abundant cause for the opposition referred to above. The Progressive platform recognizes that there is in effect a political trust, that it is immaterial to the "bosses" of the old political parties and the interests allied therewith which of these parties is nominally in control of the government if only such interests, through the "bosses," may control and direct the government. Accordingly it declares that "to destroy this invisible government, to dissolve the unholy alliance between corrupt business and corrupt politics is the first task of the statesmanship of the day." This unique political document recognizes the nationality of the United States and is declared to be a covenant with the people of the nation. It promises to do away with night work

for women, and with child labor, to put an end to the piracy of wild-cat investment companies, to stop the waste of our national resources and the misuse of money in elections. On the other hand it declares for a protective tariff so adjusted as to protect the laborer and the consumer as well as the manufacturer, and for an improved method of revising the tariff. It promises to limit the hours of labor, to secure a minimum wage standard, to urge the extension of the suffrage to women, to strengthen the Interstate Commerce Commission, and to provide efficient governmental regulation of trusts. It pledges the party to work for the improvement of our currency system, the reform of legal procedure and judicial methods, the extension of our commerce throughout the world, and a readjustment of the business methods of government. As an earnest of good faith the Progressive candidates point to what has been actually accomplished in California under the administration of Governor Johnson.

Mr. Roosevelt is not only a national figure; for many years he has been a world figure. Because of the work that he has done for this nation and because of the way in which he is regarded by men of other nations his life and character comprise a national asset of inestimable value. Ferrero, the great modern historian of Rome has written that those who personally meet Roosevelt "find him a gentle and charming man of extreme simplicity. He immediately strikes one as being perfectly sincere and honest. He overflows with cheerfulness, good humor, health and physical vigor." He sums up his estimate of the ex-president by declaring that he is "an American of the old stock, possessing qualities which made America the admiration of our grandsires" and representing the best qualities of Washington and Franklin—"idealism, optimism, the spirit of democracy, wholesome simplicity of manners and ideas and a strong will to carry out the dictates of fearless and definite convictions."

Old acquaintances who came in contact with Mr. Roosevelt during his recent tour of the West can bear witness that his health was never better, his energy never

greater, his courage never higher, and that he knows nothing of depression or of doubt.

It is no light matter that a political movement of the 20th century has aroused in the breasts of hundreds of thousands of Americans the spirit of the Crusaders. No cause that is born as this was born can perish. The creed of humanity must last as long as humanity shall endure. When Cromwell's sol-

dier's advanced singing psalms and calling upon the name of the Lord the cavaliers were as stubble to their swords. What can Barnes and Murphy, Penrose and Archbold, Lorimer and Sullivan, Guggenheim, Taggart and their partisans hope to do with men whose battle-cry is Human Rights! and who believe that they "stand at Armageddon and are battling for the Lord"?



Prohibition Party

By Wiley J. Phillips

NEARLY every great leader has been a man of humble birth, whose busy life of service to humanity has fitted and equipped him for the greater service of leadership. Two men of just this stamp, Eugene Wilder Chafin and Aaron Sherman Watkins, have recently, for the second time, been nominated for President and Vice-President of the United States, by the Prohibition Party. Both strong men physically, with great brains and great hearts, dedicated to the cause of National political freedom from the demoralizing tyranny of the legalized liquor traffic, their lives already bear witness to their sincerity, great-heartedness and intellectual ability.

Eugene W. Chafin was born on a farm near East Troy, Wisconsin, was educated in the public schools, earned his L.L.B. degree in the University of Wisconsin, was admitted to the bar in 1875, and practiced law for thirty years. Mr. Chafin was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1909. In 1882 he was a Prohibition Party candidate for Congress from Wisconsin; in 1886 he was nominated for Attorney-General, and in 1898 for Governor of Wisconsin; in 1904 he was the party's choice for Attorney-General of Illinois, and was finally, in 1908, first named for President of the United States, at the Columbus Convention.

Mr. Chafin is the author of the *Voter's Handbook*; *Lives of the Presidents*; *Lincoln, the Man of Sorrow*; *Washington*

as a Statesman; *One Standard of Morals*; *Church and School*; *Government by Political Parties*, and *Government by Administration*. He is a profound scholar and an encyclopedic authority upon all phases of American history and reform. His home is in Tucson, Arizona.

Aaron Sherman Watkins is of staunch Quaker ancestry. Born in Rushsylvania, Ohio, November 29th, 1863, after completing school and college work at Ohio Northern University, and taking four year's further study, Dr. Watkins was admitted to the bar, at Ada, Ohio, in 1889; entered the Methodist Episcopal ministry in 1893; was Professor of Literature and Philosophy at Ohio Northern University in 1907-1909; President of Asbury College, Kentucky, 1910-1911.

Dr. Watkins is an orator of great logical power. In both 1905 and 1908 he was the choice of Ohio Prohibitionists for Governor, and was enthusiastically chosen as the colleague of Mr. Chafin upon the national ticket in 1908. While the leaders of the Prohibition Party have been among the intellectual giants of the Nation, no other political movement has been so little understood by the masses, and no other is so persistently misrepresented by the political demagogue.

Studying the Prohibition Party question simply as an observer, one whose mind is open and free from political bias will be impressed with the persistency, courage and dauntlessness of

these people, fighting for principle and nothing else; and this alone should entitle them to public recognition as the only purely unselfish actors in this National political drama. Whatever else the Prohibition Party may be, all must agree that it is distinctively and exclusively a political party of unselfishness, working for the best interests of all the people.

Earnest conviction to a high ideal of duty; the unselfish reforming spirit; the spirit that has helped in all ages to make the world better through moral power rather than through physical conquest; the spirit of the liberators; the spirit of the champions of human rights—all these are dominant factors in this crusade for national emancipation from the tyranny of the legalized rum power. The unthinking and superficial often sneer at the Prohibitionists, but the sober-minded recognize that these men and women are typical of that class of society on which the nation ever depends in a great crisis, the source from which all great moral movements spring. The Prohibition Party is essentially a party of the rank and file; no boss dictators and no wielder of the "big stick" can make them afraid. The Prohibition Party is made up of sober, intelligent men and women, who, in ability, patriotism and statesmanship are the equals of any class of people in the Nation. No class of people understand better than they the great economic and ethical problems of the day, and none understand better the remedy for existing ills.

So far from being a party of one idea, the Prohibition Party has been the pioneer in almost every progressive step in political development for the last forty years. That it makes the overthrow of the most murderous monopoly of the world, its central purpose is true, as Rev. S. H. Taft has well said, but with this it has ever presented a broad and comprehensive view of the prerogatives and duty of a political party. In its first platform, published in 1872, forty years ago, it declared for the election of president, vice-president and senators by the people; declared against the spoils system; against perquisites in payments of government

officials; declared in favor of a sound national currency; for laws to regulate transportation rates; opposed discrimination against labor; declared in favor of free schools; for universal suffrage based upon suitable age and moral qualifications. And from that day to the present time, it has been a progressive party in the fullest sense of that term.

There is no fundamental principle of government consistent with our national constitution and in harmony with pure democracy which has not been thoroughly analyzed and put into concrete expression in the numerous platforms of the Prohibition Party. The platform of 1912, now presented to the people, is the shortest, most comprehensive and consistent with the principles of American patriotism and statesmanship of any political platform now before the people. Read it:

1. "The alcoholic drink traffic is wrong; is the most serious drain on the wealth and resources of the nation; is detrimental to the general welfare and destructive of the inalienable rights of life, liberty and happiness. All laws taxing and licensing a traffic which produces crime, poverty and political corruption, and spreads disease and death, should be repealed. To destroy such a traffic there must be elected to power a political party which will administer the government from the standpoint that the alcoholic drink traffic is a crime and not a business, and we pledge that the manufacture, exportation, transportation and sale of alcoholic beverages shall be prohibited.

We favor:

2. Suffrage for woman, on the same terms as for men.

3. A uniform marriage and divorce law. The extermination of polygamy. And the complete suppression of the traffic in girls.

4. Absolute protection of the rights of labor, without impairment of the rights of capital.

5. The settlement of all international disputes by arbitration.

6. The abolition of child labor in mines, workshops and factories, with the rigid enforcement of the laws now flagrantly violated.

7. The election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people.

8. A presidential term of six years and one term only.

9. The court review of postoffice and other departmental decisions and orders; the extension of the postal savings bank system and of rural delivery, and the establishment of an efficient parcels post.

10. The initiative, referendum and recall.

11. As the tariff is a commercial question it should be fixed on the scientific basis of accurate knowledge, secured by means of a permanent, omnipartisan tariff commission, with ample powers.

12. Equitable graduated income and inheritance taxes.

13. Conservation of our forest and mineral reserves, and reclamation of waste lands. All mineral and timber lands, and water powers, now owned by the government, should be held perpetually, and leased for revenue purposes.

14. Clearly defined laws for the regulation and control of corporations transacting an interstate business.


15. Efficiency and economy in governmental administration.

16. The protection of one day in seven as a day of rest.

To these fundamental principles, the National Prohibition party renews its long allegiance, and on these issues, invites the co-operation of all good citizens, to the end that the true object of government may be attained, namely, equal and exact justice for all."



The Socialist Party and Its Candidates

HE Socialist Party openly confesses that under existing conditions it goes into the political arena not so much with any expectancy of gaining any of the important offices, but as an opportunity for furthering the propaganda of its ideas. Eugene V. Debs is its candidate for president. Possibly no one has been the subject of more prejudice, passionate denunciation and criticism since anti-slavery days. He has passed through all of the attacks with a character which has constantly evidenced his integrity and lovable disposition.

He was born in Terre Haute, Ind., on November 15th, 1855. His parents were Alsatian-French. In 1870 he began work on the Terre Haute & Indianapolis Railroad, now part of the Pennsylvania System.

While a foreman on the Terre Haute & Indianapolis Railroad he joined the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. He assisted in organizing the Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, the Brotherhood of Railway Carmen and the Order of Railway Telegraphers.

In 1878 he became editor of the Firemen's Magazine and in 1880 was appointed Grand Secretary and Treasurer, Edi-

tor and Manager of the magazine, and served in that capacity until 1892. Upon first taking charge of the organization, it had some sixty lodges and was \$6,000 in debt. In a few months, through his energy, it developed to an organization of 226 lodges free from debt and became a vigorous and strong trade union. He resigned this office in 1892, insisting upon his resignation with a statement that the organization should be broad enough to embrace all workers, and that he desired to give his time and attention to the creation of such an organization. In June, 1893, with his associates, he commenced the organization of the American Railway Union.

It was this union that conducted the greatest strike that ever took place upon the American continent. During the spring of 1894 the Pullman Palace Car Company reduced the wages of its men. Though the Pullman employees were not members of the American Railway Union, they sought the advice of Debs. He went to the town of Pullman and investigated the facts. He found that the company was paying very low wages and charging very high rents for its houses. Still Debs advised against a strike. He did not regard the time as propitious.

The Pullman employees were in no mood for delay. They went out on May 11, 1894. They made application to join the American Railway Union and were admitted. From that time onward their fight became Deb's fight. All the world knows how he fought. He was finally whipped by Grover Cleveland, who at the behest of the General Manager's Association, representing the railroads, and against the protest of the Governor of Illinois, sent federal troops into the state. Federal Judges Grosscup and Woods added heavy blows to the beating. After serving six months in the Woodstock jail, Debs was escorted to Chicago by a trainload of admirers, among them being ex-Governor Waite of Colorado. Upon arriving in Chicago they marched through the muddy streets singing "The Marseilles" to Battery "D." There Debs delivered his famous speech on "Liberty," which bids fair to stand among the best orations of recent times.

Mr. Debs was nominated for President in 1900 and received 96,931 votes. He was again the party's candidate in 1904, receiving 408,230 votes; and again in 1908, receiving 424,488 votes. At the Indianapolis Convention held this year, May 12-19, he was once more and for the fourth time chosen as the standard bearer of the Socialist Party of America.

The following passages are from Deb's address of acceptance:

The Socialist party is fundamentally different from all other parties. It came in the process of evolution and grows with the growth of the forces which created it. Its spirit is militant and its aim revolutionary. It expresses in political terms the aspiration of the working class to freedom and to a larger and fuller life than they have yet known.

The world's workers have always been and still are the world's slaves. They have borne all the burdens of the race and built all the monuments along the track of civilization; they have produced all the world's wealth and supported all the world's governments; they have conquered all things but their own freedom. They are still the subject class in every nation on earth and the chief function of every government is to keep them at the mercy of their masters.

The workers in the mills and factories, in the mines and on the farms and railways never had a party of their own until the Socialist party was organized. They divided their votes between the parties of their masters. They did not realize that they were using their ballots to forge their own fetters.

But the awakening came. It was bound to come. Class rule became more and more oppressive and wage-slavery began to open. They began to see THE CAUSE of the misery they had dumbly suffered so many years. It dawned upon them that society was divided into two classes, capitalists and workers, exploiters and producers; that the capitalists, while comparatively few, owned the nation and controlled the government; that the courts and the soldiers were at their command, and that the workers, while in a great majority, were in slavish subjection.

When they ventured to protest they were discharged and found themselves blacklisted; when they went out on strike they were suppressed by the soldiers and sent to jail.

They looked about them and saw a land of wonderful resources; they saw the productive machinery made by their own hands and vast wealth produced by their own labor, in the shadow of which their wives and children were perishing in the skeleton clutch of famine.

The very suffering they were forced to endure quickened their senses. They began to think. A new light dawned upon their dark skies. They rubbed the age-long sleep from their eyes. They had long felt the brutalizing effect of class rule; now they saw the cause of it. Slowly but steadily they became class-conscious. They said "we are brothers, we are comrades," and they saw themselves multiplied by millions.

The appeal of the Socialist party is to all the useful people of the nation, all who work with brain and muscle to produce the nation's wealth and who promote its progress and conserve its civilization.

Only they who bear its burdens may rightfully enjoy the blessings of civilized society.

There are no boundary lines to separate race from race, sex from sex, or creed from creed in the Socialist party. The common rights of all are equally recognized.

Every human being is entitled to sunlight and air, to what his labor produces, and to an equal chance, with every other human being to unfold and ripen and give to the world the riches of his mind and soul.

Economic slavery is the world's greatest curse today. Poverty and misery, prostitution and crime are its inevitable results.

So long as the nation's resources and productive and distributive machinery are the private property of a privileged class the masses will be at their mercy, poverty will be their lot, and life will be shorn of all that raises it above the brute level.

The infallible test of a political party is the private ownership of the sources of wealth and the means of life. Apply that test to the Republican, Democratic and Progressive parties and upon that basic, fundamental issue you will find them essentially one and the same. They differ according to the conflicting interests of the privileged classes, but at bottom they are alike and stand for capitalist rule and working class slavery.

Capitalism is rushing blindly to its impending doom. All the signs portend the inevitable breakdown of the existing order. Deep-seated discontent has seized upon the masses. They

must indeed be deaf who do not hear the mutterings of the approaching storm.

Poverty, high prices, unemployment, child slavery, wide-spread misery and haggard want in a land bursting with abundance; prostitution and insanity, suicide and crime, these in solemn numbers tell the tragic story of capitalism's saturnalia of blood and tears and shame as its end draws near.

It is to abolish this monstrous system and the misery and crime which flow from it in a direful and threatening stream that the Socialist party was organized and now makes its appeal to the intelligence and conscience of the people. Social reorganization is the imperative demand of this world-wide revolutionary movement.

The Socialist party's mission is not only to destroy capitalist despotism but to establish industrial and social democracy. To this end the workers are steadily organizing and fitting themselves for the day when they shall take control of the people's industries and when the right to work shall be as inviolate as the right to breathe the breath of life.

Standing as it does for the emancipation of the working class from wage-slavery, for the equal rights and opportunities of all men and all women, for the abolition of child labor and the conservation of all childhood, for social self-rule and the equal freedom of all, the Socialist party is the party of progress, the party of the future, and its triumph will signalize the birth of a new civilization and the dawn of a happier day for all humanity."

Emil Seidel, the Socialist candidate for Vice-President was born in Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania. His parents were German emigrants from Pomerania, Prussia. He attended the public schools up to about thirteen years of age from which time he has earned his own livelihood. He early became a pioneer in the Socialist party in Milwaukee. He was a candidate several times upon its ticket, was elected a member of the city council and for several years served successfully as one of the leaders of the Socialist group. In the spring of 1910 he was elected mayor of the city of Milwaukee, the first city of any considerable size (population 387,000) in the United States to elect a Socialist mayor.

The Socialist administration of the city of Milwaukee under Seidel is admitted by all impartial critics who have investigated it, including such men as Dr. Charles Eliot, former president of Harvard University; Professor Charles Zeublein, editor of the Twentieth Century Magazine; Louis F. Post, editor of the Public; Frederick G. Howe, famous writer on social and economic problems

and one of the Tom L. Johnson administrations in Cleveland, to have been the best Milwaukee ever had.

From his letter of acceptance the following quotations are made:

"The utter incompetence of the capitalist parties to deal with the vital problems of the day; the absolute inability to even comprehend the meaning and extent of these problems, is nowhere so strikingly shown as in their recent conventions.

As we look about us in state after state, no matter what the industries, we find conditions among the workers that defy all attempts at description. This is true of the textile industry in the East as it is of the lumber industry of the South; of the miners as it is of the farmers; of the steel workers as it is of the wood workers; of the paper mills as it is of the leather industry.

Only in those industries where the workers have been able to maintain some form of organization have they been able to resist in some degree the downward pressure. Only with great sacrifices have they been able to keep themselves a trifle above the level of mere brute existence.

One does not go among the workers, see their miserable homes, witness their ill clad children, behold the deplorable educational opportunities and hear the tales of woe and suffering, that one does not depart with an aching heart and an imprecation against such conditions upon the lips.

There is one social phenomenon that stands out boldly from the industrial development of our country during the last seventeen years. It is the growth of the trusts and the rapid concentration of wealth with the supplementing increased cost of living. This has resulted in a startling decrease in the average standard of living of our people and the growing insecurity of a job. The cost of living has increased 60 per cent during this seventeen-year period while the average increase in wages has been only 20 per cent. That means that **THE STANDARD OF LIVING HAS GONE DOWN JUST 25 PER CENT IN SEVENTEEN YEARS.**

When we consider the tremendous profits that must be earned by the people for watered stock, as well as for the trusts, the above fact explains itself.

The over-capitalization of our industries is estimated at \$30,000,000,000. The dividends and interest on that vast amount of inflated value is at least \$15,000,000,000. This is eighteen dollars (\$18) for every man, woman and child in the land, paid annually.

From the twenty-third annual report of the Interstate Commerce Commission we learn that the railroads of the country in 1911 showed net earnings or profits amounting to \$930,262,457. This means that about ten dollars was exacted from every man, woman and child of our nation. These profits are thefts pure and simple though legalized. How much greater becomes this sum when one considers the profits of all the many other industries and trusts of our country.

The PERFECTION of GOD'S GREAT OUT-of-DOORS

By George Wharton James

HOW true it is that those who study nature—God's great out-of-doors—the most, feel its wonderful beauty the most! In some of the dry official reports of the scientists of the government are pictures of birds and fishes and animals and reptiles and plants that are exquisite in their

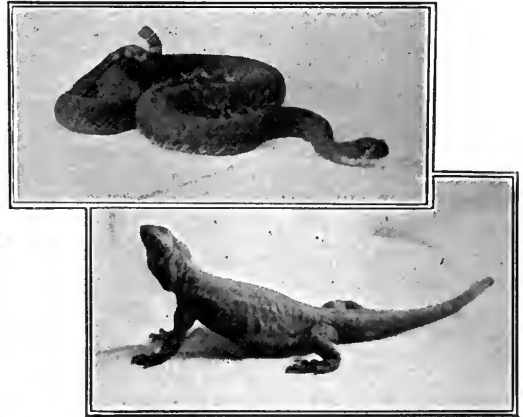
musty and fusty as old books possibly can. Yet at times when I am "shut in" and can not get out into God's great out-of-doors, I take one or more of these volumes down. They smell musty, for the binding is beginning to decay, the leaves are stained with time, and the titles are repellant ("Explorations and Surveys for the Pacific Railroad"), yet I get carried away from all worry, all care, all distress when I see the beautiful pictures, and through them, the wonderfully beautiful realities they portray. Here (in the volume I have just taken



THE ROADRUNNER OF THE WESTERN
DESERTS

*One of the most curious, beautiful, and interesting
of birds*

perfection of beauty On the shelves of my library are thirteen volumes—large, heavy quarto tomes, bound in brown leather—which look as dry and



GEORGE WHARTON JAMES'S PET
CHUCKWALLA

The markings on the backs of snakes and other desert reptiles are beautiful in the extreme.

down) are several varieties of squirrels, a number of fish, and many birds. How marvelous the wings, the feathers, the claws, the eyes, the beak of each one; and the colors, even in the pictures, are glowing and gorgeous. The feathers, with their bands and markings and dots and lines and top-knots and plumes, give one an endless variety, yet each one is as perfect as it can be,—eagles, hawks, Western redtails, Western red-shoulders, buzzards, owls, parrakeets, road-runners,

woodpeckers, swifts, humming-birds, fly-catchers, scissor-tails, bluebirds, wrens, warblers, mocking-birds, thrushes, nut-hatches, finches, snowbirds, sparrows, swallows, blackbirds, ravens, meadow-larks, crows, orioles, jays, magpies, storks, cranes, doves, quails, herons, partridges, ibises, killdeers, snipes, tell-tales, curlews, rails, geese, ducks, teals, blackheads, butterballs,—all these, in one part of the report, each one pictured in its gorgeous beauty, reminding one of the words that constantly accompany the description of the various articles used by the priests in the tabernacle, "for glory and for beauty." These birds are all decked for glory and for beauty, and they reveal the tender, sweet beauty of God's thoughts toward us.

"The Wonders of the Colorado Desert:" "To those who are able to put aside their fears and inherited prejudices, there is a wonderful fascination in the beauty and grace of movement of the rattlesnake. The delicate colors and exquisite way in which nature tints the diamonds—the softer grays and olives and browns and salmon reds—can not help but appeal to all true lovers of color harmony. And the grace of movement, the easy, noiseless, undulating elegance of motion are unsurpassed by anything save an eagle in its soaring."

Even the cacti of the desert, those giant, prickly wonders that amaze all strangers when they see them for the first time, have a delicate beauty in the arrangement of their spines, which surprises you when you begin to study



THE CANDLE CACTUS OF THE CALIFORNIA DESERTS

This cactus has so fine and delicate a spine, and in such countless numbers, that in the sunlight it appears to be covered by a soft ivory halo, more beautiful than words can describe.

And I have spent days and days of many months—continuing through all the past thirty years—in studying the exquisite beauty of the skins of the reptiles of the desert that most people are afraid of and flee from. The markings on the backs of snakes and lizards of every description, on horned toads, on Gila monsters, salamanders, turtles, and tortoises are beautiful in the extreme. As I wrote some years ago in my book,

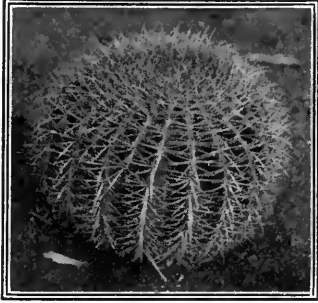
them. And the color and the fragrance of their blossoms are not surpassed, and seldom equalled, by any of the flowers commonly known in our gardens.

Where we least expect it, beauty greets us; on the desert, on the mountain summit, in the depths of the most secret canyon—everywhere.

What a wonderful variety is revealed! Take a list of flowers, of birds, of fishes, of animals; each one is perfect of its

kind, and yet each is so distinct from every other.

Yet it is well here to observe that it is almost impossible to determine which is the *most perfect* of the things God has made. Which is the more perfect, the



"What a marvelous arrangement—so perfect, so symmetrical, so wonderful—of the spines on those desert cacti!"

orange or the apple? Who can answer? It is purely a matter of personal taste. The fact is, each one is perfect. The daisy is as perfect as a rose, though individual taste may prefer one to the other. Dr. Leyden loved the daisy, so he wrote:

*"Sweet daisy, flower of love! When birds are paired,
'Tis sweet to see thee, with thy bosom bared,
Smiling in virgin innocence serene,
Thy pearly crown above the vest of green;"*

while Herbert Bashford wrote about the rose:—

*"Within a wood through which I came
A red rose stands—a steady flame;
It is the lamp that Beauty burns
To light the fairies through the ferns;"*

and Moir says:—

*"Of all the garden flowers,
The fairest is the rose."*

The song of each bird is perfect of its kind, and some prefer the lark to the mocking-bird, some the song of the linnnet, or the thrush, or the nightingale. Shelley writes in ecstasy over both the nightingale and the skylark, and the finest piece of descriptive prose in the English language—in my humble judgment—dealing with a bird's song, is Charles Warren Stoddard's "Apostrophe to the Skylark." Here is a bit of it:—

"I heard a voice that was as a new interpretation of nature—a voice that seemed to be played upon by summer

winds; a rushing rivulet of song fed from a ceaseless fountain of melodious joy. I looked for the singer whose contagious rhapsody accorded all nature to its theme! Those golden notes seemed to shower out of the sky like sunbeams Such fingering of delicate stops and ventages, such rippling passages as compassed the gamut of bird ballads,—vague and variable as a symphony of river-reeds breathed into by soft gales,—such fine-spun threads of silken song; and then a gush of wild, delirious music—why did not that bird-heart break and the warm bundle of feathers drop back to earth, while the soul that had burst from its fleshly cage lived on forever, a disembodied song!"

To the eye that sees aright there is no good, better, best in nature. All is good, all is best. Hence one must seek for the purpose of the variety. The wheat is as perfect as the oat for food. The corn rivals the barley and the rye.



"And the color and fragrance of the blossoms of the desert cactus are not surpassed and seldom equalled by any of the flowers commonly known in our gardens."

The cabbage is no more perfect than the lettuce, or the onion than the potato. In the commercial field men bring the products of nature for man's benefit, and as my friend Willet writes: "The South brings her cotton, the Middle States their corn, the West her wheat,



THE MARGUERITE OF CALIFORNIA

"Sweet daisy, flower of love!"

New England her potatoes, Japan her rice, France her vines, and China her silk, and each one says, 'Lo! mine is king!' But there is no king." In other words, each one is king,—each is as needful to the world as the other, and man cannot spare any of them.

for every man," and perfection in life means the meeting of God's plan, the doing of his plan.

So with the objects of the landscape. To dispense with any part of what God has provided is impossible. We need all there are, and each one is perfect in its place and way. The mountain is no more important, in reality, than the brook, and the gigantic sequoia or towering pine than the lowly gilia or violet.



Hence from this perfection of the things of God's great out-of-doors I learn two important lessons: (1) That God has created me capable of perfection, and Jesus verifies this by his loud call: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."; and, (2) that my work and place in the world are important enough to God to have occupied his thought; hence they are for a divine, a perfect purpose, and no other man's place can be any more important than mine. "God has his plan

"Of all the garden flowers the fairest is the rose."

Quit Your Worrying

By the Editor

(This is the fourth of a Series of Articles which will deal with this important subject in a sane, practical and forceful manner. Worry is the bane of many an existence. It is a robber of peace, comfort and rest. It brings misery to wives and husbands, children and parents. It is an ignoble state to be in. A sign of mental inadequacy, a proof that the "worrier" has no ideals or that he has no real living belief in himself, his ideals or his God. To help the readers of **OUT WEST** to quit worrying by finding out what life is worth and getting the full value of that worth is the aim of this series.)

IV. CAUSES OF WORRY

WORRY is as multiform and as diverse as are the people who worry. Indeed worriers are the most ingenious persons in the world. When every possible source of worry seems to be removed they immediately proceed to invent some new cause which an ordinary mind could never have conceived. Yet I believe all worry can be summed up into a few general classes from which general conclusions for getting rid of it can be deduced.

I have already shown that much worry comes from an *empty mind*. It is a sign of mental inoccupancy. If you are busy—busy up to the hilt—you will find little opportunity or occasion for worry. Useful and unselfish labor is one of the best antidotes for anxious care. Note well that word "unselfish." If your work is selfish you are apt to worry, no matter how busy you are, for work that consciously is selfish has no universal foundation to rest upon, and only the universally founded can endure. Let your work be unselfish then,—work that does not begin and end in yourself, and see if it does not destroy worry, but if you are not yet prepared for that, then get to work at anything, anyhow, intensely, seriously, earnestly, in order that your mind may be occupied. For, if worry is the occupation of an empty mind, it is self evident that the way to stop a thing being empty is to fill it. So take hold of something with a right good will, and keep at it until the empty habit of worry has gone.

Hence the advantage of "hobbies." A hobby is a pleasant mental recreation. In a later chapter I shall fully discuss the power hobbies possess to drive out worry.

One great, deep, awful source of worry

is our *failure to accept the inevitable*. Something happens—we wilfully shut our eyes to the fact that this something has *forever* changed the current of our lives, and if the new current *seems* evil, we worry, and worry, and worry as the result of our refusal calmly to face the facts and reshape our lives, bravely and valiantly, to the new conditions imposed.

For instance; a friend of mine spent twenty years in the employ of a great corporation. As a reward of faithful service he was finally put in a responsible position as the head of a department. A few months ago he was sent East on a special mission connected with his work. Just before his return, the recently elected president of the corporation "shook-up" all the officials, supplanted this man by one imported from the East, and gave him a subordinate place. The only redeeming fact was that his salary was not reduced.

How should this man treat these unmistakable, unchangeable facts in his life. He has two great broad pathways open to him. In the one he would deliberately recognize and accept the changed condition, acquiesce in it and live accordingly. It is not pleasant to be supplanted, but if another man is appointed to do the work let him manfully face that fact and accord hearty support to him. Hard! I know, but life often is hard, and our training and discipline comes—not from doing the easy things, but cheerfully striving to do the arduous ones.

On the other hand he could resent the change, accept it foolishly, let his vanity be wounded, and begin to worry over it. The moment he begins to worry his efficiency begins to decrease, and he

thus prepares himself for another "blow," from his employers, and gives them added justification for their act.

I do not say he should not protest, if he deem his treatment unjust, but when he has protested and perhaps changed the decision, somewhat, let him *not worry*, no matter what the final disposal of the case may be.

Even were he discharged worry would do no good. Let him *accept the inevitable*, cease to argue or fret about it, put worry aside, and proceed at once to secure a new position.

Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont, the wife of the gallant pathfinder, General Frémont, was afflicted with deafness in the later years of her life. She, the petted and flattered, the caressed and spoiled child of fortune, the honored and respected woman of power and acknowledged ability—deaf and unable to participate in the conversation going on around her. To any woman this was a great deprivation, but to her, an especially severe one. Yet did she "worry" about it? No! She bravely, fearlessly, boldly *accepted the inevitable*. I am deaf, she said, but shall I allow that fact to embitter my life, to take away the serenity of my mind and the equipose of my soul?

In the secret places she fought out any battle that had to be fought, and the world never heard a word of a murmur from her upon this line. Indeed I talked with her about it, and she earnestly and sincerely thanked God for what she did enjoy, and, said she, "even in deafness there are many compensating features. One is never bored by the conversation that those who can hear must sit and listen to now and again. I can quietly go to sleep under the most persistent flood of boredom and like the proverbial water on a duck's back I never feel it. Again, I never hear any of the unpleasant things of life said either about my friends or my enemies, and what a blessing that is, and then, when people say things I don't think anyone should say, I can rebuke them by making them think that I heard them say the very opposite of what they did say, and I smile upon them "and am a villain still."

Charles F. Lummis, the well-known

litterateur and scientist of Los Angeles is now blind, after having used his eyes and brain far more liberally than most men would do in a lifetime four times as long as his. Yet does he "worry" about it? Not a moment. He cheerfully gets someone to read to him, to write for him, to guide him as he walks through the streets—accepts the inevitable—and hopefully looks forward to the time when his eyesight will return. Those who yield to worry over small physical ills should read his inspiring "My friend Will"—a personal record of his own successful struggle against two severe and prostrating attacks of paralysis. One perusal will show them the folly and inutility of worry, a second perusal will shame them because they have so little self control as to spend their time, strength and energy in worry, and a third perusal will lead them to drive every fragment of worry out of the hidden recesses of their minds and set them upon a better way—a way of serenity, equipoise and healthful, strenuous yet joyous and radiant living.

In this connection one can read and re-read, with inculcable benefit, that wonderful poem of good old John Burroughs. Read, mark, learn and inwardly digest.

*Serene, I fold my hands and wait
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor sea,
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.*

*I stay my haste, I make delays.
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.*

*Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.*

*What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.*

*The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.*

*The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave comes to the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.*

Recently I had a conversation with the former superintendent of a poor farm, which bears upon this subject in a practical way. In relating some of his experiences he told of a "rough-neck"—a term implying an ignorant man of rude, turbulent, quarrelsome disposition—who had threatened to kill the foreman of the farm. Owing to their irreconcilable differences the rough inmate decided to leave and so informed the superintendent, thus practically dismissing himself from the institution. A year later he returned and asked to be re-admitted. After a survey of the whole situation the superintendent decided that it was not wise to re-admit him, and that he would better secure a situation for him outside. He offered to do so and the man left apparently satisfied. Three days later he reappeared, entered the office with a loaded and cocked revolver held behind his back, and abruptly announced: "I've come to blow out your brains." Before he could shoot the superintendent was upon him and a fierce struggle ensued for the possession of the weapon. The superintendent at last took it away, secured help and handcuffed the would-be murderer. Realizing that his act was the result of at least partial insanity, the was-to-be victim did not press the charge of murderous assault but allowed—indeed urged—that he be sent to the insane asylum where he now is.

Now this is the point I wish to make. It is perfectly within the bounds of possibility that this man will some day be so restored to health that he will be regarded as safely sane. Yet it is well known by the awful experiences of many such cases that it is both possible and probable that during the months or years of his incarceration he will continue to harbor, even to feed and foster this bitter feeling, the hatred, perhaps, that led him to attempt the murder of the superintendent, and that on his release he will again attempt to carry out his nefarious and awful design.

What, then, should be the mental attitude of the superintendent and his family? Ought they not to be worried? How can they help being worried? I got the answer for my readers from this man, and it is so perfectly in accord with

my own principles that I find great pleasure in recording it. Said he: "Don't think for one moment that I minimize the possible danger. The autopsy surgeon who was familiar with the whole circumstances warned me not to rest in fancied security. I have notified the proper officials that the man who attempted to murder me is not to be released either as cured or on parole without giving me sufficient notice. I do not wish that he should be kept in the asylum a single day longer than is fully necessary, but before I allow him to be released I must be thoroughly satisfied that he has no murderous designs on me, and that he is truly and satisfactorily repentant for the attack he made when, ostensibly, he was mentally irresponsible. I shall require that he be put on record as fully understanding and appreciating his own personal responsibility for my safety—so that should he still hold any wrongful designs, and afterwards succeed in carrying them out, he or his attorneys will be debarred from again pleading insanity or mental incompetence."

Hence while I fully realize the possibility of danger I do not have a moment's worry about it. I have done and shall do all I can, satisfactorily, to protect myself, without any feeling of harshness or desire to injure the poor fellow, and there I let the matter rest to take care of itself."

This is practical wisdom. This is sane philosophy. Not ignoring the danger, pooh-hooing it, scoffing at it and refusing to recognize it, but calmly, sanely, with a kindly heart looking at possible contingencies, preparing for them, and then serenely trusting to the spiritual forces of life to control events to a wise and satisfactory issue.

Can you suggest anything better? Is not such a course immeasurably better than to allow himself to worry, and fret and fear all the time? Practical precaution, *taken without enmity*—note these italicized words—trustful serenity, faithful performance of present duty unhampered by fears and worries—this is the rational, normal, philosophic, sane course to follow.

Another great source of worry is our *failure to distinguish essentials from non-*

essentials. What are the essentials of life? For a man, honesty, truth, earnestness, strength, health, ability to work, work to do. He may or may not be handsome; he may or may not have wealth, position, fame, education; but to be a man among men, these other things he must have. For a woman,—health, love, work, and such virtues as both men and women need. She might enjoy friends, but they are not as essential as health or work; she would be a strange woman if she did not prize beauty, but devoted love is worth far more than beauty or all the conquests it brings. What is the essential for a chair—its capacity to be used to sit upon with comfort. A house—that it is adapted to the making of a home. You don't buy a printing-press to curl your hair with but to print and in accordance with its printing power is it judged. A boat's usefulness is determined by its worthiness in the water, to carry safely, rapidly, largely as is demanded of it.

This is the judgement sanity demands of everything. What is essential—what not? Is it essential to be a society leader, to belong to every club, to hold office, to give as many dinners as the neighbors, to have a bigger house, furniture with brighter polish, bigger carvings and more ugly designs than anyone else in town, to have our names in the papers oftener than others, to have more servants, a newer style automobile, put on more show, pomp, ceremony and circumstance than our friends?

By no means. These are the non-essentials. Oh for men and women who have the discerning power—the scent for the essential things, the determination to have them and let the non-essentials go. They are the wise ones, the happy ones, the free-from-worry-ones.

Elsewhere I have referred extensively to Mrs. Canfield's book "The Squirrel-Cage." She has many wise utterances on this phase of the worry question. For instance, in referring to the mad race for wealth and position that keeps a man away from home so many hours of the day that his wife and child scarce know him she introduces the following dialogue: "One of them whose house isn't

far from mine, told me that he hadn't seen his children, except asleep, for three weeks.'

" 'But something ought to be done about it!' The girl's deep-lying instinct for instant reparation rose up hotly.

" 'Are they so much worse off than most American business men?' queried Rankin. 'Do any of them feel they can take the time to see much more than the outside of their children; and isn't seeing them asleep about as—'

"Lydia cut him short quickly. 'You're always blaming them for that,' she cried. 'You ought to pity them. They can't help it. It's better for the children to have bread and butter, isn't it—'

"Rankin shook his head. 'I can't be fooled with that sort of talk—I've lived with too many kinds of people. At least half the time it is not a question of bread and butter. It's a question of giving the children bread and butter and sugar rather than bread and butter and father. Of course, I'm a fanatic on the subject. I'd rather leave off even the butter than the father—let alone the sugar.'

"Later on Lydia herself lost her father and after his death her own wail was: 'I never lived with my father. He was always away in the morning before I was up. I was away, or busy, in the evening when he was there. On Sundays he never went to church as mother and I, did—I suppose now because he had some other religion of his own. But if he had I never knew what it was—or anything else that was in his mind or heart. It never occurred to me that I could. He tried to love me—I remember so many times now—and *that* makes me cry!—how he tried to love me! He was so glad to see me when I got home from Europe—but he never knew anything that happened to me. I told you once before that when I had pneumonia and nearly died mother kept it from him because he was on a big case. It was all like that—always. He never knew.'

"Dr. Melton broke in, his voice uncertain, his face horrified: 'Lydia, I cannot let you go on! you are unfair— you shock me. You are morbid! I knew your father intimately. He loved you beyond expression. He would have done anything for you. But his profes-

sion is an exacting one. Put yourself in his place a little. It is all or nothing in the law—as in business.’

“But Lydia replied: ‘When you bring children into the world, you expect to have them cost you some money, don’t you? You know you musn’t let them die of starvation. Why oughtn’t you to expect to have them cost you thought, and some sharing of your life with them, and some time—real time, not just scraps that you can’t use for business?’

“She made the same appeal once to her husband in regard to their own lives. She wanted to see and know more of him, his business, his inner life, and this was her cry: ‘Paul, I’m sure there’s something the matter with the way we live—I don’t like it! I don’t see that it helps us a bit—or anyone else—you’re just killing yourself to make money that goes to get us things we don’t need nearly as much as we need more of each other! We’re not getting a bit nearer to each other—actually further away, for we’re both getting different from what we were without the other’s knowing how! And we’re not getting nicer—and what’s the use of living if we don’t do that? We’re just getting more and more set on scrambling ahead of other people. And we’re not even having a good time out of it! And here is Ariadne—and another one coming—and we’ve nothing to give them but just this—this—this—’

“Paul laughed a little impatiently, irritated and uneasy, as he always was, at any attempt to examine too closely the foundations of existing ideas. ‘Why, Lydia, what’s the matter with you? You sound as though you’d been reading some fool socialist literature or something.’

“‘You know I don’t read anything, Paul. I never hear about anything but novels. I never have time for anything else, and very likely I couldn’t understand it if I read it, not having any education. That’s one thing I want you to help me with. All I want is a chance for us to live together a little more, to have a few more thoughts in common, and oh! to be trying to be making something better out of ourselves for our children’s sake. I can’t see that we’re learning to be anything but—you, to be an efficient machine for making money, I to think of how to entertain as though

we had more money than we really have. I don’t seem really to know you or live with you any more than if we were two guests stopping at the same hotel. If socialists are trying to fix things better, why shouldn’t we have time—both of us—to read their books; and you could help me know what they mean?’

“Paul laughed again, a scornful, hateful laugh, which brought the color up to Lydia’s pale face like a blow. ‘I gather, then, Lydia, that what you’re asking me to do is to neglect my business in order to read socialistic literature with you?’

“His wife’s rare resentment rose. She spoke with dignity: ‘I begged you to be serious, Paul, and to try to understand what I mean, although I’m so fumbling, and say it so badly. As for its being impossible to change things, I’ve heard you say a great many times that there are no conditions that can’t be changed if people would really try—’

“‘Good heavens! I said that of *business* conditions!’ shouted Paul, outraged at being so misquoted.

“‘Well, if it’s true of them—No; I feel that things are the way they are because we don’t really care enough to have them some other way. If you really cared as much about sharing a part of your life with me—really, sharing—as you do about getting the Washburn contract—’

“Her indignant and angry tone, so entirely unusual, moved Paul, more than her words, to shocked protest. He looked deeply wounded, and his accent was that of a man righteously aggrieved. ‘Lydia, I lay most of this absurd outbreak to your nervous condition, and so I can’t blame you for it. But I can’t help pointing out to you that it is entirely uncalled for. There are few women who have a husband as absolutely devoted as yours. You grumble about my not sharing my life with you—why, I *give* it to you entire!’ His astonished bitterness grew as he voiced it. ‘What am I working so hard for if not to provide for you and our child—our children! Good Heavens! What more *can* I do for you than to keep my nose on the grindstone every minute. There are limits to even a husband’s time and endurance and capacity for work.’”

(Continued in November.)

A PICTURE of *The* PLAINS

By Josephine Clifford McCrackin



It may read like a very prosaic thing, the meeting of two wagon trains—say, a military outfit and a freighter's train—on the western prairies; but in reality there is something so grand and majestic, so altogether romantic, about it, that, were I an artist I should want no better *motif*, no more "taking" subject, for my brush and pencil. The plains have often been likened to the ocean—vast, solitary, illimitable; and the billows that rise and roll on the great water-mass are aptly reproduced in the character of these prairies, where for days, sometimes, you see one little, gentle undulation after another rise before you, and your half-unconscious speculation is always, "Shall I see anything after ascending this solid wave?" Sometimes, too, quite a steep little pitch drops down from a bank or a *mesa*; but when you rise to the height of it, the same wide, open plain is again before you. I cannot think of a more impressive scene than I witnessed years 'ago, on these plains, some ten days out from Fort Union, New Mexico, on the way back to the States. Our command was not a large one, only troops enough to protect a train of from thirty to forty army wagons, a few ambulances and carriages, besides a number of volunteer soldiers, mustered out of service, and availing themselves of General Alexander's permission to travel under cover of his command.

It was early May. The brilliant tints of sunrise had not yet died out of the sky, though all the earth was flooded with golden light and warmth. The atmosphere was pure, fresh, and perfectly clear—as it seems to be only on these plains, and just in this region. We were early risers, by force of circumstance; and when we had been on our way but a little while, we saw in the distance the serpent-like line of another train moving slowly toward us. It came nearer and nearer, and our wagon-master, having urged on his mule for a tour of inspection, reported to the General that it was a merchant train for Santa Fe, belonging to the firm of Spiegelberg Brothers, of that place. There were about twenty wagons, beside a light carriage drawn by two magnificent horses, and the private *menage* of the travelers, drawn, like our own conveyances, by patient mules. By this time the plain around us presented a lively appearance. The wagon-masters and assistants of the two trains made flying visits to each other, while the trains moved slowly along at the usual snail's pace. Some of the mustered-out soldiers of our command had messages and letters to send back to Santa Fe by the merchant train; and some of the freighter's employees had like favors to ask of the teamsters going to the States in our outfit. Only the respective *chiefs* of the two expeditions had no intercourse with each other. De Long, our wagon-master, had informed the General that two members of the Spiegelberg firm were in the carriage preceding their freight train, and we were now so near each other that we could plainly see the occupants of the elegant vehicle. But the military

element and the civil do not affiliate very readily on the frontier, though there is seldom a lack of courtesy or politeness on either side. Singularly enough, the meeting of the trains took place just at one of the steep pitches I have spoken of. The General's huge ambulance, with its four stout mules, commenced the descent just as the airy carriage of the merchant princes, drawn by the high bred American horses, began to climb the little rise. And never have I seen so picturesque a scene as that presented here on the barren plains. As the first conveyances met, there was a simultaneous raising of hats. The General had a massive figure, with eyes of the clearest blue, calm and serene in expression, a long, full beard of tawny yellow, and an air so simple, yet so stately, that even in the soldier's blouse and slouch hat which he wore, the man "made to command" could be recognized. The two figures on the other side had something of the airy grace which pervaded the whole equipage. Of Jewish descent, with fine-cut features, dark eyes, and richly curling hair—dressed faultlessly, even to light-colored kids on their hands—they formed the most decided contrast to our good General. All three gentlemen bowed with equal courtesy, though varied elegance of manner. On they passed, not a moment's halt, not the slightest pause—one ambulance after the other, one freight team after the next. For half an hour I leaned from the ambulance, and watched the white-roofed army wagons, swaying heavily as the drivers held back their six mules while going down the first sharp pitch, and then rattling on merrily to even ground; the clumsy freight wagons creaking and groaning under their heavy burden; the teamsters talking vigorously to their straining animals while laboring up this same sharp rise, and cracking their whips triumphantly when they had made it at last. Then came the mounted troops, and the cooks and servants, perched on almost anything they could find in the baggage wagons. This merry rabble was not so reserved as the fine folks at the head of the caravan, and many a noisy greeting was exchanged as the wagons passed each other; many a laugh-provoking jest startled the field-lark from her lowly nest, and sent her skyward with her joyous song. Far in the distance loomed the Spanish Peaks, indistinct and shadowy, as the phantoms which we chase in life and call by the names we love the best—Fame, Wealth, Greatness, Power—and like them seeming to recede farther and farther the nearer we think to approach, till, worn and fainting, we lie down to die in the desolate road through the wilderness, where there is no drop of water to cool our lips, no pitying tree to shelter from the scorching sun.



The POINTING PENCIL



By Martha Martin Newkirk

ECONOMY VS. SAVING

THE house and office are run on diametrically opposite methods," said a Chicago publisher to me. "Women are so sensitive," he continued, "and consider any questions of economy mere fault findings. Now, at the office we watch the small items, and if the cost of paper for our publications rises one-eighth of a cent per pound, we investigate the matter at once.

But, at home we buy our potatoes by the quarter's worth, instead of by the bushel. All our supplies are bought 'by the small.' Our grocery bills are enormous. Yet a question at home becomes unwelcome criticism."

This man is not a crank, as one might suppose. I had surprised him into making this outburst by telling him that in California, on account of the warm weather, we could not buy our provisions on the same large scale they could in Chicago. I added that in the old "Windy City" my cold storage room in the cellar was always filled in the fall with barrels of apples and potatoes, and that sort of thing, while in California I only buy by the pound.

Ever since, I have been chewing the cud of his unwelcome criticism on household economies. And I'm afraid I shall have to admit that he spoke the truth. I fear that we women are not economical in any *broad sense*.

Women are saving, and careful. They turn and twist and clean and make over clothes. As Burns, in Cotter's Saturday night, says:

*"The mother, wi' her neddle an' her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaisht as weel's
the new."*

And they deserve credit for so doing, but economy is a word of broader meaning. Originally the *Saving may not* noun *econome* (eko *Be Economy.* nom) meant the financial manager, or steward.

An economist is a manger of resources—not only of finances, but of anything that requires guarding and managing. Chesterfield wrote: "Very few people are good economists of their fortune, and still fewer of their time."

Swift's idea of economy was different, yet means much. He said: "I have no other notion of economy than that it is the parent of liberty and ease." (My! how few ever attain liberty and ease! Americans very seldom do. They are too strenuous!)

Spencer says: "Nature with perfect economy, turns all her forces to account." Here is the lesson from nature again—the same old lesson, that we never learn.

Dryden gives us another notion when he directs: "This economy must be observed in the minutest parts of an epic poem."

Shakespeare, on the other hand, makes a satirical turn in the oft quoted lines: *"Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables."*

Near akin to economy are frugality, miserliness, parsimony, prudence and providence, but neither of these has as high or as noble a position as economy.

Frugality is mere withholding, or sparing. Miserliness becomes hoarding for its own sake, and is thus a vice. Thrift is a long step nearer to economy, and includes earning as well as saving.

*Near
Neighbors.*

But the head manager of all is economy—the planner, the thinker, the executive force. The question is, do men and women employ this head manager, or do they drift along aimlessly, and let things “come out somehow.”

Although we are tired to death of conventions and associations, and co-operative plans, because they perhaps have not remedied our particular grievance, nor solved our most tender and painful problem, *Old Phrases.* yet we must convene and co-operate until we attain better economical methods, our kitchens are time wasters. Look at a modern up-to-date office, and see what I mean. We ought to be able to sit down and with drawers all labeled, material at hand, light aluminum dishes, and electrical apparatus, concoct a meal in short order. We should be able to touch a button which would on small closed railways carry our meal to the dining room, where the maid, or the mistress—as it may be—can pick up and serve, hot. Another button, and away go the soiled dishes. Perhaps we may have

a little cabinet that will stand beside the mistress, at table, fitted with shining shelves under which electrical cooking bulbs are placed. Here she has hot coffee, and hot water, or slides back the plate of muffins to keep them hot. Perhaps we may have a telephone from the table to the kitchen, so the lady can say, “Bring the hot cakes now,” or “More ice cream, please,” instead of ringing her bell, and waiting for the maid to answer, then go after the article wanted.

This would be economy of steps, hence of time, and thus of money. Household economics means these things—every convenience for saving time; all necessary arrangements for using and saving material; places for keeping large supplies.

All these things mean *permanence of abode, thus avoiding the waste of moving and refitting.*

This is but a beginning of the subject—and I should like to see hundreds of women take it up and go on to permanent betterment.



My World

By F. L. W.

*I have found my world again,
 MY world, not the world of men,
 Of purblind men, who have bartered all
 That the real world gives, at the strident call
 And the lure of money and place and fame.
 I have failed in the race, I have lost the game,
 I am beaten in all that men call success,
 But I count it a victory none the less.*

*For now I know in my inmost soul
 The joy of him who has won the goal;
 I see, like the blind restored to sight,
 The wondrous stars with their peaceful light;
 I hearken again to the singing birds
 And the friendly trees with their whispered words,
 And I know, I KNOW, I am richer far
 Than the winners of Mammon's prizes are.*

NIGHT IMPRESSION *of* CAPISTRANO



By Lee Bernard McConville

THE DAY is fled like a frightened bird darting across the sky. A salty breath blows in from the murmur'ing sea; a cloud of grey veils the chalice of the sunken sun.

Now rise the hush'd sounds of the langrous Capistrano night; the sheep bleat upon the hill, the herdsman calls to his yelping dogs, the deep-voiced plowman wends slowly homeward with his shambling, clanking horses.

a puff of curling cigarette smoke, a flame-eyed Senorita with a fan, red roses in her hair. A laugh, a kiss, a smothered sigh.

Faint stirs the breeze in the orange and olive trees. List to the splash and ripple of water in the canyon near; list to the beat of wings—bats and owls flying ghostlike in the light of the virgin moon; list to the lone, mournful barking of the coyote pack in the chaparral; list to the wind brushing across the Padre's



Silence—then, hear the Mission Bells chiming the Angelus, a sweet-toned cancion from silver throats that floats upon the air, that floats and echoes, echoes in the hills. Afar by shadowy stream and lonely tepee, the Indians heed these Christian bells and chant and cross themselves.

Night falls, purple—black and wondrous still. One by one pale yellow candle lights flicker and flutter at the windows throughout the little town. Graceful Spanish figures silhouette against the open doors—a spangled sombrero,

trellis-wall, no louder than a cello bow in pianissimo.

In the narrow street the noise of swiftly running horses, the clink-clink of spurs, the swish of riatas, and soft-sworn oaths toss'd to patron saints. Then sudden, sweet, somewhere in saloon or 'dobe hall, the dancers' orchestra begins with its dreamy mandolins. A laugh, a catch of song, the caress of clasping hands, and clinking castanets mark where couples circle and spin in a Spanish dance.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

On "THE UNSEEN EMPIRE"



O American statesman or philosopher has given so much thought to the question of war in all its phases as has David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University. The American Unitarian Association has recently issued (September, 1912) his latest work on this important and far reaching subject. In his earlier works—the *Blood of the Nation*, and the *Human Harvest*—he presented the results of war in "the hereditary effects of the systematic extermination by war of the bold and strong among the yeomanry of the nations of Europe." In the *Unseen Empire* he shows "the non-hereditary effects of the financial impoverishment of the rank and file of the people by the cost of war and war armament." War used to be in the hands of Kings, Emperors, War Lords and Prime Ministers. Now, owing to the sinister and awful growth of National Debts, incurred through war, the dominating power is that of finance. This is the *Unseen Empire*. They keep as quiet and as much in the background as possible, but they, and they alone make and unmake nations, start war or bid it cease. Nations are but the puppets of the financiers. We today are paying the costs of the Civil and Spanish-American Wars owing to the obnoxious system or National Debts, which simply means the mortgaging of the Nation's future resources of the product of the toil of the Nation's future workers to pay the interest on debts incurred in these wars. And it is, in the main, the common people, the workers, that have to pay these debts. As Dr. Jordan says:

"In a French journal more than a hundred years ago there was published a cartoon. A farmer was plowing in the field and on his back he bore a frilled marquis of the old regime, tapping his dainty snuff-box. A century later, in Paris, was published another cartoon, representing again the burden of France. The farmer still plowed in the field, but now, on his back, was a soldier armed to the teeth and on the soldier's back was borne a money-lender."

Elsewhere he thus calmly and conservatively states the damning fact:

"The shadow of debt in England and on the continent grows with the growth of sea power and land power and imperial dominion. It looms darker still against a glowing background of pomp and circumstance. For the debt of the nation is the debt of the toiler. It is borne on the back of industry.

*'Fall to each, whate'er befall,
The farmer, he must pay for all.'*

"Behind and beneath all public affairs stand

the people. They do not count for much in great displays and their final end, according to Gambetta, is a 'beggar crouching by a barrack door.' Yet as soldiers and taxpayers they are really necessary to the continued dominance of a great and fearless nation. An essential element in militarism is a patient industrial army which can pay the costs. It seems plain enough that the great lords cannot pay the taxes and that the great bankers will not. To be relatively tax-free is one of the natural privileges of greatness.

"It is true that in England the lords are coming more and more to bear their share of the costs they help to create. In continental Europe tax discrepancies are greater. It must be granted, however, that the world over, in America as well as in Europe, industry carries more than its share of the burdens."

This great weight of debt and consequent interest have been brought about by what Dr. Jordan calls the 'pawnbroking' of nations. He differentiates between pawnbroking and legitimate banking, recognizing that the latter provides capital for active operations of usefulness, on the other hand the former, he asserts, "deals with failure or waste.

"It's usual function is to afford means for some act of extravagance, or escape from some complication of past folly or misfortune. The extravagance, folly and misfortune of nations is summed up in war. Pawnbroking among nations thus concerns itself mainly with past war or future preparation, in either case withdrawing the revenues concerned from all productive use.

"As there are many nations, ruled by statesmen of the day, ready to sacrifice the future for the present, as no protecting deity watches over their financial operations, and as there exists no official check to national debt, it is clear that the business of the international pawnbroker may be a profitable one. At the same time one must know where to stop. To guard over waste and folly is no sinecure. The cream of the business of international pawnbroking has been now skimmed off, later loans often lowering the values of earlier ones, and in general only weak states in desperate luck are eager to pledge their future revenues."

Dr. Jordan discusses the debts of the nations of Europe and shows how they burden the people, especially the poorer classes, by *indirect taxation*. Says he: "Taxes, the world over, bear more and more heavily on the middle men. Their margin of profit must be increased at the expense of others. The producer at one end of the series and the consumer at the other bear

the increased burden. The final incidence of taxation falls on that social group which has least power to raise its prices, least force to throw off its burdens on others."

Then he asserts: "If all civilized nations could be placed on a peace footing, it would be a comparatively easy matter to pay off the national debts. The savings thus achieved would make a new world, in which poverty need not exist as a result of external social or economic conditions, but solely from causes inherent in the individual."

In spite of these self-evident facts there are certain gigantic concerns, which, purely for selfish and monetary purposes, constitute themselves *syndicates to promote war*. In England alone six firms who make a business of supplying the nation with war equipments are capitalized for \$137,800,000. Who pays the yearly interest on this vast amount? Out of whose pockets does it come? In the United States there are similar firms, feeding on the life-blood of the people—that is their hard-earned wages are taxed to pay interest charges on the vast capitalization of these corporations that "are not in business for their health." These people make it their business to keep up "War Scares." Their subsidized press never allows the thought to be out of our minds. Japan is bent on making war upon us; we *must* intervene in Mexico; it is our bounden duty to protect our financial investments in Cuba or Venezuela, or Panama or God-knows-where, so long as we build more war-ships, buy more steel-plate for armored-cruisers, purchase more guns, powder, shot and other war material.

And the workman stands by, has nothing to say, but *pays the piper*. He is taxed to pay for educating the youth of the land to be made into good fighters at West Point and Annapolis. He pays millions yearly to keep the cream of the strong youth of the nation *idle* in barracks and cooped up in war-ships, instead of building roads and railways, constructing irrigating canals, reclaiming deserts and producing something useful and beneficial to mankind.

Oh, rulers and directors of the affairs of nations instead of calling you statesmen better call you botchers, bunglers and muddlers, placers of heavy burdens upon those who are already overburdened. Lift up your eyes, ye blind, and see the coming of the dawn; the dawn of the morning of peace and good-will. Dr. Jordan is an optimist. He firmly believes that there is "a way out." Little by little in the thought of men war is erased from the list of possibilities. Its crude and costly conclusions become less and less acceptable, and the victories of peace more and more welcome, and more and more stable.

"The fact that a better way of composing differences exists is, in itself, a guarantee that no serious differences shall occur. For, as a rule, wars do not arise from the alleged 'causes of war.' These 'causes' are almost wholly mere pretexts after war has been determined on. 'Affairs of honor' between nations are worthy of no more respect than 'affairs of honor' among men. In either case, an adequate remedy is found in a few days or months of patience, and in the adjustments of disinterested friends. This we call arbitration, and its supreme virtue with nations as with individuals, lies in its being unlimited.

"In our own country at present, there opens a door of escape from the waste of war preparation. This, as we have already suggested, lies in the appointment of a civil commission which shall give a definite purpose to our plans of national defense. No one can justify gigantic expenditures, blindly undertaken. It is surely not necessary for us to strive for ideal perfection of defense against unknown and imaginary foes. It is surely unnecessary to pour out \$800,000 a day (not counting pensions nor interest) simply because two other nations are doing the same, and still three others would keep step if they could. Nor should we act from year to year on the advice of interested parties solely, 'muddling along' through sheer inertia without a look forward to our final aim.

"Such an aim a commission of statesmen could furnish. With its help we should justify our ways or else change them. No one can doubt that to justify we must needs also change, in what way or in what degree perhaps no one can now foretell. But this at least is certain; if the United States should find for herself a definite policy, building no more fortresses, dreadnaughts, or destroyers until her best minds are convinced that these are needed, such action would go far, very far, toward solving the problems of debt-ridden Europe."

"Mankind does not linger over impossibilities. The coat-of-mail vanished from European history all at once, when men realized that it had no further effectiveness. The war equipment of today will disappear scarcely less promptly when men see clearly the changes which have made it futile and absurd. In the fine and true words of Admiral Winslow: 'No matter is so trivial that nations will not go to war over it, if they want to go to war. No difference is so weighty that it cannot be quietly settled if nations do not wish war.'

"Science has slain War. Rather it has forged the weapons by which War has slain itself. It remains for Finance to give it a decent burial."



October Days in Siskiyou

By Julia P. Churchill

*Oh the wondrous mystic hues,
Tinged with lavender and maze,
Interlaced with blue and rose
Just before the day's repose.*

*When the sunlight warm and mellow
Pours its rays o'er field and fallow,
Over mountain vale and forest,
Till one knows not which is fairest.*

*Woods bespangled thick with gold
Crimson mantles fold on fold;
Palest shades of amber brown
Hinting of November's gown.*

*Far off meadows green and yellow,
Red and bronze o'er knoll and hollow;
Ripened fruitage, burnished bright—
Such the mystery of light.*

*With God's curtain over all
Marvelous warp and woof, to fall;
Nature's veil of shimmering breath
With no hint of winter's death.*

*Warm with scintillating life
Fiber wrought of colors, rife
Interblent with changing hues
Green and gold with palest blues.*

*Purple sapphire filtered through
Like a gleam of morning dew;
Irridescents fringed with white
Gleaming with supernal light.*

*Such the halo and the glory
Of the year's autumnal story;
Of the Autumn's tender haze
Crowning our October days.*

THE SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION



1915 • PANAMA CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION • 1915



SAN DIEGO is building an Exposition to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal in 1915.

On the hill tops of superb Balboa Park, overlooking the ocean that Balboa discovered, and the Bay that Cabrillo found and Viscaino named, with the site of the Mission planted by Junipero Serra close by, a modern city spread below, hundreds of men are engaged in constructing a new city which will not only celebrate the greatest engineering feat the world has ever known, but will show

the progress made by man during the centuries.

Down in the ravines and among the thick underbrush still linger the wild creatures who have built their nests or made their homes during the years while superior man has been in process of development. Daily, crested quail are flushed by the encroaching progress of the army of laborers who are transforming brush covered canyons into bowers of beauty. Rabbits scurry here and there as panting horses drawing wagons heavily laden with building materials make their way along roads which but a few

short months since were paths infrequently used save by the timid creatures of the wood or glen. Chattering squirrels sit upon their haunches and scold a protest against the invasion. Swift flying meadow larks and other feathered friends of the solitude take flight, disturbed by the advent of man and his labors. On every hand is found well directed activity. San Diego is building her Exposition now.

At the head of affairs is D. C. Collier, a conspicuous embodiment of the Genius of the West. Collier is a man of dreams, but of that virile temperament which makes dreams come true. In the inception, others favored a site out on



President D. C. Collier,
Panama-California Exposition; San Diego.

the flats adjoining historic Old Town. "Charlie" Collie dreamed of "a city set on an hill." A city quaint, beautiful, romantic, a replica of the days when frocked friars built missions and dark eyed Senoritas leaned from casement windows and hearkened to the lascivious tinkling of the amorous guitar.

A city of white walls gleaming out through a luxurious profusion of foliage and flowers. A picture with a foreground of city, ocean, and harbor, and a background of purple mountains looming hazily in the distance.

He dreamed his dream and painted his picture so well and so vividly that others, less visionary but no more practical began to see with his eyes and follow the designs of his brush. Architects exclaimed over the prospect; landscape gardeners saw vistas of liveliness; directors of affairs caught the vision and so, San Diego is building her exposition in Balboa Park,

and will occupy 615 acres of 1400 acres which are the pride of the city by "The Harbor of the Sun."

It was an inspiration that gave an exposition to San Diego.

Some one has said that "Man builds, but God made man."

God gave man the faculty of thought which made him "a little lower than God". Thought is the divine gift. Action is the correspondence of man with the Power that rules.

In the year 1909, President G. Aubrey Davidson of the San Diego Chamber of Commerce thought that historic San Diego, the mother town of California was logically and appropriately the proper place to hold a world's fair in 1915.

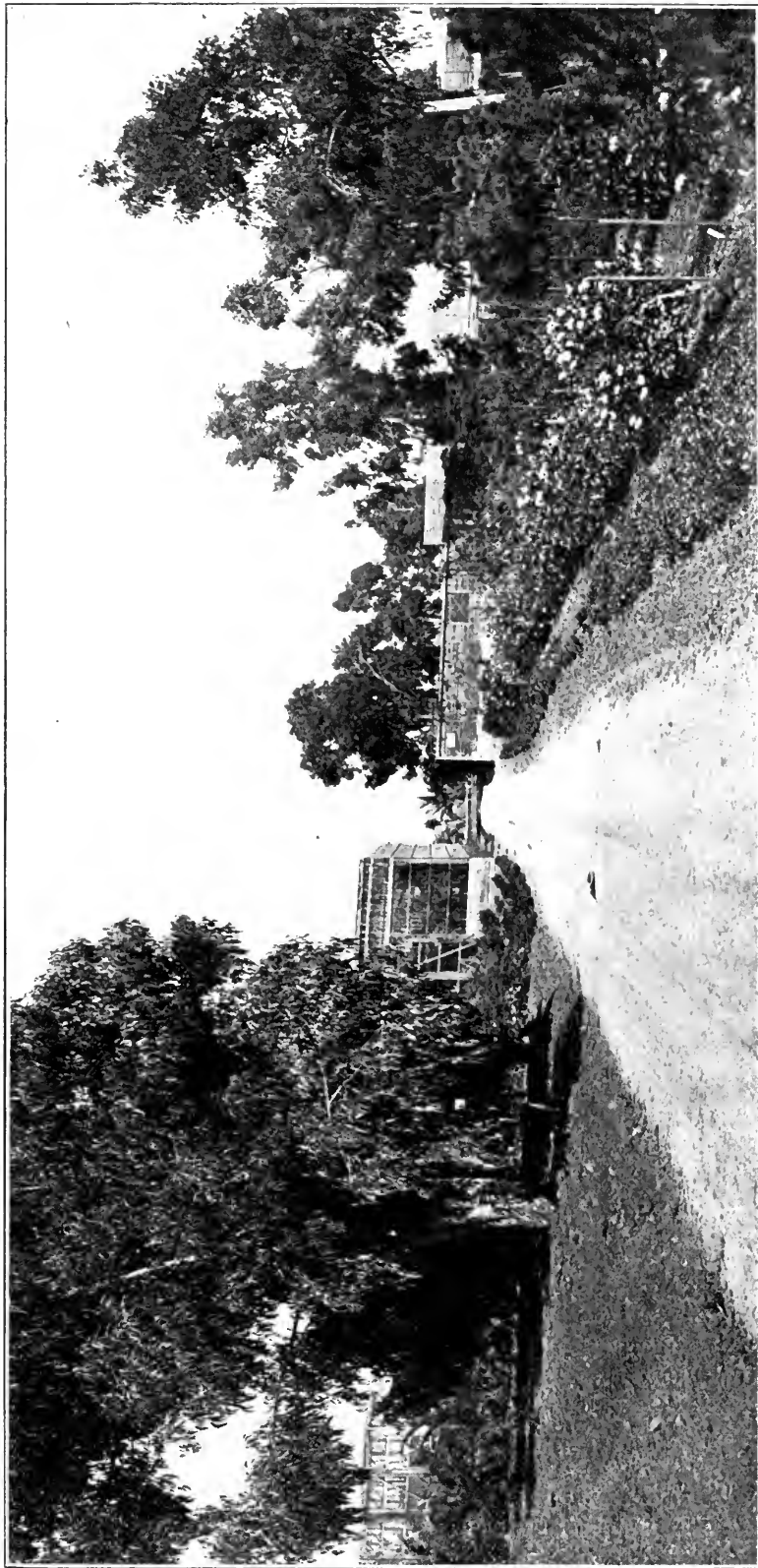
As the first and last American port of call via the Panama Canal, possessing the only natural harbor between San Francisco and Panama, with a climate that would permit of out of doors exhibits 365 days of every year, why should not San Diego celebrate the official opening of the Panama Canal?

His thought proved an inspiration. On the 25th day of the same year, he gave his thought to the board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce. They thought so too, and wondered why some one had not thought of it before. The fact that San Diego was a small city of less than 50,000 did not dismay them; they believed that a well defined purpose backed up by well directed energy, and optimistic self confidence could accomplish anything, and so, before the meeting was adjourned they had authorized the President to appoint a committee to take up the matter immediately. In less than a year the project was fully launched and under way with money freely subscribed, and a complete organization of men of experience and wisdom.

It was an inspiration and a happy condition of affairs that placed D. C. Collier at the head. He is a wonderful man who combines more of the qualifications of a born director of men and events than any other man who has been prominently identified with the development of the Southwest. Of magnificent physique, absolute health, indomitable energy, inextinguishable enthusiasm, he has brought the enterprise from a project to a reality.

Collier is a man of wealth who is willing to spend it for the advancement and development of the city where he made it. His independent fortune enables him to lay aside everything else and devote his time exclusively to the work of making the Panama-California Exposition the most wonderful thing of the kind ever attempted. He works at it day and night without remuneration. His wonderful optimism has inspired his assistants and urged them onward to masterly achievement.

It was good fortune that linked together Bertram Goodhue, designing architect and Frank P. Allen, Jr., builder of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition in Seattle. In one we find a man who has made a careful and exhaustive study of the Spanish-Colonial style of architecture which will rule in the construction of all buildings. In the other we have a man of conservative temperament and wonderful exe-



Entrance to the nursery of the Panama-California Exposition San Diego, California. This is the largest nursery in the state of California covering one hundred acres in all, and propagating over one and a half million plants and trees for ornamenting the grounds and buildings of the San Diego Exposition.

cutive ability. Couple with this his extensive and comprehensive knowledge of exposition building and we find in Mr. Allen, Director-General of the Exposition a kind of man who is sure to succeed in all he has undertaken. Mr. Goodhue makes the designs, Mr. Allen adapts them to the requirements and builds the structures.

It was a wise choice that placed Winfield Hogaboom, editor, newspaper man, magazine contributor, cosmopolite and man of affairs at the head of the Department of Publicity and Exploitation. Through the work of this department, San Diego and the Panama-California Exposition has become known to the uttermost parts of the earth. Through this department, the world has grown to know that in 1915 California will have two expositions, and the most artistic of the two will be held in San Diego.

In fact, ever since the inception of the enterprise, San Diego has been fortunate in having at the head of exposition affairs, men of ability, devoted to the interests of San Diego. Men who were willing to devote their time and ability to make the Panama-California Exposition the realization of a divine inspiration and a beautiful dream wherein men and women might be benefitted and the community might be served.

And so the Panama-California Exposition is building now. While actual construction did not begin until the last month in 1911, in 1910 a huge nursery covering 100 acres was built for the propagation of millions of flowers, trees and plants for ornamenting the exposition buildings and grounds. The administration building was finished and occupied by the executive force, April 1st, 1912. Service buildings for the Division of Works are finished and occupied. A woven wire fence 8 feet high encircles the entire grounds. In 1915 this will be covered with vines making a wall of green enclosing the site.

On the hill in front of the Administration Building a monster concrete mixer has been put in place to prepare the material for the construction of the bridge, which, over 700 feet in length, will span magnificent Cabrillo Canyon, and an artificial lake, from the Laurel street entrance to the fair, to the Cathedral-like Building of the State of California. Workmen are busy on the forms for the concrete and it is but a question of weeks when it will be finished.

The Electrical Building, modeled after the palace of Comte de Heras, a Spanish nobleman of the seventeenth century, will be finished approximately April 1st, 1913. Construction on the Botanical Building will begin within sixty days.

Great palms, half a century old and weighing tons, have been taken up from their original sites and transplanted in new soil. Thousands of small trees and plants, including a Citrus grove of five acres in the section allotted to the Southern California Counties, have been set out. Brown hills have been made green and beautiful. Barren mesas are being transformed into plazas, pleasancess, and palace sites.

Out on the hills, flags are waving indicating the sites of state, county and foreign buildings. Exhibitors from various parts of the United States and the Latin American countries have

visited sites, approved of space and assured a representative exhibit.

And so, San Diego is building her exposition with great prospects and the commendation of all who know what she has already accomplished. And San Diego will be ready to throw open the gates of her exposition on January 1st, 1915, and keep them open for 365 days.

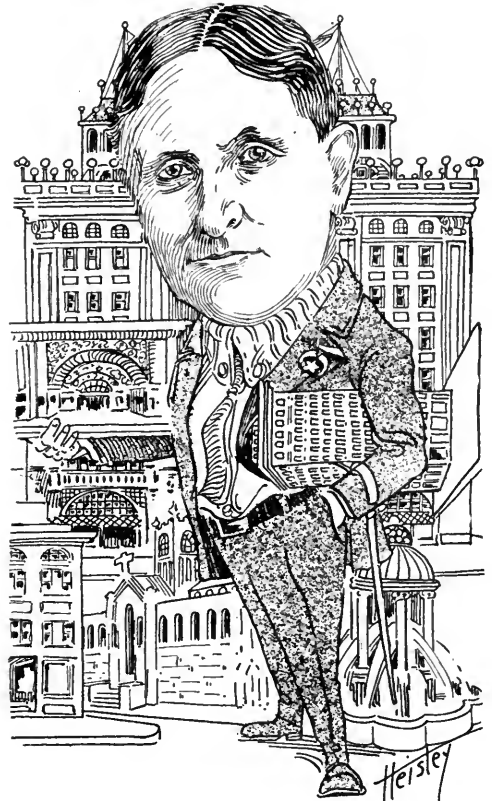
The Panama-California Exposition will not be the largest exposition ever held, but it will be peculiar to itself, with more distinctive features than have ever been given prominence at any other world's fair.

"Do things and do them different" has been the dominant thought in plan and accomplishment, and so San Diego will have an unique exposition, a gem of fairs, with the lure of the Sunny Southland to lead the feet of lovers of the beautiful and the divine, and the haze of romance to dim the too vivid coloring of the actual and soften the hard-matter-of-fact work-a-day sentiment which seeks to find in any effort only the commercial.

San Diego welcomes the world in 1915.

LOUIS J. WILDE THE FOREMOST BUILDER OF SAN DIEGO—THE PREMIER CITY OWES HIM MUCH—RESTORED CONFIDENCE WHEN CITY WAS ON DOWNWARD PATH.

Mr. Wilde was born in Iowa City, Iowa, during the stirring time of the civil war and remained in that state until 1883 when he



migrated to Los Angeles, and remained there twelve years, when he removed to St. Paul, making his home in that city until 1904, when he removed to San Diego, making this city his permanent home, and where his name has been linked with all the great projects since that time for the upbuilding of the city.

When Mr. Wilde arrived here the city was then in the throes of despair having just passed through one of those booms which tend to make capitalist afraid, and investors were rather skeptical about investing their money. Nothing daunted Mr. Wilde, however, who seeing the great future of the town, set his two great principles, honesty and straightforwardness to work and soon had the business men interested to such an extent that faith in the future was once more established and a steady uplift in business was felt.

Among some of his most worthy endeavours was his instrumentality in bringing in the first three hundred and fifty thousand dollars of outside capital for establishing the Home Telephone Company. The building of the beautiful Pickwick Theater; purchasing and reorganizing the American National Bank, and building the magnificent structure which is the home of that prosperous financial institution. Then too he rebuilt the old Richelieu Building for Banking rooms; Organized the First National Bank and First National Bank in Escondido, purchased and rebuilt Homer Peters residence, built and owns the beautiful Francis Apartments, and gave to the city of San Diego a beautiful Electric Fountain, which is a delight to all visitors as well as residents, but probably his greatest achievement was when he refinanced and completed the splendid U. S Grant Hotel of which he is reputed to be half owner and to which the chief credit for the architecture is due.

The people of San Diego are indebted to Mr. Wilde for many of the great enterprises established in the city, although conservative in a measure, consistent with approved financial methods and principals, he has been always foremost in aiding every worthy project launched in the city lending thereto his influence and extended financial support.

COL. FLETCHER'S WORKS

Col. Fletcher is a lover of wild nature, and the spots of beauty which others had overlooked he saw and dreamed of the possibilities of San Diego county and set his mind and his great energy to work in preparation of the development of the county.

There are three spots in San Diego county which are already showing the impress of



Strathforib Inn, Del Mar.

Colonel Fletcher's genius in a way to mark them especially as worthy of note. These are Del Mar, Grossmont, Mount Helix and Pino Hills, and on the American continent there is not another galaxy of beauty showing the developmental genius of one man to compare with these.

Del Mar has had a place on the map, and yet it is not generally known that here is combined the scenic beauties of Canyon Crest Park with



Pulpit Rock, Del Mar.

the grandeur of the sea. The view is like that obtained from the Santa Ynez mountains in Santa Barbara county, except that the sea is right at hand instead of being in the distance.

The location, the conception, the achievement make this a development without a parallel in all Southern California.



Del Mar Power House and Beach.

To have developed the beauties of such spots as are referred to above and to have made them available to mankind is to have added to the pleasures and the comprehension of the bounty of nature by thousands of people in each generation of the present and all the future, and by this he has done vastly more good than usually falls to the fortune of an individual. Because he has done this, the name of Colonel Fletcher will be remembered by San Diego.



COL. ED. FLETCHER
 of the Ed Fletcher Co. Mayor of
 South Coast Land Co. 25 yrs
 A booster of San Diego,
 Del Mar, Grossmont, a Pine Hill
 property his specialty.



Cave of the Winds, Del Mar.

BUCKMAN SPRINGS

**ONLY REAL NATURAL LITHIA SPRINGS
 IN THE UNITED STATES—READY TO
 FURNISH THEIR CURATIVE WATERS
 TO PEOPLE EVERYWHERE.**

Buckman Lithia Springs are situated nine miles from Campo, a mountain town about sixty-five miles from San Diego, in California, of course; they are the only springs whose water is entitled to be labeled "Lithia" under the provisions of the national pure food laws; all other waters formerly so labeled now being restricted to the word "Lithiated."





D.K. GILLESPIE
of the SAN DIEGO SIGHT
SEEING CO. & GRANT HOTEL
AUTO LIVERY.



ALLEN H. WRIGHT
CITY CLERK. ACTIVE IN
MANY SOCIETIES. SECY OF
BLDG. COMMITTEE PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH. AND A REAL BOOSTER



GEORGE W. WALKER
PRES. & TREASURER OF
BUCKMAN SPRINGS
LITHIA WATER Company



DR. ROBERT SMART
EX U.S. ARMY SURGEON
PRACTICING IN SAN DIEGO.
THE DOCTOR IS AN ART COLLECTOR
GOLF AND TENNIS PLAYER, ALSO A
BOOSTER FOR SAN DIEGO.



W. LYNN LOWE Pres. & Mgr.
of the WINTON MOTOR SALES &
HANDLING "WINTON SIX," ONE
OF SAN DIEGO'S BEST BOOSTERS



ORIN L. FOREST CHAFFIN
of the U.S. GRANT HOTEL
STAFF. Mr. CHAFFIN HAS BEEN
CONNECTED WITH THE BEST OF HOTELS
FROM PHOENIX TO CALIFORNIA.



G.E. CUMMINGS and **Wm. GUYNN** - OWNERS AND MGRS
OF THE ROOF GARDEN
CAFE.



A. T. LEE
ASST. MGR. OF THE U.S
GRANT HOTEL. ONE OF
THE BEST HOTEL MEN ON
THE COAST.



DR. F. J. RAVEN
EDITOR AND CHIEF OF
"TACTICS" This Publication
DOES A WORLD OF GOOD FOR
SAN DIEGO.



JACK DODGE
ONE OF THE COMPANY
OF DODGE AND HAYWARD
MGRS. OF SPRECKELS THEATRE
AND OTHERS



HARRY HAYWARD
OF FAME AS A SHOWMAN.
ONE OF THE DODGE and
HAYWARD Co. BOTH ARE BOOSTERS

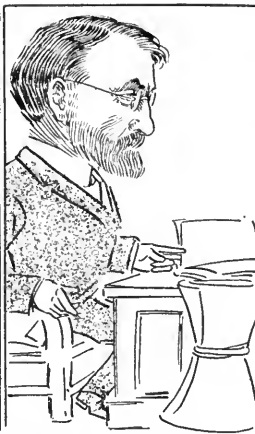


CHARLES M. DARTHOLOTIEW
POSTMASTER, BOOSTER
AND A GENERAL GOOD
FELLOW.

Some More of San Diego's Live Wires.



C.A. Richardson
vice Pres. of D.C. Collier & Co.
Handling POINT LOMA LANDS
highly restricted property.



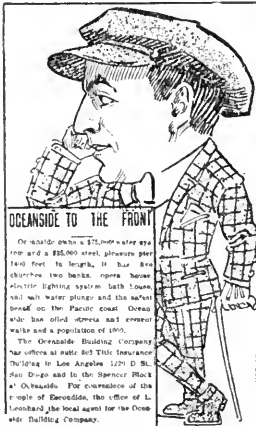
Judge A. Haines
one of San Diego's well
known Attorneys. Native
of Pa. but a San Diego BOOSTER



Judge Wm. R. Andrews
Fifty two years a booster.
Serving a second term
as "CITY ATTORNEY."



P.J. Benbough
Building \$50,000. family
HOTEL. Prop. of Benbough
Block. A BOOSTER, ALWAYS!



V. Bernard Herbst
pres. of the Oceanside Bldg Co.
200 Lots to build on. 43 miles
from San Diego.



P.E. Harrison
Specialty Acreage, ten
& twenty acre tracts. A
booster of San Diego 17 years.



J. D. Mollison
General Real Estate.
Negotiators of Loans for
corporations. AND A BOOSTER



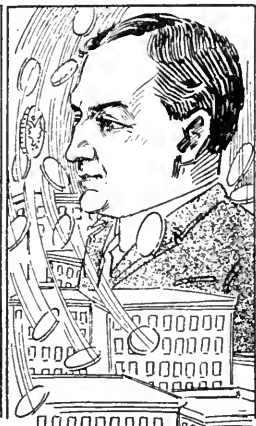
JOHN W. ELDRIDGE JR.
Mgr. of the San Diego Branch,
"HOME BUILDERS" of Los Angeles.
second largest on the Coast.



CHARLES DANIEL WEISS
Mgr. Supply Store of the
San Diego Consolidated Gas &
Electric Co., an Elk & A BOOSTER.



Horace Naylor—owner,
secy and treas., of Naylor Gem
Co. operating the largest
tourmaline mines in the World.



S.W. Grier
Real Estate, Loans, and Ins-
urance, over \$500,000.00
Loaned in San Diego this year.



C.W. HOLMQUIST
Prop. of Crains Restaurant
Employ twenty five people feed over
1000 daily. San Diego's best eating.



JACK RICE
Best informed real estate man in San Diego, specialty city and business property.



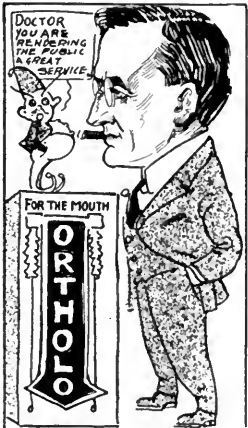
SAM LANDSWICK
of the Rice Landswick Co. Real Estate, Mortgages and Loans, Sam is a live wire.



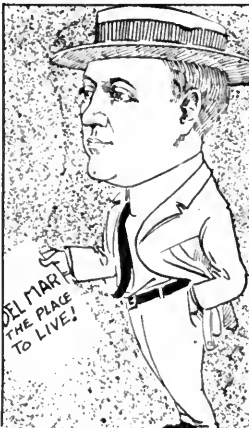
JOHN BURNHAM
MGR. of the TIMKEN BLDG. And properties, City Property & Insurance his Specialty.



S. C. PAYSON
General agent traffic dept. Santa Fe R.R. ALWAYS A SAN DIEGO BOOSTER



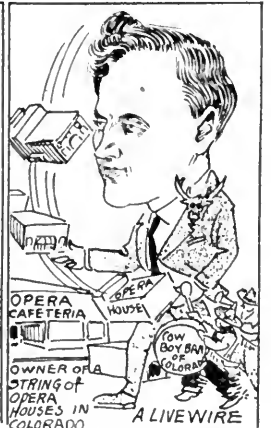
Dr. C. E. MARSH
One of San Diego's leading DENTIST, ZYRAN a BOOSTER for this City



A. H. NELSON
Gen'l. Real Estate, with Ed. FLETCHER Co. DEL MAR GROSSMONT AND PINE HILL PROPERTY



F. R. BAGLEY Mgr. of the Arizona Irrigated lands & Handling lands irrigated by the Roosevelt Dam in Salt River



ED J. COOPER
MGR. & PROP. of the OPERA CAFETERIA, the largest of its kind in San Diego.



H. R. IVES
Mr. Ives SAYS! Clothing, Furnishings, and Hats too for young fellows.



H. HO JONES
MGR. of the San Diego Gas & Electric Co. one GOOD BOOSTER.

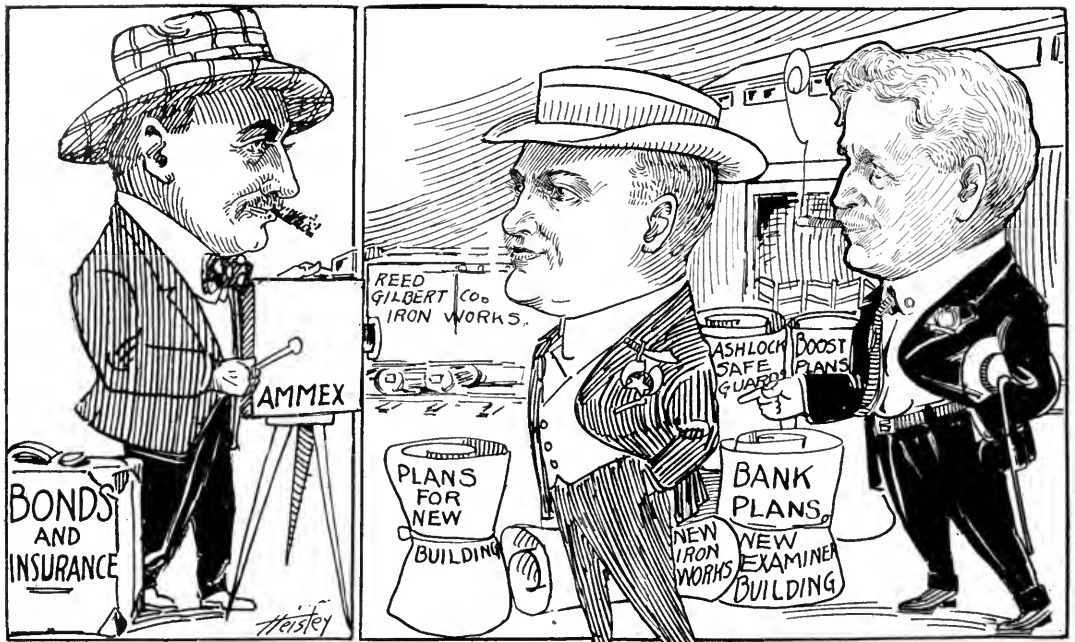


OMER F. LILLY
of the U.S. GRANT HOTEL STAFF. The boy with the smile who is mighty glad to see you.



M. L. WARD
Ex State Senator. Atty at Law, practiced LAW in San Diego for 25 years.

Just a Few More San Diego Live Wires.

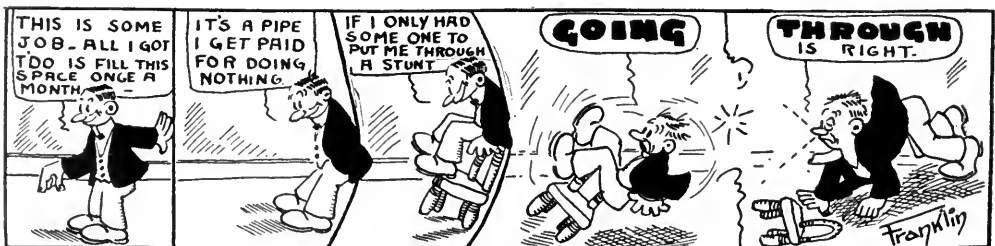
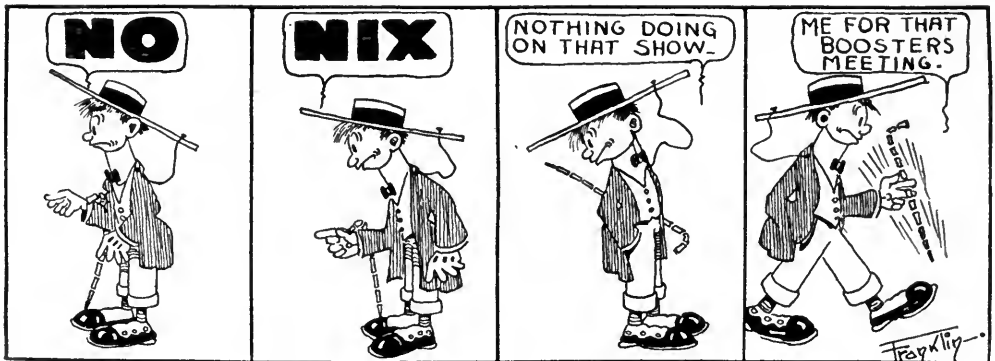


CHARLES W. OESTING
DOING A TURN WITH HIS
MOTION PICTURE CAMERA.
MR. OESTING IS PRESIDENT
OF THE "AMMEX," MOTION
PICTURE MANFG. CO.

S. A. REED
OF THE "REED GILBERT
COMPANY," INTERESTED
IN BUILDING AND MANY OTHER
ENTERPRISES, A LIVE WIRE
AND A BOOSTER OF THIS CITY.

WARREN E. GILBERT
PRES. OF THE SAN DIEGO
EXAMINER, ALSO MGR.
PRES & MGR OF SAN DIEGO
ORNAMENTAL IRON WORKS,
& ONE OF THE REED GILBERT Co.

THREE PROMINENT SAN DIEGO BOOSTERS.



ANAHEIM

ANAHEIM THE MOTHER COLONY—THE BIRTHPLACE OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S DEVELOPMENT.

By J. Frederick Ahlborn. Sec. Board of Trade



REAT EVENTS sometimes happen without the world at large taking any notice or even being aware of the fact that a new empire has been born and a new domain has been added, without bloodshed and without war. History likes to deal with the bloody contests of the past, the conquest of the sword and the destruction of empires and thus it is, that the conquests of the plow, the spade and the hoe are left unsung. Although of more importance to the welfare of our country than bloody combat, the pioneer, who gave his life that his children might inherit, who conquered and created a new paradise where every man rest in the shade of his own figtree, has gone home to his fathers, to rest his weary bones in the silent grave and silent is the world. Although his deeds may not be recorded in

Orchards and Walnut Groves, the Garden spot of Orange County, California.

Arriving at Anaheim and traversing this beautiful little city from either the north, east south or west on the well paved streets and reaching the main crossing in the center of the city, where a crossing officer may be found on a busy Saturday afternoon directing the congested traffic, the same as in Los Angeles, little will it occur to the passing tourist, the homeseeker or even the native, that right here stood the cradle of Southern California's present development.

Nature has always given us hints how to do things, but stupid humanity does not always take notice. The Nile has poured out its waters upon Egypt for thousands of years. They have had fat years and they have had lean years



Center Street, Anaheim, Looking East.

the worlds' history, still they live and are a lasting monument and a constant reminder to those that come after him, an inspiration to go forth and do likewise.

If the dear reader, may be he tourist, homeseeker or a Californian, be interested in the early development of Southern California, let him take a trip to Anaheim, "The Mother Colony," the birthplace of Southern California's development.

Anaheim is situated 27 miles southeast of Los Angeles on Southern Pacific and Santa Fe railroads, midway between the Pacific Ocean and the Sierra Madre Mountains, in the fertile Santa Ana River Valley, in the midst of Orange

only recently it has occurred to mankind that Egypt can have fat years all the time by turning the waters of the river onto the land.

The waters of the Santa Ana River have run into the Pacific Ocean for thousands of years. There have been fat years and there have been lean years in this beautiful valley, and all the lean years were not enough to teach mankind a lesson. The ancients used the waters of the Euphrates and Tigris and built the mighty city of Babylon and built around this city a mighty empire. But the sword came and turned it into a desert and a desert it has been ever since.

To turn the living water of the Santa Ana River onto the burning sands, to plant vine-



Looking North on Los Angeles Street, Anaheim.

yards where there was cactus before, to hear the laughter of children where the howl of the coyote was heard before, in short to literally make the desert blossom like a rose first occurred to some German Artisans residing in San Francisco, Cal.

The *idea* was conceived in San Francisco and born in Anaheim.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE MOTHER COLONY

Next after the Mormon Settlement of San Bernardino, Anaheim is the oldest successful colony experiment in California. The scheme of purchasing land with their combined capital a large tract of land dividing it into small farms and planting it with vines for wine making, was originated by a number of Germans residing in San Francisco.

Early in 1857 they began an examination of different localities for their proposed colony site, and in September, 1857, the Los Angeles Vineyard Company, was formed, composed of fifty shareholders, principally Germans. Each share was rated at \$750.00. A tract of land on the Santa Ana river, about 25 miles from the city of Los Angeles, containing 1200 acres, which was laid off in lots of twenty acres each, with streets made throughout the grounds, so that each lot would open on a good highway, was purchased from Don Pacifico Ontivera, with certain privileges from Don Bernardino Yorba, from whose residence this tract was situated about five miles.

Geo. Hansen, a very competent gentleman, was appointed Superintendent of the company, and instructed to plant the land to vineyard. The acreage planted to vineyard was at that time the largest in the world, and before long the fame of the Colony became world-wide, and many articles were published in the leading periodicals of the United States and Europe heralding in words of praise and wonder the transforming of cactus patches and desert land

into garden spots of great beauty and prolific production.

On January 15th, 1858, the stockholders of the Los Angeles Vineyard company held a meeting at Leutgens Hotel, Montgomery street San Francisco, and named their vineyard in the Santa Ana Valley, "Anaheim". The name is a combination of the German word for Heim (home) and the Spanish form of the proper name Ana—a home by the (Santa) Ana river.

Twenty years later, the fame of this colony having reached even the confines of Poland and Russia, Madam Modjeska, the famous tragedienne at the head of a colony composed largely of professional people, journalists, actors, and people that left Russia for political reasons, arrived at Anaheim, hoping to found here a new Arden where real liberty would rule supreme and happiness abide forever. Among this colony was also Henric Sientkiwitz, the author of *Quo Vadis*, well known to the American public.

Space will not permit to tell more of the early history of Anaheim, the fact remains, that the success of this colony is the keystone of the present development of Southern California and justly deserves the name of "Mother Colony."

As to the Pioneers, they have all gone to rest save one or two who still abide with us. Time has been lenient with them and prospered them abundantly, they are with us only a few days longer and all honor be theirs, for they have done their labor and let the fruits be theirs. For us they have created a new empire.

ANAHEIM, THE MODERN CITY OF TODAY

Today, Anaheim is a city of beautiful homes, handsome buildings and prosperous business houses. Its main thoroughfares are paved with asphaltum and miles upon miles of sidewalks all throughout the entire city. Its population has increased with leaps and bounds during the last five years and has now reached the 5000 mark.



The New Anaheim Union High School.

Anaheim has its own municipal water and lighting plant, which for efficiency, is second to none of any city of the same class in the state. A modern sewer system has just been installed at a cost of \$100,000.00 and is now in operation. Building activity is on the increase at a tremendous rate and shows that this city is keeping pace with the rapid growth of Southern California.

Building statistics for 5 years:

1907—32 permits.....	\$ 70,550.00
1908—43 permits.....	94,330.00
1909—61 permits.....	127,350.00
1910—78 permits.....	163,600.00
1911— permits.....	1,142,150.00

This record speaks for itself and needs no comment and to further bring before the reader the present prosperity of the Mother Colony let me quote the deposits of two of our banks. Five years ago, Anaheim had but one bank, today she can boast of five financial institutions and all of them in a flourishing condition.

The First National Bank reports as follows:

June 30th, 1910 Deposits.....	\$281,216.65
June 30th, 1910.....	\$410,894.52
June 30th, 1911 Deposits.....	\$500,207.74
June 30th, 1912, Deposits.....	\$620,932.13

The German American opened for business January 8th 1906 with a deposit the first day of business the sum of \$1,099,68, six months later

June 30th, 1906 Deposits.....	41,718.48
June 30th, 1907 Deposits.....	\$ 91,340.68
June 30th, 1908 Deposits.....	\$138,425.07
June 30th, 1909 Deposits.....	\$173,090.19
June 30th, 1911 Deposits.....	\$290,107.30
June 2nd, 1912 Deposits.....	\$326,300.87

Since then three other banks have opened for business and are doing well. The names of these financial institutions are the American Savings Bank, the Anaheim National Bank and the Southern County Bank.

Post-Office receipts are another index to the growth of a community and in that respect Anaheim shows a healthy gain.

Post-office receipts for five years:

Ending April 1st 1908.....	\$ 7,775.54
Ending April 1st 1909.....	\$ 8,774.64
Ending April 1st 1910.....	\$ 9,809.38
Ending April 1st 1911.....	\$11,467.38
Ending April 1st 1912.....	\$13,346.92

Anaheim is well equipped for educational purposes, its schools compare favorably with the best schools in California. The enrollment for 1912 is above the 800 mark in the Grammar School with an efficient corps of teachers to the number of twenty five, distributed in four different school buildings conveniently located in different parts of the city.

The high-school consist of a group of seven buildings erected during the year of 1911 at a cost of \$150,000, on spacious grounds covering ten acres. The architecture is the greek style and of great beauty, inposing to the eye at the same time modern and convenient in every respect. The enrollemnt for 1912 is about 200 students with an efficient faculty of 12 teachers.

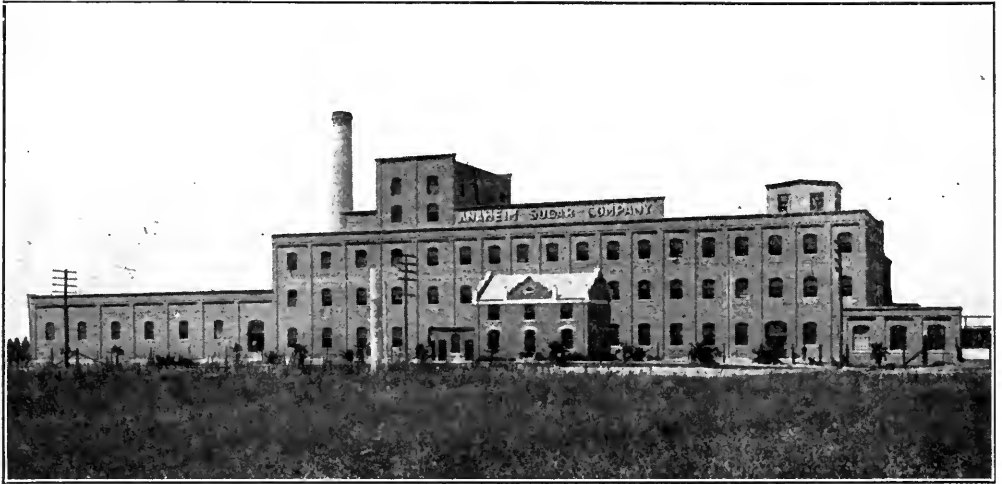
The St. Joseph Academy a catholic boarding and day school with an enrollment of 72 pupils and a corps of five teachers has just been completed at a cost of \$20,000.00.

The St. Catherine Orphanage has an enrollment of 175 Orphans and half Orphans, and is occupying a group of buildings, which have just recently been remodeled and added to at a cost of \$60,000.00.

Anaheim's Public Library was erected at a cost of \$12,000.00 it is centrally located on nicely kept grounds and is being patronized by the reading public quite heavily.

The churches of Anaheim have kept pace with the city's rapid progress, adding in membership, attendance and those things that make for the moral and spiritual uplift of its citizens. The different denominations are as follows: Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Episcopal, Christian Science, German Lutheran, German Baptist, German Evangelical, German Methodist and Mennonites.

The industries of Anaheim consist of Sugar Factory, capacity 1000 tons per day, fruit



Plant of the Anaheim Sugar Company, at Anaheim—A. R. Peck, Pres.

When erected in the Spring of 1911 its capacity was 600 tons daily. By additional machinery an increased capacity, the campaign of 1912, reaches 800 tons daily. This modern structure is fire-proof, steel frame, concrete floors and brick walls. The pulp drying plant, known as the Buttner system, used extensively in Germany is one of the most complete in Orange Co. The plant is situated on the Santa Fe tracks and handles fifty car loads of freight daily.—Photo by Hudson.

cannery, 3 packing houses, feed mill, steam laundry, 2 planing mills and 3 lumber yards, also a large brewery.

Two transcontinental railroads, the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific connect with Anaheim and give good connection with Los Angeles and other points, 27 trains running daily.

Climatic conditions are ideal and Anaheim claims proudly to be second to no place in the world when it comes to climate. Physicians of Europe having recommended and actually send some of their patients to Anaheim for recovery, certainly speaks volumes. A modern Sanitarium recently erected and equipped with all the latest improvements places Anaheim in position to take care of the healthseeker who comes to California in order to improve his health.

Space will not permit to mention all of Anaheim's advantages in conclusion let us see, why Anaheim shows such a remarkable growth and prosperity and why every homeseeker should first investigate the conditions here before investing anywhere else in Southern California.

THE REASON

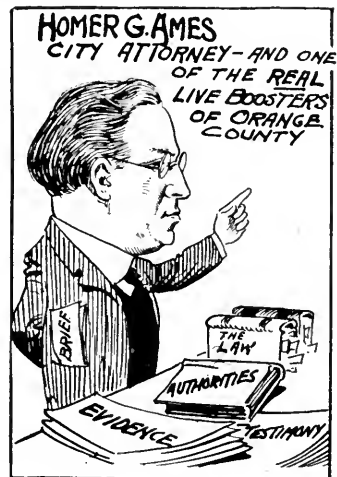
The reason why Anaheim shows such remarkable growth is because of her location. Situated as she is in the heart of the Orange and Walnut Belt of Orange County, the famous Placentia Groves to the northeast, from which shipments of Oranges are made all throughout the year, commanding the highest prices that the market affords; great Walnut Groves to the southwest, Berries and Truck farming to the southeast and beets and dairying to the west, the great Oil Fields only 6 miles to the north and the famous Peat lands to the south where the Golden Celery is grown in profusion and all this territory tribu-

tary to Anaheim, is there any wonder that the Mother Colony is prosperous. An abundance of water all the year at a low cost is another fact to be considered. Anaheim knows no failure of crops, be the season wet or dry.

The Mother Colony invites you, dear reader, to pay her a visit and view the place where was born the idea to pour out upon the burning sands of the desert the living waters of the Santa Ana River and thus fulfill the promise "To make the desert blossom like the rose."

Come and see where stood the cradle of Southern California's Present Development and tread on the same soil where trod the foot of the Pioneer and pay homage and honor to him, who created a new empire.

Address Anaheim Board of Trade, Anaheim, California for further information.



CHAS. EYGABROAD, PRESIDENT ANAHEIM NATIONAL BANK.
 MR. EYGABROAD IS ONE OF THE MOST PROGRESSIVE BOOSTERS OF ANAHEIM

JOHN AND JIMMIE
 WE BOOST ALL ANAHEIM

F.C. KRAUSE - CASHIER ANAHEIM NATIONAL BANK
 HE BOOSTS FOR ALL ANAHEIM HER PEOPLE AND INTERESTS

DEPOSITS

J. FREDERICK AHLBORN, THE BOOSTING SECRETARY OF ANAHEIM BOARD OF TRADE.
 NEVER QUIT BOOSTING FOR PAVING AND SEWERS - AND STILL BOOSTING FOR MORE IMPROVEMENTS. HOMESEKERS WRITE TO ME NOW.

we can't boost Anaheim too much

INQUIRES FROM TOURISTS

SEND US LITERATURE!

JOHN HARTUNG, PRES. FIRST NATIONAL BANK
 ORGANIZED IT IN 1902. HE IS ONE OF THE MOST PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZENS OF ANAHEIM

I HAVE BOOSTED 50 YEARS AND STILL BOOSTING

GOT HIS 1st START WITH THIS

H.A. DICKEL - PROP. THE OLDEST MERCHANT IN ANAHEIM - AND ONE OF THE OLD TIME BOOSTERS -
 GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, STATIONERY

I HAVE BOOSTED 27 YEARS AND STILL BOOSTING

F.C. GANAHL - YARD MGR. C. GANAHL LUMBER CO.
 HE NOT ONLY BOOSTS FOR ANAHEIM - BUT FOR ALL SO. CALIFORNIA.

THE POLICY OF OUR COMPANY IS ONE OF PROGRESSIVE BOOSTING

ANALYTIC FOR ORDERS LUMBER

H. MADAMS, MANAGER, GRIFFITH LUMBER CO.
 AND ONE OF THE MOST PROGRESSIVE CITIZENS OF ANAHEIM.

ESTIMATES

ORDERS SALES CONTRACTS

THE COMPANY BOOSTS FOR ALL THE COUNTY

CHAS. "OTTO" RUST PROP. MOHO' WINERY & DISTILLERY ORANGE & WALNUT GROWER
 20 YEARS A PUBLIC SERVANT AND SEVERAL TERMS, MAYOR

ORANGES

MY POLICY IS ONE OF CONTINUOUS BOOSTING

CAL WINE AND BRAND

GEO. W. HAMLER, ONE OF THE REAL LIVE BOOSTERS REALTY, NURSERMAN, BANK DIRECTOR, CITY DAD, AND ALL ROUND PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZEN

ANAHEIM NURSERY

I ALWAYS FOR BOOST THE GOOD OF ALL ANAHEIM

DIRECTOR ANAHEIM NAT. BANK

WRITE TO ME

Cartoons of Some of Anaheim's Leading Boosters

J.C. WILLIAMS MGR. OF
WILLIAMS BROS. CO.
 THE WIDE-AWAKE
 REALTY FIRM
 OF
ANAHEIM.

4 BRANCH
 OFFICES
 AND ALL
 BOOSTING
 FOR SO.
 CALIFORNIA

WE CLAIM
 TO BE
 PIONEERS
 IN THE
 BUSINESS
 OF
 BOOSTING
 REALTY

WE KNOW THE
 VALUE OF
 BOOSTING
 COUNTRY
 PROPERTY

EDGAR J. HARTUNG - CASHIER
1st NAT. AMERICAN SAVING BANKS
 THE LEADING
 FINANCIAL
 INSTITUTION
 IN
ANAHEIM

TAKE IT
 ALL, EDGAR

DEPOSITS
 \$799,944

SURPLUS
 UNDIVIDED
 PROFITS
 \$12,000

AND
 WE
 DO
 BOOST

GEO. H. MAXFIELD MGR. AND
 SECTY.
ANAHEIM ORANGE GROWERS ASSN.

MR MAXFIELD
 KNOWS THE
 PACKING
 BUSINESS
 AND THE VALUE
 OF CONTINUAL
 BOOSTING

LEMONS

THE SHIP
 ORANGES
 AND
 BOOST
 ANAHEIM

MODJESKA
 BRAND

MODJESKA
 BRAND

G.W. SANDILANDS -
 MGR AND SECTY.
**ANAHEIM
 FRUIT ASSN.**

20 YRS. IN THE
 PACKING
 BUSINESS
 INCLUDING
 JAMAICA AND
 PORTO RICO

COMPANY SHIPS
 200 CARS
 ANNUALLY

MOTHER
 COLONY
 BRAND

THE ASSN.
 HAS NEVER
 STOPPED
 BOOSTING

MOTHER
 COLONY
 BRAND

ORANGES

MARSHALL E. BEEBE
 BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE
**ANAHEIM
 SANITARIUM**

MEDICAL,
 SURGICAL,
 MATERNITY,
 X-RAY AND
 BATH DEPTS.

BUSINESS
 AFFAIRS

DAILY
 RECORD

OUR INSTITUTION
 IS BOOSTING
 FOR

GRETTET
 ANAHEIM

ONE OF THE
 BEST EQUIP-
 ED SANITARI-
 UM IN SO.
 CALIFORNIA

4 STAFF
 PHYSICIANS,
 30 BEDS,
 NURSES
 TRAINING
 SCHOOL

M.W. MARTENET THE
 BOOSTING

HARDWARE MAN -
 AND AN
 ERNEST
 BOOSTER
 FOR THE
 GOOD OF
 ALL

PAINTS
 OILS

MY POLICY
 BOOST THE
 WHOLE
 COUNTY

RANGES
 CROCKERY

CHAS. A. BOEGE, CASHIER
THE SOUTHERN COUNTY BANK
ANAHEIM'S
 NEW AND SOLID
 FINANCIAL
 INSTITUTION

DEPOSITS

DEBTS

ESTRONS

I SHALL CONTINUE
 MY POLICY OF
 ERNEST
 BOOSTING

J. LESLIE SWOPE OF **SWOPE
 BROS**
CAL. WINE CO.
 DISPENSES
 GOOD CHEER.
 "LES" IS IN
 THE FRONT
 RANKS OF THE
 BOOTERS

BOOST
 EVERY
 BODY'S
 DOIN' IT

FRANK N. GIBBS PROP.
**GIBBS
 LUMBER CO.**

ONE OF THE
 CITY'S
 PROGRESS-
 IVE
 BUSINESS
 MEN

ANAHEIM

SHINGLES

LIME

CEMENT

MY POLICY
 HAS ALWAYS
 BEEN ONE
 OF
 BOOSTING
 F.N.G.

LUMBER

Here Are Nine More Members of "Out West's" Anaheim Boosters

E. E. ANGELL PRES. OF THE **ANGELL-REDIT MACHINE CO.**
 ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE SECTION
 MANUFACTURING REFRIGERATING MACHINERY & PACKERS HAM PRESSES. AGT. FOR THE "MAXWELL" CARS - HE BOOSTS ALWAYS.

BIRD V. BEEBE THE BOOSTING CARRIAGE & IMPLEMENT MAN
STUDEBAKER WAGONS, CARRIAGES, OLIVER PLOUGHS, IRON AGE TOOLS, HARNES ROBES AND WHIPS AND EVERITT AND DETROITER AUTOS.

B. DAUSER PROP. **ANAHEIM FEED MILL**
 "25 YEARS OF BOOSTING", HE SAYS "HELPS SOME" AND HE IS STILL BOOSTIN'
 ALL KINDS FEED AND GRAIN
 I NEVER STOPPED BOOSTING ANAHEIM
 GLOBE MILLS A NOT FLOUR

F. B. KEALIHAR THE CHILI MAN OF ANAHEIM
 THE BIG CHILI MAN OF ANAHEIM WHO IS ALSO ONE OF THE BIG BOOSTERS OF THE COUNTY
 AIN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL
 KEALIHAR'S FAMOUS CHILI PEPPERS
 GROUND PEPPER

W. STARK PROPRIETOR THE EXCHANGE BOOSTING CITY DAD, AND ALWAYS FOR THE WELFARE OF THE CITY

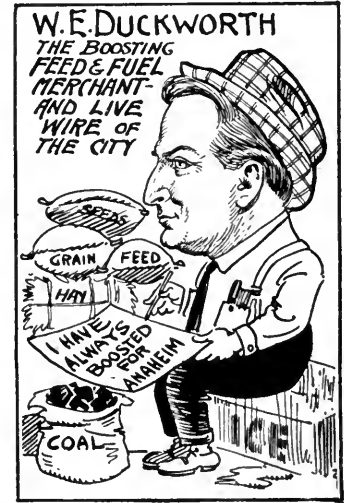
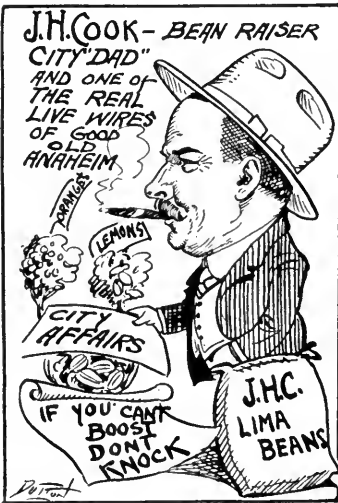
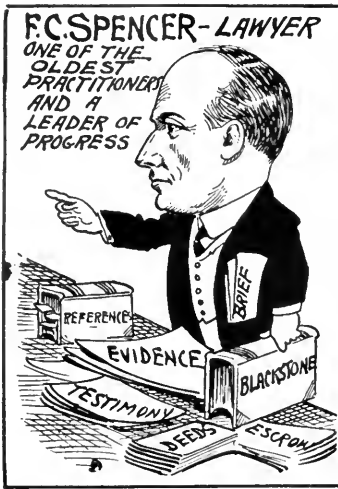
P. J. WEISEL THE BOOSTING AUTO DEALER AND GARAGE MAN - AGT. FOR THAT CLASSY
Studebaker
 1913 MODEL
 CHAS. MANN & W. KLEIN ASSOCIATED

R. W. JACKSON PRES. AND GEN'L MGR. ANAHEIM MOTOR COMPANY
 AGT. OAKLAND THE CAR WITH A CONSCIENCE AND LIGHT DELIVERY TRUCKS
 OAKLAND 1918
 MY MOTTO BOOST ALL ORANGE COUNTY

EDWIN BAYHA - MANAGER COUNTY WINE CO.
 ED KNOWS WINE FROM A TO Z
 THE BIG RANCH IS AT YORBA, WHERE HE WAS FIRST RAISER OF TURKISH TOBACCO
 WE BOOST FOR ALL CO. OF ORANGE CO. AND THEN SOME
 THE PRES. AMERICAN MERCHANTS SYNDICATE

LEONARD EVANS ATTORNEY AT LAW
 ONE OF THE YOUNG AND PROGRESSIVE BOOSTERS
 THE LAWYER
 COMPLAINT
 EVANS

Why Are They in the Limelight? They're Live Wires



Some More of Anaheim's Boosters



The New Anaheim Sanitarium



IN THE EDITOR'S DEN.



In our regular pages this month we offer our readers the claims of the five leading political parties. We wish to be fair and impartial to all. It is now up to each reader and voter to make his own decision, cast his own vote, and then accept the result with content,—or if the other man gets in, calmness and fortitude. We have given every man an equal chance—may the best and most useful man to his country at large win, be he Taft, Roosevelt, Wilson, Chafin or Debs.

In our November issue I shall present a fairly full account of what prison reform,—the honor system among prisoners—has done for the State of Arizona. Though my name is attached to the article as writer I am willing to confess that it is a strong and powerful article, a plea for intelligent, sane, practical and common-sense treatment of prisoners. As such I earnestly commend it to the readers of *Out West* and beg them to consider the moral obligation imposed upon them, if they find in it matter for earnest consideration, that they pass it on with a good word to others that its influence for good may be widened, deepened, broadened and strengthened.

Most of the Humane Societies of California have been doing good work for many years, operating under an old law that permits the societies to receive the fines imposed upon violators of the law. But loopholes often can be found in laws framed by good men and true with none but good intent, and such a loop-hole has been found by grafters and thieves in the present law. It provides that any five persons may organize a Humane Society for the protection either of children or animals, and that, when organized, each society may appoint its own officers, which appointment carries the power to carry a revolver, wear a star, and make arrests. The result is, so I have been reliably informed by officials who were in a position to know, that certain irresponsible individuals, who have no more care for children or animals than they have for the pockets of the men they have designs on, have organized and they swoop down upon communities, make wholesale arrests for trivial causes, scare the men arrested into pleading guilty, on the ground that they will thus be let off with a small fine, while if they fight there is a chance (so they say) of a jail sentence as well as a fine, and when the fine is imposed they proceed to collect it, pack up and move to fresh fields and pastures new.

One of these societies has actually advertised for members stating that it gives one half the fines to the member making the arrest.

These features would be bad enough but they are not a circumstance to other acts performed by them—and all under cover of law. In one case two men, wearing Humane Society Stars, met a Chinaman on the outskirts of one of the cities, driving a good horse. They claimed to find a small sore somewhere, and informed the Chinaman he was under arrest. As they showed their stars he had no way of knowing that they were unauthorized. They then decided that they must “condemn the horse.” They removed it from the wagon, brought and put in its place a broken-down creature unfit only for the knacker’s yard, and then disappeared. They were never seen again. This is pure highway robbery and these men are thugs, pure and simple, and as such should be dealt with.

Other equally conscienceless scoundrels wearing the star of some "society for the prevention of cruelty to children" went into a dance-hall, found a young girl of seventeen, arrested her, took her to a private house and kept her there three days. Frantic with fear for her daughter the mother warned the police. The girl was found, the men traced and arrested and I believe sent to jail for a period of months.

These are but typical cases of the actions of the "officers" of these societies claiming to be operating under the law. Several of them are organized with the sole purpose of selling to men—under the guise of membership fee—the right to carry a gun. This is a right which otherwise is guarded most jealously by our police departments, yet, under cover of this law, which was originally designed for the most beneficial purposes to helpless children and animals, it is turned over to the power of mercenary wretches whose operations make them a prey upon society.

The State Association of California, therefore, at its last convention held in Santa Barbara, September 9-11 have empowered its legislative committee to ask the next State Legislature for a bill abolishing the practice of paying over the fines received for convictions to the societies making the arrests, and also urging the formation of a State Bureau *to work without pay*, with supervisory powers over all the various Humane Societies of the State, to the end that these thug and mercenary societies may no longer have the cover of a legal right to operate.

Lest we forget! Strauss has gone; Archie Butt has gone; Stead has gone; many others sank into the deep at the same time, and the nation at large has gone on with its own work and almost entirely forgotten the *Titanic* and all the lessons its loss should have taught us. Are our laws any better now than they were when the *Titanic* was lost? Is the life-boat equipment increased to a reasonable provision of security for all on board? Have the English and American governments agreed to demand less speed, greater care, while vessels are in the neighborhood of icebergs and other dangers? Have wealthy steamship companies still the right, or power, to require of wireless operators such long hours that the safety of their vessels is often imperilled by poor service? It is well not to forget. We need to act. For upon the *people*, the final burden of all evils falls. It was not the directors of the *Titanic* that were drowned. It was not the stockholders in the Steamship company. No! It was men like Stead, and Strauss, whom the world could ill afford to lose. *Let us not forget!*

An endeavor is now being made to pave the way for the passage of a law empowering the consolidation of cities and their surroundings. If this proposed law were an honest, fair and square presentation of the subject I should make no comment upon it, but, I am given to understand that it is so worded that a majority vote of *all* the parties of interest carries the proposition. In other words when the citizens of a city of 400,000 or more and the citizens of the neighboring cities and villages, vote the one class voting that all should come under the control of the said large city, and the other class the other way, the majority of the votes cast would decide the matter. Such a provision is neither democratic nor honest. It is a political scheme of tricksters and scoundrels, those who wish by fraud to force amalgamation upon those who do not desire it, by a pretense of fairness and majority rule. Two votes should always be taken upon such propositions—one of the city desiring the enlargement, one of the precincts the city desires to amalgamate. If either votes against the proposition by a determined majority the plan should be allowed to remain in abeyance. Neither San Francisco nor Los Angeles can ever hope to gain friends for enlargement by following this kind of tactics. Come out into the open, be honest, fair, square and manly in presenting your plans, and then accept the results of the appeal to reason and conscience. Any other course is indecent and dishonest, unwise and impolitic.



JAMES DIX SCHUYLER

In the middle of the past month James Dix Schuyler, Consulting Engineer, closed his earthly career and passed on. It was my good fortune to have known Mr. Schuyler or several years, and during the past year to have been brought in very close personal touch with him. For ten days we rode in an automobile side by side, scores of miles a day, in the heart of the Colorado Desert. Hot, dusty, uncomfortable, crowded, cramped, limited to such food and drink as desert conditions afford; jolted, jostled, arred and jiggered around by rough roads and in crossing rocky gullies; choked

by dust and fine sand; a few times compelled to get out and walk or push behind up steep, sandy hills; once caught in a slough where it required several hours of arduous labor to extricate our car; another time stalled with a broken differential forty-five miles from the nearest point in the most desolate part of the desert, where we were left alone with little food and water, to sleep under the silent stars of the desert sky; crossing the muddy and treacherous Colorado river in a tiny boat or forcing our way against its strong current with gasoline motor aided by the pushing, pulling and guiding of our two boatmen, who waded over the quicksands; riding in a lumber wagon over the rutted and corduroy roads of the river bottom; jolted and jarred in a spring wagon dragged over fictitious roads on mountain slopes; up early in the morning, riding until late at night, sleeping on Mother Earth, on schoolhouse floors, in tents or in adobe huts—in other words accepting whatever came in the rough experience of a pioneering engineer in going over a great desert irrigation project, we together learned to know each other as men in the ordinary relations of life might not in fifty years of association. This was on the occasion of Mr. Schuyler's studies, in conjunction with Mr. A. H. Koebig, a brother engineer of Los Angeles, of the feasibility and practicability of irrigating those portions of the Colorado Desert known as the Chuckawalla Valley and the Palo Verde Mesa.

His unfailing good humor, ready acquiescence in every experience, cheerful bearing of hardship, inconvenience and annoyance, his uniform kindness, urbanity and courtesy, his gentle consideration for his associate, his companions and the employes and helpers with whom he came in contact, his ready and quick response to every human and humane sentiment and feeling, his kinship with every living thing, whether of animal or plant life, his keen powers of observation and far-reaching grasp of reflection, his tenacity of memory and thorough conscientiousness in getting hold of every fact that would aid him in his decisions, his persistent questioning and careful recording of the results obtained, his joy in recognizing the possibilities of a great project, his ready acknowledgements of errors in judgement based upon imperfect knowledge, his eloquent and forceful presentation of facts as he saw them, the brilliant keenness of his intellect in dealing with the knotty problems of his profession, the far-seeing scope of his fine and trained imagination, his loyalty to his friends, his kind toleration for those who harshly differed from him, his open devotion, sincere admiration and genuine affection for his wife, his brothers, his sisters, his family generally—these and a score of other traits clearly manifested in our association endeared him to me in a manner peculiarly potent.

Physically he was a large man, a man of impressive appearance, yet he was larger and more impressive mentally and spiritually than he was physically. A man of the keenest spiritual perceptions he was yet a man among men, without a trace of the egotist or prig. His smile was an outward expression of a kindly, genial, humane nature. He wore no celluloid smile, formed by facial control. When his face beamed upon you it was the spontaneous, natural, ready response to the smile of his soul, warming you to trust, confidence, belief. He called forth the best of every man with whom he came in contact. He was a mental and spiritual dynamo, generating and radiating activity, peace and good will to men.

In his profession he ranked with the highest and best, and at his funeral in Ocean Park in September, every prominent member of the engineering and cognate professions of Southern California was present in person or by representative, and the expressions of the sense of loss were intimate and personal.

The world has too few such men: would there were more. To his bereaved wife and the rest of his family we tender our most respectful and sincere sympathy in that his presence is gone from them, but at the same time we congratulate them on the honor and blessing of their years of intimate association with such a man. He is not dead, for such men live forever in the spiritual good they have been the means of transmuting into life in their fellows.



Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor



Unless otherwise intitled, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

On another page, I have commented upon and quoted largely from David Starr Jordan's wonderfully luminous book *Unseen Empire*. It deals with the problems of war. If I had my way I would make every legislator of every state, and every Senator and Representative of the United States, spend two months in studying this book with those correlated to it. Then I would like to see the "statesmen" of every other civilized country in the world compelled to do likewise. If Dr. Jordan had done no other service to his country, the labors he has spent in setting forth to his countrymen and the citizens of the world the folly and hideousness of war would entitle him to be regarded as one of the most noted Americans of his Century. *Unseen Empire*, 200 pages, \$1.25 net. By David Starr Jordan, American Unitarian Association, Boston, Mass.

An English publisher has just issued a "Shown to the Children" series of books of exquisite make-up and well written contents. These are published in this country by the Platt & Peck Co., of New York. One of these books is entitled *Gardens* and the introduction says that "gardening is a good game, whether you play it in fun or in earnest." Then the game is explained thoroughly and properly though so simply that any one can understand, treating of Soil, Bulbs, Roses, Seed-Growing, Annuals, Biennials, Perennials, Climbers, and Rockery Plants. In addition there are special chapters on Planning the Garden, Children's Gardens, and the Garden's Enemies. There are thirty-two colored plates, each of which is a work of art and a treasure. *Gardens*, By Janet Harvey Kalman and Olive Allen, 90c net, Platt & Peck Co., New York.

Viewed from any and every standpoint Mary Austin's *Woman of Genius* is a remarkable book. Almost the first thing the critic notices is the wonderful style of its composition. It is not a style that obtrudes, but that allures, dazzles and excites to admiration, for it is so above that of the general ruck of books that its rareness makes it all the more welcome. Then, as one dives deeper into it he realizes that in addition to its worth from the standpoint of pure art this book is an intimate revelation of life—and that rare part of life—a woman's soul. This makes it of great value as a sociological document, a transcript of fact. Whether we approve of what the revelation reveals or not, the revelation itself has its distinct place and value. It is valuable also as a piece of philosophy. Mrs. Austin is a philosopher from a broader standpoint than most woman are able to occupy. She has dared to think where most women accept the thoughts of others, and whatever women really think for themselves will have to be taken into account in the future, whether we like the thoughts or not, as women are the wives and mothers of men. Naturally the thought is revolutionary, but the author distinctly asserts that "most women are not thinking at all what they are very willing to be thought of as thinking." The thoughts deal with love, duty, and marriage. The story tells of a woman who was brought up in the narrowness of conventionalities, in a small town in the middle west, where any deviation from the fixed standards was regarded as strange, peculiar, and offensive, if not actually immoral and wicked. The heroine finds herself the ugly duckling of this country brood of hens, and immediately she takes to water there is the usual clucking and clacking and racket of the roosters. In plain English she has the gift of genius and feels the urge of the stage. Little by little as she rises in her profession she analyses her inner thoughts. Her country-bred husband resented the intrusion of the stage-thought into his life, and one of the chief purposes of the book is to set forth the position of the woman in the conflict that inevitably comes between the duty—as it is now conceived—of a woman towards her husband and her home and toward the gift which demands equal expression with the gift of loving, wifing and mothering. The gift of genius is as imperative in its demands as is the gift of wifhood and motherhood. The training of the ages says, as Olivia's first husband did, in effect, that the wife's duty was to her home. But Olivia was not satisfied with the voice of the ages, nor with the dictum of her husband. And later, when she became a great actress, and was a widow, she distinctly fell from grace and abandoned the accepted standard of morality. She states this fact with clearness and without apology but gives some light upon the subject that will lead to a clearer comprehension of the thought of a woman who dares to take this unpardonable step. The man is one whom she might have loved and married in her youth if her mother had not interfered. He had ever been a secret influence in her life and when they finally came together he would have married her, but it was only on the condition that she give up her art,

which she was unable to do. She argues, with considerable force, that just as no man would consider for one moment the giving up of his career because of marriage, so should no woman be asked to do the same. The book will provoke much controversy and will be regarded by all who have fixed and immovable standards of marriage morality as decidedly immoral. On the other hand there are those who will see that while it appears to disregard the conventionalities, it in reality shows most forcefully that *true love and marriage* are the most wonderful, perfect, complete and natural things that can come to normal men and women, and that true love will always lead to the true and perfect marriage of which alone it can be said without sacrilege and blasphemy: Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

A Woman of Genius, By Mary Austin, author of "The Land of Little Rain, etc." 510 pages, \$1.35 net, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

All books that tell the real, inner life-history of a sensitive human being, no matter what his position or experiences cannot fail to be interesting. *The Story of a Ploughboy* is no exception to this rule. James Bryce, the author, gives one some painful pictures of the early life he endured as a Scotch ploughboy, and incidentally reveals the misery and degradation that have so long cursed the country boy. Here is no pretty story of the daintiness and beauty of God's great out-of-doors, but of sternest and most terrible realism, the cruel grinding, the relentless forcing, the heart-rending personal cruelty of debased minds, the nastiness of manners and conversation, the besetting influences that surrounded a growing lad in "the proudest empire the sun ere shone on." God save us from such pride, while such awful experiences as this are possible. The pathos of the growing lad's love for his laird's daughter—the secret passion of his inmost heart—is touchingly told. Then, suddenly, by one of those fateful strokes of chance that do sometimes lift one out of untoward circumstances, the boy was put into a place where he could rapidly progress to position and financial competency. Here, however, he begins to *think*, and he soon thinks in the terms of Jesus and the other prophets, and asks himself why he should have all these advantages and comforts while his brethren are still in the mire. Then he resolutely takes that high, true and purely Christian position—perhaps I would better say Christ-like position—wherein he refuses to have any advantage that his poorer brothers and sisters cannot have. This part of the story he tells with unflinching directness, exposing deep the inner springs of his own action. His spirit may partially be understood from his reply to a lawyer who argues with him as to his actions: "I have this feeling that all men and women should be to us like our brothers and sisters, our sons and daughters. Once that feeling has got into a man's heart, he can't drive it out, he must even, to a certain extent, live up to it." It is a powerful book, a gripping book, a simple book, a healthy book, a good book for any man or woman, or awakening youth or maiden to read, though there are some plain truths, plainly, almost baldly stated, and those who value prettiness and daintiness and the candy and fluffiness of life more than they value the real stuff of which men and women are made had better leave it alone. All others can read it with benefit. *The Story of a Ploughboy*, by James Bryce, 450 pages, \$1.25 net, 12 cents postage, John Lane Company, New York.

To the landsman it is often a matter of great interest to know how vessels avoid each other as well as they do. We have all heard the toots of the ferryboats and watched the signal lights of green and red, but navigation in crowded waters is sometimes such a mixed up matter that a landsman gives it up in despair. But a sailor must *know*. How? Proper rules are published by the U. S. Government regarding all U. S. waters, and there are International Codes for dealing with vessels on the High Seas, but there has never been a practical manual for the guidance of the amateur navigator that instructed him in those points and precautions that an experienced navigator thoroughly understands. To meet his need Daniel H. Hayne, of the Baltimore Bar, has just issued a handy and useful volume which reaches into an entirely new field in marine literature, and supplies information concerning the rules and practices of seamanship, which the practical navigator, yachtman and motor boat operator (the latter now numbering over one hundred and fifty thousand in the United States) have so greatly needed to fully understand the rules of the road and the court's decisions based thereon. Heretofore there has been no reference work to which they could turn for such information. The work is original and treated from an entirely new point of view. In the language of the author, "Lights are set at old danger points, and some new buoys mark a safe way around."

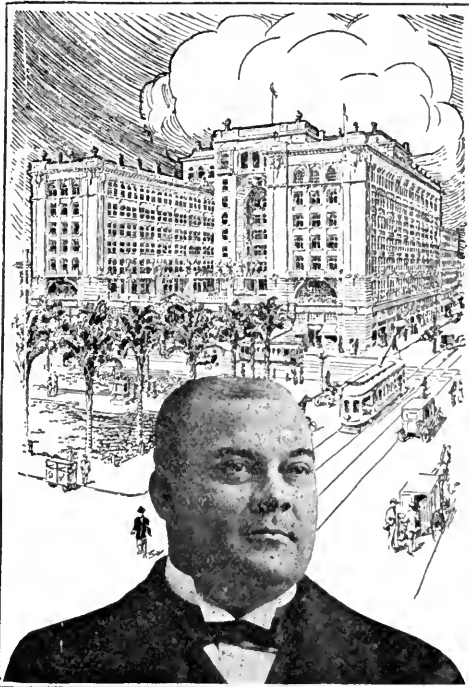
One experienced man says "there is embodied in it every practical safe aid to navigation that the collected experience and wisdom of centuries has got together."

A Manual on the Rule of the Road at Sea, and Precautionary Aid to Mariners by Daniel H. Hayne, 165 pages, \$3.25 express paid, Co-operative Publishing Co., Baltimore, Md.

A rather wild tale of the frozen north is told in *Attraction of the Compass* by H. L. Dodge of Long Beach. The story is of the hero and a heroine, a Scandanavian girl of mystic power whose dream leads her to accompany the hero in quite a romantic fashion on a search for her two long-lost brothers. Instead of her brothers she finds her prince in the chief of a strange people who inhabit a circumpolar Garden of Eden totally unknown to the world at large. Title page asserts that this is "A Romance of the North, Based upon Facts of a Personal Experience."

The character-drawing is individualistic but somewhat crude, except that of the Englishman which is impossible. The language he is supposed to use is entirely unlike that of any Englishman who ever had parents rich enough to make him a remittance man. *Attraction of the Compass*, by H. L. Dodge, 308 pages, press of Dove & Courtney, Long Beach, Cal.

U. S. Grant Hotel



U. S. GRANT HOTEL

San Diego, California and its manager James H. Holmes.

The U. S. GRANT Hotel, recently completed, is conceded to be the finest fireproof steel and concrete hotel on the coast and rivals any hostelry of the larger cities in the east.

THE HOTEL has five hundred guest rooms and three hundred fifty private baths besides two complete turkish bath equipments including large salt water plunges.

A tent city on the roof is an innovation appreciated by the guests and is used twelve months of the year.

Cuisine and service are the very best and prices are as reasonable as any hotel of its class in the world.

“HOUSE OF COMFORT”

Hotel Manx

Powell Street at O'Farrell.

San Francisco's best located and most popular hotel. Running Ice Water in each room. Commodious lobby. Metropolitan service.

TARIFF.

12 rooms.....	\$1.00 each
50 rooms.....	\$1.50 each
50 rooms.....	\$2.00 each
60 rooms Private Bath.....	\$2.00 each
50 rooms Private Bath.....	\$2.50 each
30 Suites, Bedroom, Parlor and Bath	\$3.50 to \$4.00

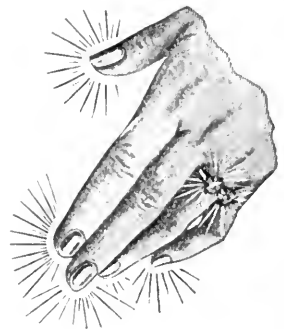
50 large light sample rooms \$1.50 up
Reduction by week or month.

Under management,
CHESTER KELLEY.

“MEET ME AT THE MANX”

NAILINE

THE
FINGER
NAIL
SHINE



Send **10c** For a Sample pkg.

Brilliant
Stylish
Inexpensive

1629 Van Ness Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Important Announcement

The Old Adobe Spanish Restaurant, formerly known as CASA VERDUGO will hereafter be known as

LA RAMADA

(The Arbor)

and will continue to be operated as a strictly high-class resort, where genuine Spanish dinners will be served in the quaint old dining room or under the ancient pepper tree. Service a la carte or table d'hote.

Special Facilities for Private Luncheons, Teas, Dinners, or Banquets.

FREE GARAGE

Sunset, Glendale 69 Home, Glendale 691

Management of

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Glendale Cars from Sixth and Main Sts
Stop Directly in Front of Entrance

Name of Station "LA RAMADA"



A REPUTATION for good printing is an enviable thing. It can not be gained in a day. Years of good work—good presswork—good composition, prompt delivery—which counts in these days of keen competition, tell the story.

Good Printing is cheaper in the end—Try ours

WILL A. KISTLER CO.

218 NEW HIGH STREET

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Hello Number—Home A 2297—Main 5610

Reliable Expert Advice

given to

Homeseekers in California

Are you seeking a home in God's Garden Spot of America?

An orange or lemon grove, a date palm orchard, a rose garden, a chicken ranch, a hog or alfalfa ranch—or anything else that California's wonderful resources offer?

All the productive, profitable and pleasant spots are here awaiting you, but the problem as to the exact location of the best place for YOUR PARTICULAR REQUIREMENTS—is a hard one to solve.

Disinterested, expert, reliable advice is hard to get—we might say next to impossible to obtain, without considerable expense and lapse of time.

We can help you Greatly.

We have trained experts in our organization who know this magnificent and productive country well as you know your front yard.

They have no land interest or connections or obligations to hamper them. They have studied the conditions for years and years and can give unbiased, trustworthy advice as to the best location to suit your particular needs or desires.

We have nothing to sell—not even our advice—but to eliminate the simply curious and to show your good faith and earnest desire for practical, dependable advice, we will require you to send us One Dollar in two cent stamps with your request for information—for which we GUARANTEE to give you advice and suggestions which you probably could not get elsewhere for \$100.00.

We will spare no pains to give you the practical, detailed, expert advice that you want—advice which you may place absolute confidence in as to accuracy.

If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the reliability and helpfulness of our advice, just say so and we will IMMEDIATELY RETURN YOUR FEE.

Are you ordered Out West for your health?

Our experts have given years of study to the health conditions best adapted to various diseased conditions and our services are at your command and included in the small fee named.

These experts are on the staff of OUT WEST—brilliant students of the productive and health conditions of the Pacific Coast, whose investigation and experience covers a period of thirty years.

This is not a money-making proposition but rather a desire on our part to render additional service and helpfulness to our many subscribers—who are looking for just such advice.

These privileges are available only to those who are actual yearly subscribers to OUT WEST.

Address
ADVISORY BUREAU

Out West,

218 New High Street,

Los Angeles, California



396 South Los Angeles St.
Call F 2577

A DOG'S FOOT

Has a number of raised cushions which prevent slipping and take up the concussion over hard surfaces.



BAILEY'S "WON'T SLIP" RUBBER HEELS
Embody this principle and insure ease and safety over all surfaces. The tread surface formed with "U" shaped ribs, together with flat ended rubber studs, form a surface that is positively non-slipping on ice or other slippery surfaces. Mailed upon receipt of price.

35 cents per pair. For Men or Women.
When ordering send a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot. Order from your shoe dealer. Dealers write for prices. 100-page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.
22 Boylston Street, BOSTON MASS.

Pierce & Co. PHOTO. KODAKS

AMATEUR FINISHING IS OUR STUNT
WE FLY HIGH ON QUALITY
BUT HAVE HIT THE GROUND ON PRICE

127 WEST SIXTH ST. NEXT TO THE ALL NIGHT BANK.

ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St, Los Angeles

PATENTS

\$180,340.00

PATENTS

MADE BY MY CLIENTS

YOU Should Have My FREE BOOKS telling HOW OTHERS will do the same IN THE FUTURE. "What and How to Invent." Book Free!

E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer

803 F., Washington, D. C.

ARE YOU RECEIVING SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS ON YOUR SAVINGS?

Where can you find a safer investment or a greater producer of large dividends than in building "HOMES" such as shown in the illustration?

We are building just such "HOMES" in the Hillendale Tract, comprising 204 of the most slightly foothill lots.

Would you not like to be a shareholder in a company that builds such "HOMES?"



Information can be obtained by addressing—

PRUDENTIAL BUILDING & INVESTMENT COMPANY

Dep't of Publicity

575 Eagle Rock Ave., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

NOW IS THE TIME !

To invest your Savings in Reliable Real Estate Investments, in the fastest growing city in the United States.

Now

is the time to buy shares at \$1.20 each from 10 shares up and receive 9% dividends on the par value in the most liberal profit sharing company in Los Angeles.

Every dollar secured by first-class Real Estate. Send today for a free "Question Book" which answers all questions about our building and Investment System.

Richard F. Hardy,

Selling Agent for

First-class Real Estate and Investments,
Room 201 Out West Bldg, New High St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.



unusual trains

The Saint

Los Angeles to San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley.

The Angel

San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley to Los Angeles and San Diego.

Discriminating Travelers tell us they are California's finest trains.

The equipment is superior.
The dining service is superior.
Employees are courteous.

Offices:

673 Market St., San Francisco
1218 Broadway, Oakland
334 So. Spring St., Los Angeles

Blanchard Hall Studio Building

Devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science Studios and Halls for all purposes for Rent. Largest Studio Building in the West. For terms and all information apply to

F. W. BLANCHARD

233 South Broadway 232 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.



LOS ANGELES BREWING CO'S
Fast Side
BOTTLED BEER
FEW AS GOOD NONE BETTER
TEL HOME 10857 SUNSET EAST 820

THE
Southern Pacific Railroad of Mexico

traversing the Mexican Pacific states of

SONORA-SINALOA-TEPIC-JALISCO

gives access to

RICH NATURAL RESOURCES AND OPPORTUNITIES FOR WEALTH

in

Cattle - Ranches - Farming - Mines Timber

Let us list you for a copy of our new booklet which will be published shortly.

H. LAWTON, G. P. A.

GUAYMAS, SONORA, MEXICO



STAMPS--Stamp Album and 155 ALL DIF. RARE, incl. China (dragon), Malay (tiger), Rhodesia, Tasmania (I'dscape), Jamaca (w't'r-fall), etc. only 10c; 1000 mixed for 'gn only 10c. 1000 hinges 5c. 112 pp. Lists, coupons, etc., free! Agts. W't'd. 50%. WE BUY STAMPS. Hussman Stamp Co. Dept. S, St. Louis, Mo.



Arizona Ruby FREE
To Introduce Our Genuine Imported **Mexican Diamonds**

We will send you FREE a genuine Arizona Ruby in the rough, with illustrated Catalogue of GENUINE MEXICAN DIAMONDS and other gems. Mexican Diamonds exactly resemble finest genuine blue-white diamonds, stand acid tests; are cut by experts, and yet we sell at one-fortieth the cost. Only gem of its kind guaranteed permanently brilliant. **SPECIAL OFFER.** For 50c deposit as guarantee of good faith, we send on approval, registered, either 1/2 or 1 carat Mexican Diamond at special price. Money back if desired. Write today. Catalog FREE. **MEXICAN DIAMOND IMP. CO., Dept. 8, Las Cruces, N. M.**



HOME 10983 — BROADWAY 961

**LOS ANGELES
GREATEST
GARMENT
CLEANERS**



4 STORES

BANK BY MAIL

Set a distinct part of your income aside for deposit. Keep a Bank Account. Keep it in the oldest and Largest Savings Bank in the Southwest--this Bank--where 80,648 Depositors keep their money aggregating over \$47,000,000 in Total Resources.

Send for our Booklet
"Banking By Mail"

4% on Term Deposit accounts 3% on Special Savings Accounts subject to check.

SAFE DEPOSIT AND STORAGE VAULT
FOREIGN STEAMSHIP AGENCY

Our Trust Department is excellently well prepared to look after your interests as Trustee, Executor, or Administrator.

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

Savings-Commercial-Trust

Security Building
Spring at Fifth

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE EVER-READY MESSENGER

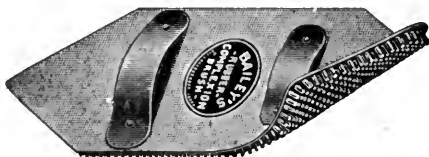
Noon or Night
Week-days or Sundays
Always Ready—Never Tired

"JUST HOMEPHONE"

Home Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Los Angeles, Cal.

BAILEY'S RUBBER COMPLEXION BRUSH



TIS THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. Mailed 50 cents.



BABY'S TEETH

cut without irritation. The flat-ended teeth expand the gums, keeping them soft; the ring comforts and amuses the child, preventing convulsions and cholera infantum.

Mailed for price, 10c.

BAILEY'S RUBBER SEWING FINGER

Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the forefinger in sewing or embroidery. Three sizes—small, medium and large. Mailed 6 cents each.



Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1 for 25c.; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.



BAILEY'S WON'T SLIP TIP

This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17 5-8 in.; No. 18 3 in.; No. 19, 7-8 in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21, 1 1-8 in. Mailed upon receipt of price 30c per pair
Agents Wanted

100 Page Rubber Catalogue Free.
C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, MASS.

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

. . . Books by George Wharton James . . .

- HEROES OF CALIFORNIA.** 515 pages, with eighty illustrations. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.16.
- THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA; HOW TO SEE IT.** An entirely new and complete guide book. 265 pages, with maps and 48 pages of pictures. \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.63.
- IN AND AROUND THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER IN ARIZONA.** Mr. James's original and instructive work on the Grand Canyon. 346 pages, with 23 full-page plates and 77 illustrations in the text. Crown 8vo. \$2.50 net; postpaid, \$2.70.
- THE INDIANS OF THE PAINTED DESERT REGION.** 268 pages, with 16 full-page pictures and 50 half-page illustrations from photographs. Crown 8vo. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.18.
- IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.** An Historical and Pictorial Account of the Franciscan Missions. The best book on the subject. 392 pages, with 142 illustrations from photographs showing the architecture, the interior decorations, furniture, pulpits, crosses and candlesticks of the Missions, pictures of the Saints, etc. 8vo. \$3.00 net; postpaid, \$3.20.
- THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT (Southern California).** Its Rivers and its Mountains, its Canyons and its Springs, its Life and its History pictured and described. The standard work on the Colorado Desert Region. With a colored frontispiece, 32 full-page plates, and more than 300 pen and ink sketches by Carl Eytel. 8vo. \$2.50 net; express paid, \$2.75.
- THROUGH RAMONA'S COUNTRY.** 406 pages. Fully illustrated from photographs. Crown 8vo. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.20.
- THE STORY OF SCRAGGLES.** An autobiography of a Song Sparrow. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.07.
- INDIAN BASKETRY.** Fourth Edition, including "How to make Indian and Other Baskets. 412 pages. With 600 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, \$2.50 net; postpaid, \$2.75.
- HOW TO MAKE INDIAN AND OTHER BASKETS.** 140 pages. With 225 illustrations. \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.15.
- TRAVELER'S HANDBOOK TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.** Baedeker size for pocket. 507 pages, with illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10.
- WHAT THE WHITE RACE MAY LEARN FROM THE INDIAN.** 269 pages. 84 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.50; postpaid \$1.75.
- CALIFORNIA BIRTHDAY BOOK.** Selections from the writings of Living California Authors, with biographical sketch of each and lists of books. 43 pages. 16mo. Cloth \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10.
- AN APPRECIATION OF CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.** With four choice selections from his writings. \$1.00.
- THE GUIDING LIGHT.** A small Texbook on Sex Physiology for the young. Also a "How to Tell" for parents. In paper 50c, cloth \$1.00.
- A LITTLE JOURNEY TO STRANGE PLACES AND PEOPLES,** Being a vivid account of the Indians and their homes of New Mexico and Arizona, including Inscription Rock, Zuni, Laguna, Acoma, the Lava flows, the Navahos, the Hopis and their Snake Dance, the Havasupais, the Grand Canyon, etc. etc. Fully Ill. 269 pages, \$1.00 net, postage 10c.

Copies will always be autographed for those who desire and who order direct from the author, George Wharton James, 1098 N. Raymond Ave., Pasadena, Cal., or "Out West," 218 New High St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Are You Going to

LOS ANGELES

- LOS ANGELES** is without question the most **Comfortable** city in the United States, both Winter and Summer.
- LOS ANGELES** climate in winter is like that of the Eastern and New England States in May and June.
- LOS ANGELES** in winter has roses in abundance, and its neighboring city of Pasadena has its annual Rose Tournament on New Year's Day.
- LOS ANGELES** has a score of delightful beach resorts, such as **Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Redondo, Long Beach, Alamitos, Bay City, Huntington Beach, Newport and Balboa**, all within an hour of the center of the city by commodious electric cars.
- LOS ANGELES** has **500** hotels and apartment houses, including some of the best appointed hotels in the United States, at moderate prices, conforming to the accommodations.
- LOS ANGELES** has the largest and best Cafeterias in the nation, affording a most economical method of living for tourists of moderate means.
- LOS ANGELES** county is constructing 300 miles of model roadways, for which it has bonded itself for \$3,500,000 and is a Paradise for Automobiles. Take your automobiles with you.
- LOS ANGELES** roadways in winter are fragrant with the odor of orange blossoms, which frequently cover the trees while the yellow fruit is still hanging to the branches.
- LOS ANGELES** is famous for its sea fishing. Tuna, Black Sea Bass (up to 300 pounds), Yellowtail, Barracuda, Rock Bass and Mackerel are abundant, and sportsmen from all parts of the world go to Los Angeles to fish.
- LOS ANGELES** is about completing the Los Angeles Aqueduct, one of the greatest water conduits of the world, 240 miles long, of which 30 miles was tunnel work through the mountains, at a cost of **\$25,000,000**, and with a capacity of **20,000** miner's inches—sufficient to supply a city of **2,000,000** inhabitants with an abundance of pure mountain water. For further information and literature address

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DATES

WE are making an importation of off-shoots from choicest varieties grown in Persian Gulf region, and in North Africa, for delivery next Spring. Send for pamphlet.

BUDED AVOCADOS

of choicest and most valuable varieties, now ready. The TAFT, California's premier avocado, boxed or balled, \$4 per tree.

FEIJOAS, CHERIMOYAS, and other sub-tropical fruiting plants and trees. We grow only sub-tropical fruits of proven adaptability and of sterling merit. Send for pamphlets.

WEST INDIA GARDENS,
ALTADENA, CAL.

It's Baker's and It's Delicious



Made by a perfect mechanical process from high grade cocoa beans, scientifically blended, it is of the

finest quality, full strength and absolutely pure and healthful.

Sold in 1/5 lb., 1/4 lb., 1/2 lb. and 1 lb. cans, net weight.

Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free
WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD.
Established 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.

Polarine

Polarine Oil is the best oil you can get for your motor, whatever the make.

It retains its body and feeds uniformly under all running conditions.

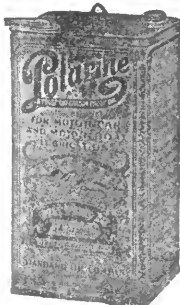
It leaves no carbon.

POLARINE TRANSMISSION LUBRICANTS. Prepared in different consistencies to meet the particular mechanical conditions existing in different types of motors.

POLARINE GREASES. Unequalled friction-reducing value wherever a solid lubricant is required.

Write to-day for the Polarine booklet to the nearest agency of the

STANDARD OIL CO.
(INCORPORATED)



THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

Savings (The German Bank) Commercial
(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.)

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Guaranteed Capital.....	\$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash.....	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	\$1,631,282.84
Employees' Pension Fund.....	131,748.47
Deposits Dec. 30th, 1911.....	\$46,205,741.40
Total assets.....	\$48,837,024.24

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Express Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only

OFFICERS — N. Ohlandt, President; George Tourny, Vice-President and Manager; J. W. Van Bergen, Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; William Herrmann, Assistant Cashier; A. H. Muller, Secretary; G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse, Assistant Secretaries; Goodfellow Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Ign. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, jr., E. T. Kruse, W. S. Goodfellow and A. H. R. Schmidt.

MISSION BRANCH—2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Streets. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH—601 Clement St. Cor. 7th Ave. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH—1456 Haight St., between Masonic Ave. and Ashbury St. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. O. F. Paulsen, Mgr.

VOSE PIANOS

home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.
VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

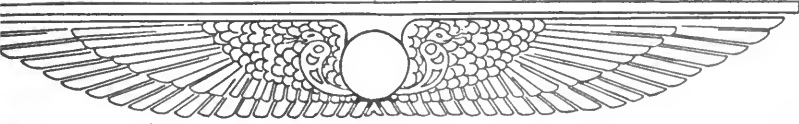
Please mention "Out West" when writing to advertisers.

have been established over 60 years. By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your
Boston, Mass

OUTLINE

George Wharton

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



The Helping Hand vs The Clenched Fist

In The Editor's Den

The Pointing Pencil

Quit Your Worrying

Historic Elements of California Literature

The Senator's Mail-Bag San Diego Exposition



THE SAN DIEGO

“Short Line” Trains

To San Francisco
Oakland, Alameda
and Berkeley

Hours of leaving to suit the convenience of
all.

Three Limited Trains

“SHORE LINE LIMITED” AT 8 A. M.

“LARK” AT 7:40 P. M.

Via the Coast Line, 100 Miles along the Ocean
Shore, over the “Road of a Thousand Wonders.”

“OWL” AT 6 P. M.

Via San Joaquin Valley Line, through the
“Inland Empire” of California.

Four Additional Trains Daily

Some by Day, for the Tourist and Sightseer—
Some by Night, for the Merchant and Busy
Man.

Service to Please the Most Exacting Meals
at Meal Time

Southern Pacific

LOS ANGELES OFFICES:

600 South Spring Street

STATION, Fifth and Central Ave.

Coachella Valley

Riverside
County

WHERE DATES GROW

Visit the Valley and see the heavily laden trees on the Government Farms and private ranches. "Deglet Noor", the highest priced Date in the world, will be ripe in a few weeks.

Southern Pacific Date Lands, sold in 20, 40 and 80 acre tracts. Ten Years' time. One-tenth cash.

C. E. WANTLAND, General Sales Agent,

410 Grosse Bldg.,

Los Angeles, Cal.

Do You Know?

That the best volumes in a library are the rebound magazines. We make a specialty of Bookbinding in all its lines, and in the highest art. \$1.50 will give you a book that you will be proud to have in your library. It does not pay to leave magazines or books laying around unbound. :: ::

Will A. Kistler Co.
218 New High St.
Los Angeles

Whitaker Knows the Pacific Coast

Twenty Five Years Residence from
Seattle to Mexico City

**WHITAKER'S REVIEW AND HAND-
BOOK OF THE PACIFIC COAST**

is not a promotion publication. It is a magazine with a message, and contains also a compact, well-ordered digest of just the facts you want to know about the Pacific Coast.

Send Twenty Five Cents for the latest issue, which will also entitle you to a letter of personal advice or to a free service through our Sales and Exchange Bureau.

Address
WHITAKER'S REVIEW
Los Gatos, California

Out West Adlets

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Bring Buyer and Seller Together

In this classified department will be inserted advertisements of a clean and reliable character up to 14 lines, at the rate of 50 cents per line. None will be inserted of less than 2 lines. No illustrations nor display features will be permitted in this department. Our policy, which excludes medical, palmistry, fortune-telling or misleading advertisements, or advertisements of unreliable parties or commodities, also prevails in this department, and the business management will appreciate prompt notice from *Out West* readers of any such that may get in by false pretense. Address all letters pertaining to this department to

OUT WEST

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT,

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

AMUSEMENTS—

BELASCO THEATER

MAIN STREET, bet. 3rd and 4th sts.,
Matinees Thursday, Sat. and Sun.

ORPHEUM

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE,
Broadway, bet. Sixth and Seventh.

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

BROADWAY NEAR MERCANTILE.

MASON OPERA HOUSE

BROADWAY BETWEEN 1st and 2nd.
All week—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

MAIN STREET NEAR SIXTH.

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

BROADWAY NEAR EIGHTH.

FISCHER'S LYCEUM

FORMERLY ORPHEUM, Spring near Third.

HOTELS—

ALEXANDRIA HOTEL

FIFTH AND SPRING.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

FIFTH NEAR MAIN.

BOOKS—

LIFE, HISTORY AND CHARTER of the Commission Form of City Government, by William Hamilton McGoldrick, 218 New High St. You cannot afford to vote without it. Send \$2.00.

ADVICE

HAVE YOU PROPERTY to rent or sell? There's a customer or a tenant waiting to reach you through the Want Columns of *Out West*. Results are certain.

ARE YOU SUFFERING from ignorance as to the best foods you ought to eat? Are you below par physically and unable to do your best every day?

Then consult Miss Clara B. Lambert expert on diet.

(Trained under Dr. J. H. Kellog at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.)

739 N. Marengo Ave.

Home phone 3816.

Pasadena, California

STUDIO BUILDINGS—

BLANCHARD HALL

STUDIO BUILDING devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science. Largest Studio building in the West. F. W. Blanchard, 233 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

SECURITY TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK.

MORE THAN 80,000 depositors. Resources exceed \$47,000,000.00. Special Savings Accounts, 3 per cent. Term deposits, 4 per cent. Largest Safe Deposit Vaults in the West. Security Building, 5th and Spring Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

TOILET ARTICLES—

FINGER NAIL POLISH

SEND 10 CENTS for a 25 cent package of Finger Nail Polish. A trial order of just what you want. 1629 Van Ness, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED

MANY TEACHERS WANTED for schools in the West. All positions good salaries. Address, D. T. Bladwin, San Antonio, Texas.

Metaphysical Circulating Library

611 GRANT BLDG. Los Angeles

Hours 12 to 8 p. m.

Dues 25c. per month

Home Phone A171

\$2.50 per year

BOOKS FOR SALE

Mail Orders promptly Filled.



OUT WEST

New Series Vol. 4

November, 1912

Number 5

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 285 **California**.....By *Thomas Lake Harris*
286 **Frontispiece**—Portland, Oregon, with Mt. Hood sixty miles away.
287 **The Helping Hand Versus the Clenched Fist**... *George Wharton James*
303 **Autumn Rain**.....*Neeta Marquis*
304 **The Senator's Mail Bag**.....*By a Senator's Secretary*
310 **The Historical Elements of California Literature** *George Wharton James*
316 **The Pointing Pencil**.....*Martha Martin Newkirk*
317 **Do**.....*M. R. L.*
318 **Restfulness and Peace of God's Out-of-Doors** *George Wharton James*
322 **Golf**.....*John Martin Newkirk*
323 **Quit Your Worrying**.....*By the Editor*
326 **Songs of the Press**.....*Bailey Millard*
334 **The Blue Derelict**.....*Jo Hartman*
329 **The Dual Personality of August Strindberg**.....*Harold Berman*
331 **Walt Whitman's Wonderful Testimony to the Curative Power of
Natural Methods.**
332 **Verse**.....*Joaquin Miller*
333 **The Pecos Mission at the San Diego Exposition.**
Cartoons By George D. Heisley
342 **In the Editor's Den**
345 **Under the Study Lamp.**
Cartoons By A. H. Dutton

Published monthly by the Western Publishing Company, 218 New High Street, Los Angeles, California. Price Fifteen Cents. Yearly subscriptions \$1.50 per year in advance. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Los Angeles Postoffice.

POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila, Samoa, Canal Zone, Cuba and Mexico.

HOW TO REMIT. Remittances should be sent by Check, Express Order, or Postal Money Order, payable to the Western Publishing Company. Currency, unless mailed in a registered letter, is at the sender's risk.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent One Week before the date of issue on which the change is to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising in the Magazine must be received Ten Days before the first of the month on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by its author.

WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LOS ANGELES
218 NEW HIGH STREET

Ho for the West!

And learn all about it. All about

Its HISTORY, LITERATURE, ART;
BEAUTY, GRANDEUR, MYSTERY;
INDUSTRIES, COMMERCE, WEALTH.

Its DEVELOPMENT—Past, Present, Future;
RESOURCES and OPPORTUNITIES.

Out West

is the mirror which reflects
the life of "THE WEST."

\$1.50 —CHECK OR MONEY ORDER—WITH YOUR ADDRESS, MAILED TO
US, WILL BRING "OUT WEST" TO YOU MONTHLY, 12 TIMES.

Read Out West

California

By Thomas Lake Harris

*The Grecian muse, to earth who bore
Her goblet filled with wine of gold,
Dispersed the frown that Ages wore
Upon their foreheads grim and cold
What time the lyric thunders rolled.*

*O'er this new Eden of the West
The mightier Muse enkindles now:
Her joy-lyre fashions in my breast,
And wreathes the song-crown for my brow,
Ere yet her loftier powers avow.*

*Though like Tithonus old and gray,
I serve her mid the swords and shields;
Her being opens for my way,
And there I find Elysian fields;
And there I dwell while Nature yields.*

*My Dian of the sparkling West,
My lady of the silver bow.
Here, where the savage man made quest
For golden spoils in earth that grow,
She leads the Golden Age below.*

*Beneath her feet the maiden May
Sits crowned with roses where I sing.
My brows with frosted age are gray,
But all my being glows for spring:
A golden youth 'tis hers to bring.*

*So in her, for her, I abide,
And taste the goblets of her bliss;
Upon the hills with morning dyed,
All as a new acropolis
Her shrine shall yet arise, I wis.*

*And here shall greater Hellas burn,
Irradiant for the Solar Powers;
And men the love of strife unlearn,
Tasting from lips that breathe of flowers,
Made young by joys that live from ours.*



Portland, Oregon, with Mt. Hood sixty miles away.

OUT WEST

NOVEMBER

1912

The HELPING HAND VERSUS *The* CLENCHED FIST



What Governor Hunt has accomplished
in the Arizona State Prison



By George Wharton James

THE world is slowly moving. Moving. Slowly. It is nearly two thousand years since the wisest teacher mankind has ever had said something about forgiving even to "seventy times seven." And another great preacher declared about the same time that if we would fulfil the law of Christ we must "bear one another's burdens." For six thousand years man has heard the cry that he is his brother's keeper, and that all the peoples of the earth are one with God as the Universal Father. Thousands of sermons have been preached about pride: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall," and yet, and yet—ah! how far we are away from all these teachings when it comes to our present day treatment of those of our brothers and sisters who have been weak, been tempted, been positively and deliberately wicked and *been caught*, tried and sentenced. Well may the judge on the bench in passing sentence of death say "And may God have mercy on your soul," for our methods of treatment too often say far louder than words, "For you cannot expect justice, much less mercy, oftentimes, at the hands of those whom you have wronged." Vengeance is what we crave, and vengeance, too often, is what we demand and our legal system aids us in securing.

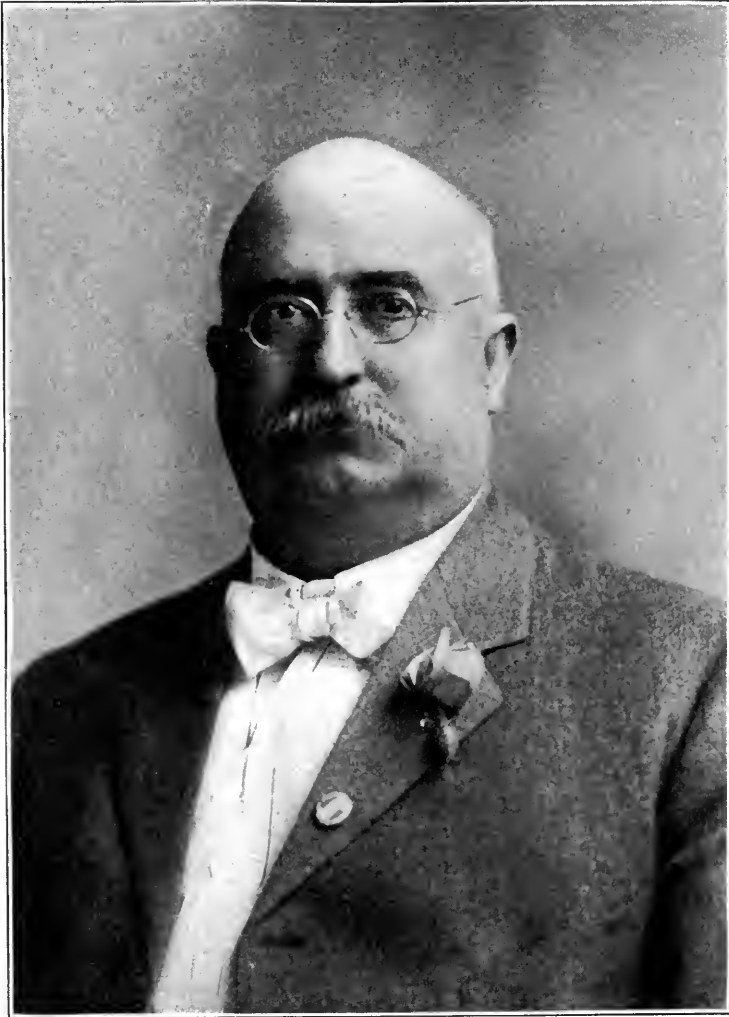
But, thank God, there are men in power, who, whether professed Christians or not, are awakening to the real teachings of the spiritual Christ, and

while they are neither fools nor sentimentalists,—for they fully recognize the evil actions of the men they deal with, they fully believe in punishment, provided it has some *good end* in view, and they take the facts of life as they find them—these men yet believe that it takes more than one crime, one lapse, or even a dozen, to make a confirmed and hopeless criminal. They believe in giving a man who has fallen a chance to get up, to try to *make good*. They desire to give him a full opportunity again to arise to his responsibilities as a man and a citizen, and to aid him in his endeavors. Such a man is the present governor of Arizona, the Honorable George W. P. Hunt, and this is the story of some of the work done under his auspices in the State Prison of Arizona, at Florence. In what follows I shall put things very directly and largely upon the practical rather than the reformatory or Christian basis, for it cannot be denied, regret it though we may, that it is often easier to appeal to men through their pockets than through their minds or hearts.

Hence, I ask at the outset, do *you*, who pay the taxes, know that the most expensive part of your State government is that branch dealing with criminals? Do you know that the cost of your criminal courts, your juries, your police systems, your penitentiaries is more than the expense of handling of your insane, blind, deaf, orphan and other charitable institutions? Do *you* who allot the money for this tremendous out-

lay, do *you* know whether these correctional and reformatory departments are working to give *you* the best possible results for your money? Do you know whether the system under which they operate is antiquated or modern—whether the results demonstrate achievement or inefficiency?

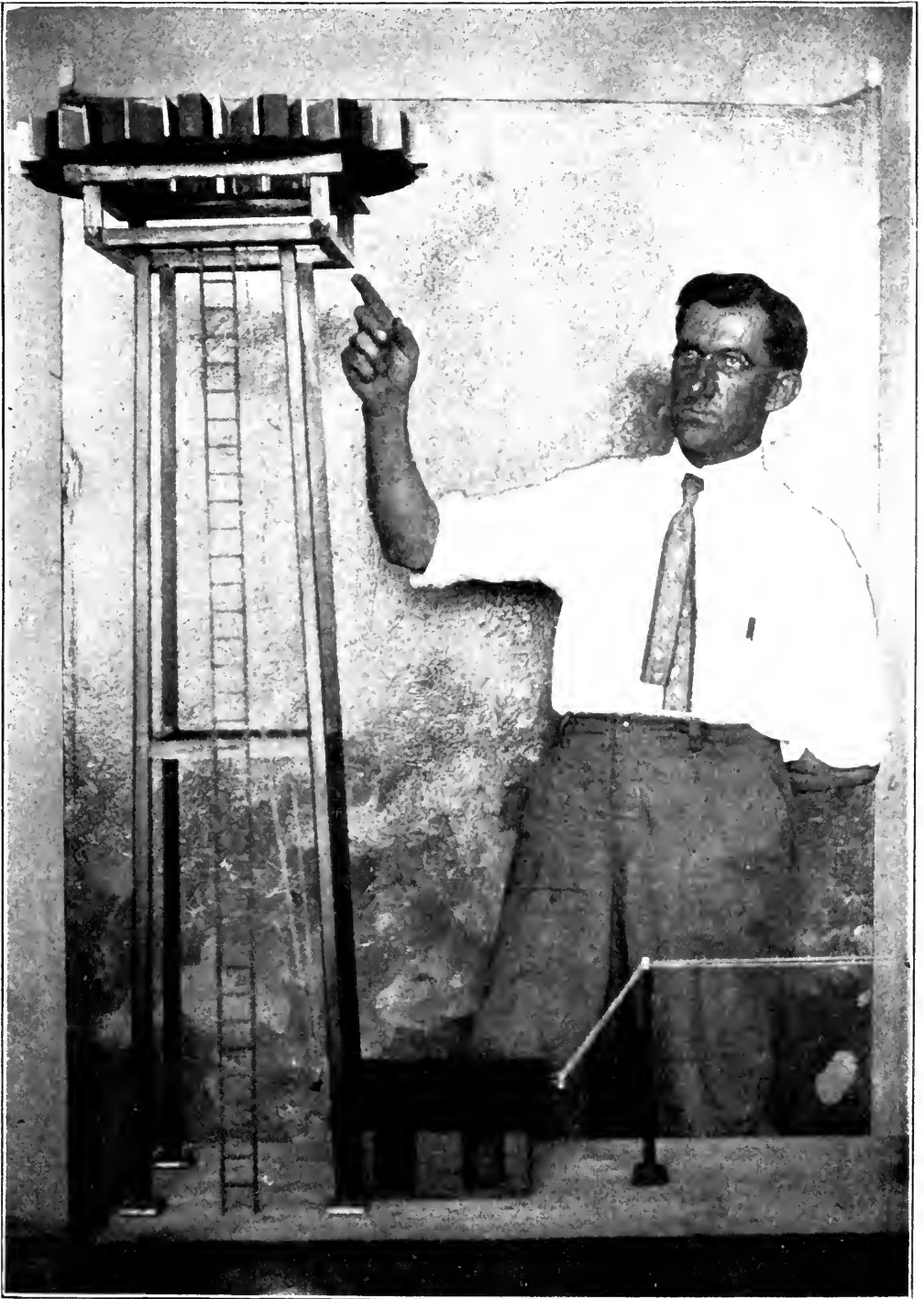
handling these recidivists is *much more*, considering their number of terms, than the cost of the other *sixty per cent*, the men who become useful citizens? Would *you* employ in your private affairs a system as wasteful as this—a system that produced forty errors to every sixty successes, and which errors cost you



Hon. George W. P. Hunt, Governor of Arizona

Ask any penologist what percentage of men, committed to the old style penitentiary, become recidivists—repeaters who serve a second, third, fourth or more prison terms—and the answer will likely tell you *forty per cent!* Do you not then recognize that the cost of

more than your successes? Would not any business undertaking based on a credit system that allowed forty dead-beats to cost more than the profits on sixty good customers be ridiculous? Then why do *you* allow your State to manage its



Inventor Meyers of Arizona State Prison standing beside model of his invention.

institutions thus? for this is just what the present system of prison management does! Thanks to the *West* the evil is being remedied.

The old fashioned antique methods have absolutely failed to accomplish any permanent reforms—never produced tangible results. The man became a mere cog in a giant machine, the same

discharged a weaker man than ever? The newer Western method, best exemplified in the *Honor Systems* of Arizona, Colorado and Oregon and now being adopted elsewhere, are in direct antithesis to the older systems and are now making *men* out of *wrecks*. These newer methods turn out their charges intellectually robust and virile, with rebuilt morals



Inventor Meyers discussing his theories with Supt. Sims and Parole Clerk J. J. Sanders, of the Arizona State Prison

routine day in and day out, with never a change for months and years—his initiative, his creative and his imaginative faculties were dulled, his intellect stunted, his physical standard lowered and his morals depraved. Was it any wonder that since he had been sentenced to prison because of his weakness, that he would be returned again, after being

and active, balanced physiques. The change did not come thru any set of trained penologists, but thru the willingness of broad-minded business men, appointed to authority to give business administrations, to apply the same principles business men would use toward their employees in the handling of the wards of the State,—plain common

sense after having discarded preconceived notions relative to the viciousness of the average convict.

The first step ever taken toward the "honor system" was made by Judge Ben B. Lindsey, our internationally-known-founder of the Juvenile Court, when he found that the gamins, arrested in the slums and streets of Denver, would regard their plighted word to him—the man who banished them from their usual haunts—even more sacred than all the eodes of honor invented in "kid gangs." If these juvenile delinquents, criminals in the making, passed their word to "de little jedge" that they would go without an attending officer to Golden or Buena Vista where these correctionary institutions were located, go they would—and it has been the rule that these "honor boys", the ones without the escort of a deputy sheriff or policeman, the ones who could have easily disappeared, escaped, hidden out—these were the ones who made the most of their opportunities in the institutions and who were most successful in later life.

The first penitentiary to adopt the HONOR SYSTEM for adult delinquents was that of Canyon City, Colorado. Thomas J. Tynan, a splendid salesman and business man, was appointed Warden and instructed to produce business-like results. He studied the effects of Judge Lindsey's methods in placing juveniles on their word of honor and recognizing that the boy, inexperienced as he was, was a much weaker-willed human than his elder brother of thirty—if this boy had made a potential success, then the full-grown man could make even greater progress! If a system could be a success with mere boys, prone to vacillation, why could it not be *more* than a success applied to men who had learned a greater self-control?

There are on an average 300 convicts on the Canyon City trusty lists. They work on roads, ranches, in city parks and on paved streets. They do not wear stripes, (which additional punishment, the dress of humiliation, of lost franchise, of degradation, all but about a dozen American prisons have long since discarded), they have no armed guards over them, they work efficiently and eco-

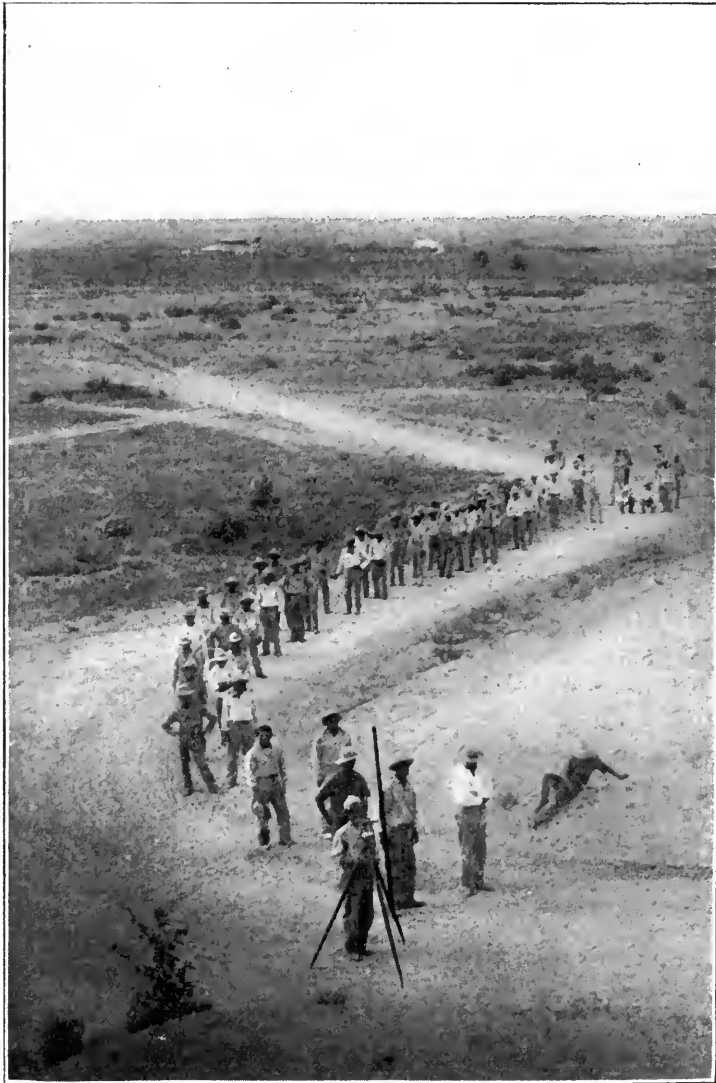
nomically. The sentence the convict is undergoing makes no difference to Tom Tynan, in fact, he prefers life-men and long-term men to those with short sentences. He has about thirty life-term men out on their honor, foremen of road-camps or overseers of ranches, and has found this type of man—the strong characters of crime—more susceptible to fair appeal, to decency, than the petty jelly-backed offender. Recently, a large body of these honor men were taken to a Denver playhouse, as guests of the management, to witness a play in which an ex-convict was a central figure. These men have built the most famous of Colorado's scenic roads and to-day the business men of Denver are raising funds to bring these unguarded men to the city to repair and care for the city's approaches. Roads that were estimated by contractors to cost \$45,000 were built by the honor men at a cost of \$6,000! This is in striking contrast to Virginia, where the employment of convicts, chained and *fully guarded*, has been found an *economic failure* and Governor Swanson has recommended to the Virginia legislature the adoption of the Western honor plan.

Oswald West, the militantly successful governor of progressive Oregon, was the next to take a hand in testing the merits of the *honor plan*, and the results he has achieved are startling. He first telephoned the prison to send 3165 to the Governor's Office and after he had talked with this man, a long term and trusty in the shoe-shop, he sent him to visit the shoe manufacturing establishments of Portland and Seattle and empowered the convict to order such machinery as would make the prison shoe-shop efficient. The Portland Rose Carnival was at its height, the convict rubbed shoulders with the revelers and felt them not. He was there on business for a man that trusted him, an outcast. He returned to the prison, uncrated the new machines, and made the shop an asset where before it had created a deficit. A number of honor men were assigned to the grading of the grounds of the State Asylum, and so successful were the labors of these men, under the supervision of their convict foreman who had been a landscape gardener,

that the place is one of the show spots of the State, while the foreman has been made one of the salaried State experts.

Out at Crater Lake, high up in the mountains, is a gang of long-term men,

is true—but something like a reward, from twenty-five to fifty cents per day for their personal account; and, into the State for the trusty funds, their labor brings from fifty cents to one dollar per



Gang of convicts returning from digging sewer in town of Florence, Arizona, even the engineers are convicts.

road-makers, unguarded—in the city of Salem is another such gang—along various roads and occasionally in the hop fields they have worked when a shortage of labor threatened the crops. These men are paid—a small sum, it

day. They have put into practise the “bonus system payments” of some of our large industrial establishments and have increased the output of the prison shops about fifty per cent. Thus the prisoners have been able to start bank

accounts and have aided their loved ones, who would otherwise have been dependent upon charity.

About *sixty per cent.* of the convicts are out on honor, producing for themselves and the State of Oregon, some *twelve per cent.* are on parole; of the balance about *half* are trusties, many of them working at other State institutions. All this is *spirited labor* and *utilitarian labor!* It has reduced the cost to the tax payers about *seventy*

prince and leader in the Constitutional Convention, she followed the lead of Oregon in putting into active use the honor system. Governor Hunt had given the prison problem much thought; and, refusing to give heed to the clamors of political leeches who wished to make the penitentiary a nucleus for a political machine, as had been done under old methods, appointed to the superintendency Robert B. Sims, a business man, who was in no sense an applicant



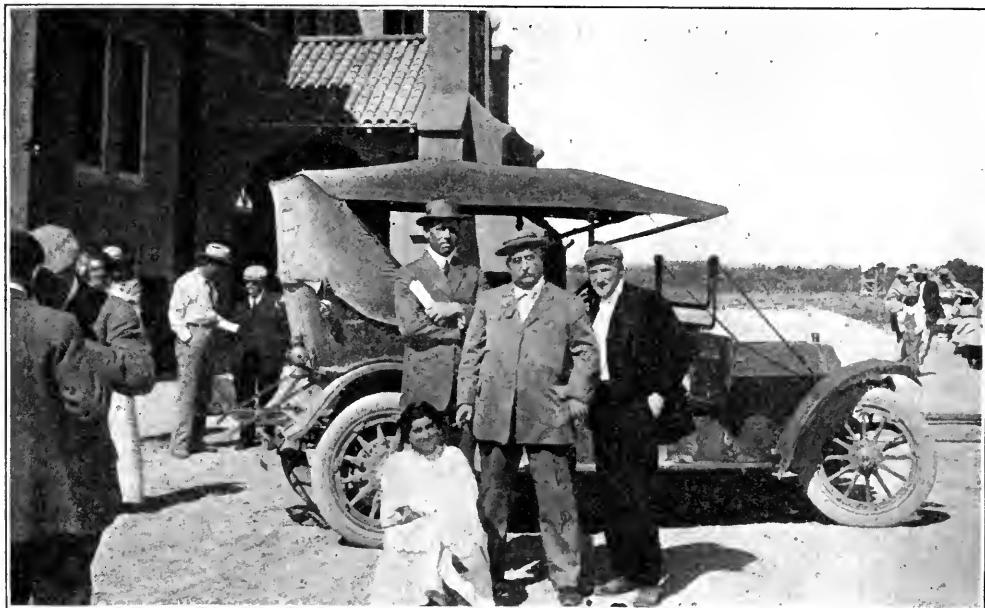
Governor Hunt, officials and many visitors mingling with the convicts of the Arizona State Prison watching one of the ball games outside the walls.

five per cent. It has made the men self-respecting and self-supporting. It has lowered the percentage of repeaters to almost *fifteen per cent.* The *honor system*, aside from its manhood saving, has been a miracle worker and an economic success, making *citizens* out of *convicts!*

When Arizona emerged from chrysalis stage as a Territory and entered into the full powers of statehood, electing as her first Governor, George W. P. Hunt, a self-made man, who had risen from the dishwasher's pantry in a frontier town to be banker and merchant

for office. He instructed Mr. Sims to install a humane, Christian administration; to produce business efficiency; and to secure the best possible results in the adoption of the honor system.

Immediately upon announcement of the Governor's policy the opposition press began the publication of all kinds of maliciously garbled, misleading and false stories relative to the prison, its management and the convicts, the latter being in a position where they could not reply. The administration has maintained the even tenor of its way,



Governor Hunt, Supt. Sims, Miss Barnard, visiting newspaper and magazine men in front of office building, Arizona State Prison, Florence, Arizona.

never replying to these attacks, utterly ignoring the trouble-makers. All the reply that either Governor Hunt or Superintendent Sims has ever cared to make was to say, "We believe in plugging away and letting the critics howl." Perhaps the main reason for the bitterness of the attacks from the opposition is that it fears the present administration may expose the brutalities and horrors of the past methods and by attempting to undermine the work of the administration, may mitigate the effect of the exposures when they do come. They fear the story of the attempted break at Yuma, under the old conditions, when sixteen men were placed on a diet of bread and water, with an occasional full meal to fan the mere spark of life, for a period greater than *six months*—were locked up in open-to-weather cells and chained to the stone floor, first being divested of all clothing save a pair of under drawers, this that the mosquitos might torture them into insanity—were later locked permanently in an especially built steel and concrete building, dark and little ventilated, without sight of the sun or their fellows for a number of years—and so the story runs

all the gamut of miseries and suffering to its final conclusion, that, of all the sixteen but *two* live today; heat prostration, starvation and consumption could tell the rest of the story with the aid of their prime helper, a former assistant superintendent who held office in three administrations and whose name will go down in history as the creator of Arizona's *black hole*!

Schools and a library have been established and temporarily housed in the end of the wing used as the commissary department, while a new wing is in process of construction, designed especially to meet the requirements of these departments. The contrast between the old and new administrations could not be better shown than by saying that for several years prior to the Hunt regime the library consisted of a box of books in the Prison Morgue! Quite appropriate! The schools were in the same state as the library—this too in an institution whose population was at times more than 500 souls! No wonder the opposition press doesn't like Governor Hunt's prison reform plans!

The men are encouraged to think for



Working under old conditions with three guards at Arizona State Prison.

themselves, to plan, to invent, to create fields of endeavor that may make for vocational success. One of the inmates, the prison electrician, had produced several minor inventions prior to his confinement at Florence. While at work around the power-house, he attracted the attention of Supt. Sims and explained to this officer his ideas along the line of electrical invention and, as a result of the interest shown by the officials, he was given a small frame building outside the walls for an experimental laboratory. This inmate, ROY J. MEYERS, has produced, while a convict, a remarkably unique trolley-head designed to prevent the trolley-wheel leaving the wire and obviating attendant nuisances and dangers; and the patents on this device has just been issued. His crowning invention, and one that bids fair to revolutionize the electrical field of the world, is a device for developing electrical energy from the atmosphere! So astounding is the future of this invention, so tremendous in its possibilities that the world is to a degree sceptical as to the inventor's claims.

The demonstrations made to the prison officials who helped him in his work and afforded him every assistance, those made to newspaper men and prominent visitors, precluded any chance of trickery, and convinced Governor Hunt of the desirability of sending the inventor in person to Washington that he might throw all possible safeguards around his patent application. Governor Hunt and Miss Kate Barnard, Oklahoma's famous Commissioner of Charities and Corrections, who brought Meyers to the attention of the Governor and the Arizona Legislature, contributed largely to a fund to defray his expenses. Washington officials at the Patent Office would not accept the inventor's statements and demanded to "be shown." They could not believe that a mere convict, who, while he might be a mechanical genius, was not of the trained scientific class, who had never been heard of in electrical matters, had accomplished that for which the greatest savants had for years been searching. A crude model was made in the offices of Samuel Gompers and set up on the roof of the

Patent Office, convincing the officials—then the man *Meyers* with his future before him turned to his Westward journey, his journey back to *prison*.

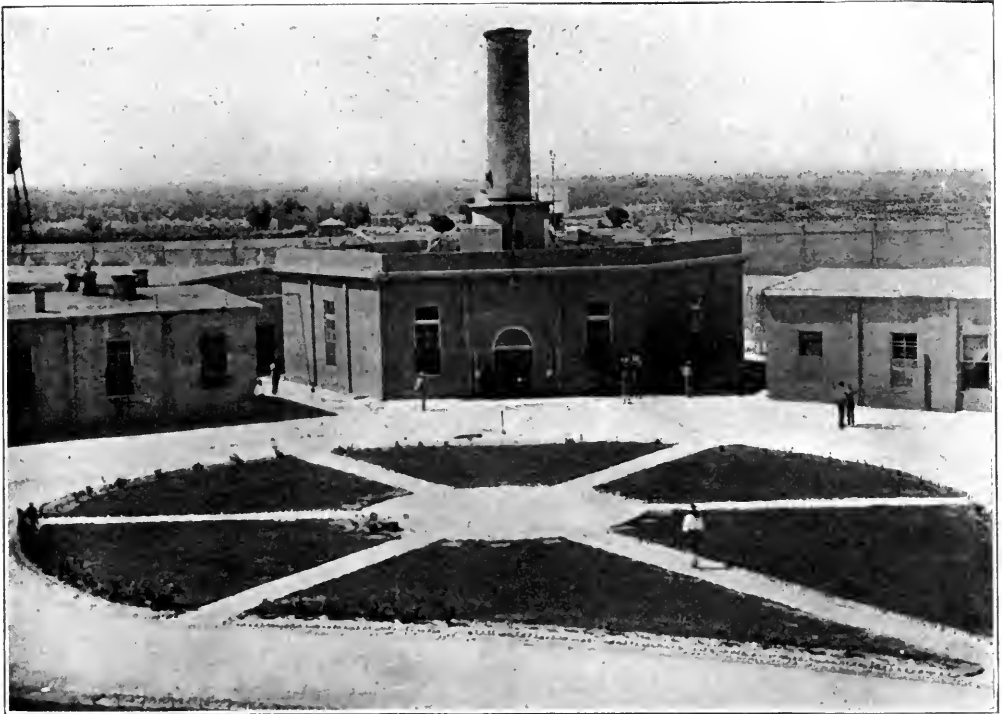
The day that *Meyers* stepped into the Governor's office was one of the happiest in the life of the Executive. He had been bitterly criticized by the opposition press for giving this chance to a poor unfortunate whose invention would introduce a new industrial epoch—even by papers reputed to belong to his own party, one of which was owned by an electrical corporation whose affairs would have been sadly wrecked thru the success of *Meyers*' mechanism. The inventor had been called the "Prisoner of Chican" paraphrasing Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." Miss Barnard, despite her years of prominence in sociological and correctional affairs, was cruelly vilified because of her bringing *Meyers* to the world's attention. To-day, *Meyers* is still an inmate, going modestly about his work, looking forward to his early parole, calmly refusing all offers for his invention, one of the more recent of these being for a third of a TEN MILLION dollar company to be formed to handle the device!

Up in the Pinal Mountains, near the city of Globe, in a picturesque and almost inaccessible country, is a convict camp, whose members are building a road across the mountains to connect several large mining towns with the county seat. Among the fifty odd men are several life-timers, some Americans, Mexicans, some Negroes and Indians, for the population of Arizona's prison is most polyglot. When the greater part of these men, who are not under any guard, who obey the orders of the unarmed engineer in charge,—when these men left the prison, Governor Hunt and Superintendent Sims accompanied them on the eighteen-mile march over the mountains and desert sands—eating and sleeping with the convicts. Nothing happened—even tho some of the men were reputed to be the most desperate men in Arizona! This trip of the Governor and Superintendent attracted attention from all the papers of the country and brought much pleasant comment as marking the old mistaken notion

that prison was for "punishment", Society's revenge.

Early in Hunt's administration he sent a convict ball-team to Phoenix *on their honor*, after the game attended them to supper and the next day saw the men back at their work on the State's bridges, with the comment in the press that their conduct as players was better than that of the spectators! One of the honor men went several hundred miles into the mountain fastnesses to recover state property, and on his return acted as an unarmed watcher over outside working gangs, faithful to and respected by his fellows as well as officials. Prisoners play base-ball on a skinned diamond, outside the walls, and all the inmates in good standing are privileged to attend these games played on non-working days. Tho there are no armed guards, there has never been a disturbance, for the convict "fans" would feel keenly any abridgement of their privilege and respect the conditions. One of the honor men is at one of the other state institutions as steward, taking the place of a salaried man who was not entirely satisfactory in his work, another is establishing a tailor shop in the same institution, a third is a teacher of music and is forming a band among his pupils. All this means absolute economy.

One of the introductions of the present administration is the organization of prisoners known as the *Mutual Improvement League*. Some ninety percent of the inmates signed its first muster roll and its constitution provides against "snitching and tale-bearing" and requires complaints against its members to be investigated by the League. This League has for its purpose "the fullest betterment of the inmates; co-operation with the prison and state administrations toward that end; the awakening of a better understanding of our needs and requirements on the part of the public." It has regular meetings except during the heated terms; it is officered and managed by inmates exclusively; holds musical and intellectual programs; has charge of the schools and library; tries and punishes the inmates for such violations of the rules as will injure the general prison body; strives to elevate



Central portion of State Prison, Florence, Arizona.

its members to a higher plane and requires pledges from each member that he will help his fellow to uplift himself. This League has proven a most effective instrument in settling private differences between prisoners, in smoothing over petty troubles, in recommending worthy men to the officials for positions of trust. It has attracted much favorable comment and if the work be carried to its logical conclusions, when trade and business schools shall have been established in the future, it will have far-reaching effect. I believe it is the only organization of its kind in the country.

The underground dungeons and "snake-dens" designed for punishment, have been abandoned and are used for museums exhibiting barbarities of the old ball and chain, the iron boot, the straight-jacket, with its accompaniment, the shaven head—these changes have been effected with a most extraordinarily decreasing number of cases requiring disciplining! Every privilege, such as the daily mail, where before was the weekly mail, has been greeted

with appreciation. Where in the past the guards and higher prison-officials made away with the magazines and periodicals ostensibly bought by the prison library funds—today these papers find their way to the reading-room and the guards have to wait until the prisoners have first used their fill. The quality and quantity of food has been bettered, over four cents per day per man being added to the food allowance, with the result that the number of patients in the hospital has been reduced to one-third of its average under past administrations. The extra cost of this welfare work in one department has wrought a greater saving in another. The special yard set aside for tubercular inmates, under old conditions crowded with from fifteen to twenty, patients now has but five. There has not been a tubercular death for a year, whereas the average per year in the past was about six!

Despite the increase in food allowance in gross cost, there has been effected a twenty-five per cent *decrease* in the net costs per capita! There has been a



The way an honor man grows corn near the prison, Florence, Arizona.

large increase in prisoners employed upon public works—a large decrease in the number of prisoners received, showing that the adoption of the honor plan has had its effect on the vacillating and vicious, the weak and immoral, the parasites of society. The reflex action of the authorities in finding the men already behind prison walls redeemable, has had its moral retrieving effect upon those near to prison. The percentage of recidivists returning to the Florence prison has undergone a startling reduction where in the past it was as startlingly high. Where two years ago Arizona led the country in penal commitments, it now lags behind her sister states.

The parole system has had a liberal application and the statistics show but eight per cent delinquent to their parole pledges—a showing much better than can be offered by any other state; and credit for this properly lies at the door of Mr. J. J. Sanders, the parole clerk. Inasmuch as every conviction costs on an average \$500 throughout the United

States and that forty per cent. of the convictions are brought about by repeaters, it is at once manifest that the difference between the eight per cent now delinquent and the usual forty per cent means a saving of \$16,000 per annum on every hundred convicts of any state.

Governor Hunt and his prison staff have stood practically alone, silent and impassive under the malicious attacks of their political enemies, until now, when a gradual knowledge of the truth and a revulsion of feeling is likely to bring about their most desired reform—the abolition of the death penalty. None of the officials favor capital punishment, not on account of any mawkish sentimentality, but simply because their researches and study have convinced them that capital punishment has no deterrent effect; on the contrary, their authorities show that it is invariably followed by an outbreak of homicide. This homicide is frequently of an identical nature with that committed by the victim of the legal murder, showing



Louis Victor Eytinge at his desk, State Prison, Florence, Arizona.

the close analogy of the events. It is also shown as a great incentive to mob-violence—those states without capital punishment having the least lynchings and those with the most executions having the blackest record in regard to lynch-law.

Personally I have ever regarded the death penalty as on a par with the murder-crimes for which it was the supposed expiation. It is merely a legalized gratification of the bloody lust of unredeemed human nature for vengeance. For a professedly Christian people still to retain this blood-lust upon its legalized list is to mark itself down as unconscious of one of the fundamental principles of Christianity. That it will ultimately, *and soon*, be abolished is as certain as that decency and honor are better in mankind than villainy and crime.

That the brave stand taken by Governors West of Oregon, Shafroth of Colorado and the more daring and effective acts of Governor Hunt—true Western progressives—has its effect on the slower conservative East, is evident

by the strong growth of their methods. In Ohio, honor men are building roads near Columbus and re-arranging the Dayton Asylum grounds. Georgia, once notorious for her convict slave camps of the past, has, under Warden Land, adopted the honor plan. Kansas, whose Lansing was often exposed as a den of unspeakable conditions has, under her remarkable Warden Coddling, effected a change as startling as has been made in Arizona and here flourishes the honor system with virility. Governor Marshall of Indiana, the close companion of Governor Hunt, is just beginning his tests of the plan. Governors Colquitt of Texas, Burke of North Dakota, together with some prison officials of Vermont and New York, join in the procession and their results will demonstrate in time that the solution of the prison problem has been found. Jos. F. Scott, perhaps the greatest prison expert and New York's efficient Superintendent of Prisons, has introduced many reforms and promises to take an active part in this movement, this being best evidenced by his permit-

ting an inmate of the Great Meadow prison to be married during August, this being along his policy to allow every man to uplift himself. The groom in this case is shortly to be paroled and the officials felt that the marriage would give him strength to do well his part in his future liberty.

Penologists unanimously agree that to overcome the evil in a man, the good must be cultivated and fortified and nothing encourages a convict to find the manly strength of character necessary to success, better than does the honor system—one man putting it thus: "Under the new honor plan, anything WE can do seems too *little*; under the old, guarded by steel and lead, the *least* we could do seemed too *great*."—the result is real *reform*!"

I have referred to the wonderful work accomplished by Meyers while an inmate of the Arizona prison, and I wish to conclude this article with a necessarily brief account of another Arizona man,—the one who wrote the few words quoted at the close of the preceding paragraph. A scion of a well known Eastern family—gone wrong in youth—adventurous career—strong wanderlust—artistic temperament—part of University education—considerable police repute as forger and swindler, for which two prior prison terms before coming to Arizona—caught tuberculosis in Eastern prison and came West, a remittance man and a lunger.

Time passed too slowly on his hands and he longed for the excitement of "the game." He got into it again, offering no excuses save weak will. He had befriended a poor German barber, also a lunger, asthmatic and with cardiac trouble, paying for room-rent and meal-tickets. On his last day before a possible exposure of his forgeries, he took his companion out driving, came back alone and like a fool "jumped out!" Lots of wiser men than he have lost their heads under similar circumstances. Let it be remembered he had to face the effect of his forgeries, which consisted of two \$500 drafts and some small checks! Seven days later, the body of the barber was found, and because he had bought for this man some chloroform for his heart trouble and because a chloroform can was found fifty feet from the body and

because of his past prison record, he was indicted, tried and found guilty; but sentenced to *life* in spite of the fact that the Arizona statutes require the death penalty in all poison cases. At time of the trial he could not make proper defense. He was penniless. The prosecution refused his demand that chemical analysis be made of body and organs, and over his demands shipped the body out of the state out of his reach; though it was done over the protest of Chief Justice (former) Baker, who because of this volunteered to become his counsel. There was positively no evidence presented of cause of death, whether natural or otherwise. The man was sentenced on merely circumstantial evidence and his malodorous past.

Unable to take the stand on account of his physical condition, for he was consumptive, with hemorrhages daily, his pulse throughout the week of trial about 140, temperature 103—he entered prison weighing 119 lbs. Now,—and here is the point I wish to make—here was a man who, under the old prison system had nothing to hope for, and the state had nothing good to anticipate or hope from him. Under the honor system and with a humane and common-sense administration, let us see what he has accomplished. Remember this has been done in a prison, without any of the incitement of loved ones, helping friends, or the ministrations of the church, etc. He entered prison a mental and physical wreck, a life-termer, *confessedly* a forger and what most men would call an *N. G.* Today he weighs 170 lbs., is healthier than he ever was in his life, and has created a special field for himself in the marketing of products of his fellow inmates. His sales amount to more than \$5,000 per annum. Despite the fact that his trial was the most costly in the history of the state, he has paid back into the state treasury from profits more than its cost. He has made a big success in the study and production of *sales letter* copy. He does form-letter work for his clients and has been invited by two commercial magazines to write on *sales thru mails*. Some of his form-letter copy is used as models, and he has received offers of positions of high grade, in event of receiving his liberty,



How the convicts make a little spending money, making unique hair goods and lace mantillas, State Prison, Florence, Arizona.



Superintendent's residence, State Prison, Florence, Arizona.



Louie Eytinge

one offer being of \$2,500 yearly as sales correspondent and the other a fine offer of partnership with a southern printer and publisher in the advertising field. He is Secretary of the Prison Mutual Improvement League, in charge of schools and library, is somewhat of a student of criminology, and author of booklets, some written and printed in the effort to get decent legislation passed. It is known that Arizona's new Indeterminate Sentence Law, the best in the United States, is partly due to his influence.

Miss Kate Barnard, almost if not quite the equal of Jane Addams on sociological questions and superior to her in penology, and who is State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections for Oklahoma, thrice elected to her office, wishes him to take the business management of an institution she intends building for the after care of prisoners of the nation. Despite handicaps of every nature, he has succeeded in making much of himself physically, mentally, morally; and earned quite a reputation in business

circles. I contend with all the force of manhood within me that such a man as this ought not to have even to ask for clemency or pardon. He has demonstrated his endeavor to retrieve his past. Where, then, is our "helping hand,"—our Christian charity and forgiveness—aye our ordinary, common, plain, simple sense? Why keep a man like this mewed up behind walls and bars? He has learned his lesson and *he can teach the world of evil, outside prison walls, more practical wisdom than any hundred preachers of any denomination known.* Why do I make such a strong statement? He knows! He has been through the mill. He is an expert on preventive criminology. He has

worked out the problem in his own life. He is no theorist. He demands the respect of would-be criminals, and they listen to him as one having authority. The time will come—soon I hope—when Arizona officially and *gladly* will give to this man, Louis Victor Eyttinge, his liberty, that he may prove that Christianity is not a failure, civilization an inadequate force to keep this man from sinking back into crime. And what I say of him I say of *every man in every prison in the world.* Offer him the helping hand. If he grasps it PULL and PULL HARD. This is the Christianity of Christ, of Common Sense, of Humanity.



Autumn Rain

By Neeta Marquis

*The clouds have emptied out their earliest store
And washed the world of summer's glimmering dust;
Fresh yellows light the bronzing sycamore,
And redder browns the buckwheat's golden rust.*

*The canyon air is shot with eager scent
More fragrant than perfumes for kings distilled,
The dry sage laughs, its pungent soul unpent,
The ground breathes joy, by wakening grasses thrilled.*

*A myriad greening spears in one brief night
Now prick the dun hills' matted covering;
Autumnal rain,—a wizard's magic rite!
Transmuting Autumn into Latter Spring!*



THE SENATOR'S MAIL BAG



By A Senator's Secretary

IF YOU should ask a policeman or a guide to name the large four-story marble building which adjoins the capitol grounds on the north-east, he would doubtless repeat the popular fiction that it is the Senate Office Building; but every Senator's secretary knows it is really the national clearing house for crank mail.

Most newspaper correspondents, especially the younger ones, are always eager to get hold of a story about how Jones, having kicked Smith's dog and been fined for it, went into politics to get revenge and ended by landing in one of the particularly comfortable seats in the big marble building. Usually the first thing that visitors at Washington ask to see is the tunnel between the Office Building and the Capitol, in which the yellow wagonettes ply to and fro. So, it may be that a public which takes kindly to tales of tunnels and dogs will respond to a story about a Senator's mail; at least, that portion of the public whose withers will remain unwrung; and as for the others, they must find consolation, if they can, in the fact that they have not been bawled out by name.

Puck recently printed certain instructions supposed to be given by a trust magnate to his secretary respecting the morning mail: "Credit up the checks, throw the appeals for help into the waste basket, and turn the indictments over to our lawyers to be quashed." If the reader believes that something like this transpires daily in the offices of United States Senators, he may find this article disappointing. Mrs. Partington once said that total depravity is a good doctrine, if lived up to; but few Senators are able to live up to the total depravity attributed to them by the professional humorists. Most of them are rather commonplace, hard-working men, burdened with duties and responsibilities;

and one of the heaviest loads they have to carry is the handling of a large correspondence, much of which is unnecessary and unprofitable. Besides the regular and necessary correspondence, always welcome however burdensome it may be, there is a constant factor of queer communications. The handling of the former is merely a matter of business organization and good judgment; but the latter introduces an element of uncertainty and occasionally of excitement which keeps the work from growing monotonous.

A man is not necessarily either a crank or a fool merely because he writes unsolicited letters of advice to a Congressman. The impressive thing is not the presumptuousness of Mr. Average Citizen in addressing a communication to his Congressman, but rather his frequent lack of intention in the matter and of good taste in the manner of it. Moreover, the writers of crank mail are a suspicious crew. It is said that young writers of short stories sometimes place hairs or other trifles between the pages of their manuscripts in order, when they come back undisturbed, to convict the editors of failure to read their contributions. Similarly, the advice-giving public has a way of carefully marking its letters "Personal," or "Strictly Private," although there may be nothing of a personal or private nature in them. The object of these devices seems to be to circumvent the secretary and reach the eye of the Senator without intermediaries.

This is a vain hope, however. Take it from one who knows, there is no way to so mark an envelope as to check for one moment the bright steel opener in the secretary's hand. That is what he is there for—to open, read and reply to, the Senator's mail; to be hands, eyes, ears, and brains for him, just as far as possible. He couldn't hold down his

job, and the Senator could not get through with his work, on any other basis.

In proportion to its size, the crank mail takes an excessive amount of the secretary's time. The well balanced citizen, if he does not receive an immediate and favorable reply to his letter, will say: "Well, I see that the Senator's busy on the tariff. I know he'll attend to my little matter as soon as ever he can. I guess it's all right." But the writers of queer communications have no sense of humor (else they wouldn't send them,) and very little patience. Nothing offends them more than the discovery that anybody else considers their letters amusing. Much of the secretary's time goes to the diplomatic handling of these queer fish, and even after he has done his best, untoward things will happen now and then.

A man once wrote the Senator about a loan which, he alleged, he had arranged to make to a certain foreign government. The deal had failed, by reason, as he believed, of the machinations of his enemies. He had, therefore, an international grievance requiring redress. Unfortunately, his statement was couched in such an obscure labyrinth of words that even the secretary, whom long practice had made something of a hawkshaw, could make little out of it. When the file of papers reached the Senator, it chanced that he was weary with a hard day's work, and his usual poise had slightly given way. After some time spent in a fruitless effort to gather what the writer was driving at, he pitched the papers into the waste basket. Not long after, the writer demanded the return of his papers, and when they could not be produced there arose an awkward situation. To this day the secretary does not know whether he succeeded in averting the making of a dangerous enemy.

The average Senator has 1,900,000 constituents, about 380,000 of whom are voters. If one voter in ten, therefore, should write him only a single letter at each session of Congress, he would receive more than 250 on each day of the average legislative session. In point of fact, many Congressmen receive more than that number. It might be a profitable object lesson if some of the Sena-

tor's correspondents could witness the daily round of work in his office and get a notion of the burdens and perplexities which it involves. If the wounded correspondent, with sensibilities erected like the quills of the fretful porcupine, could do this, he would know that the letter he has just received, obviously signed with a rubber stamp, or else beginning: "Senator _____ directs me to say, in reply to your letter of the 'steenth instant," and signed by the secretary, is precisely what the Senator himself would have written had it been physically possible. There is something peculiarly exasperating, to many people, in the receipt of a letter signed by a secretary. They are like fishermen who, expecting a porgy, catch an eel, and feel that good time and bait have been wasted. Generally speaking, the most efficient Congressmen are those who have the most up-to-date business organizations in their offices. There are doubtless Congressmen who have not the gift of business organization, who are nevertheless perfectly good statesmen. Artemas Ward wrote about a man who had not a tooth in his head but who was, nevertheless, the best bass drum player he ever met. There are traditions around the capitol of Congressmen who perform prodigious feats of letter writing, and one Senator is said to do little else but write letters, by hand, to his constituents.

There is both monotony and variety in the Senator's mail bag. The letters from the man who calls the Senator "Jim" and gives a welcome word of advice; from the old soldier who has been unable to secure the allowance of his pension claim and needs help; and from the college student who asks for literature on one of the burning questions of the day, to help his team in the intercollegiate debate; from the residents of a small town about to have their post office discontinued, who protest indignantly and expect the Senator's influence to save them; from young men who want appointments to Annapolis or West Point; from people who take an interest in the debates and would like to receive the *Congressional Record*; and the multitudes of letters and circulars from business men and organizations, advocating

or opposing proposed legislation; all these, and hundreds more are expected and treated as matters of course. It is the unusual, the unexpected, the "cranky" mail that gives variety to the daily grind.

Petitions are received on every conceivable subject, many bearing the earmarks of round robins. Most of them are taken to the Senate chamber, formally read by title, and referred to the appropriate committees. The signers are doubtless impressed with the solemnity of this proceeding; but what the clerks of the committees think might, in some cases, be a different story.

A Senator is a shining mark for the promotor, and the mails bring him offers of shares in everything imaginable, including the cat-and-rat farm project, not long ago, in which the cats were to eat the rats and rats to eat the cats, thus producing fur without expense. There are scores of begging letters from people in every walk of life, from the confessedly down-and-out to the temporarily embarrassed capitalist. This is doubtless aggravated by the occasional newspaper story of the generosity of Senator Blank in coming to the rescue of the Little-red-church-on-the-hill where he attended Sunday school when a boy. It is easier to touch a man's heart than his pocketbook. If it were not, a Congressman's salary would not reach very far.

On the other hand, few Congressmen escape the receipt of at least a few abusive letters. Some of these are couched in terms which cause one to wonder whether the writers think the proceedings of Congress would be most appropriately opened with prayer or with a can-opener. It is a rule with most Congressmen to stand upon their dignity and pay no attention to such letters. A Senator may be a low-down, ornery cuss; but he holds his seat by the suffrages of a patriotic constituency, whose votes were given him freely, or else honestly bought and paid for. His title to his seat may even have been O. K.'d by an investigating committee; and in any event, he feels that he is entitled to some presumptions.

But, although Congressmen are usually patient, or at least able to put up a

good front under provocation, it is not wise to presume too far upon the theory that it is impossible to libel them. A New York man tried it, not long ago, and was promptly arrested for criminal libel. Imagine yourself a dignified member of Congress, and in receipt of a document, addressed to you by name, with the following printed on the cover in large type:

The
CRIME
of
The HON. JOHN DOE

Congressmen Commit PERJURY

Q.—Do Congressmen take a solemn oath to defend the Constitution against all its enemies?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Do Congressmen keep this solemn oath?

A.—No!!!

Q.—Why do Congressmen not keep this solemn oath?

A. Because CONGRESSMEN are CROOKS.

"Better it is that thou shouldst not vow, than thou shouldst vow and not pay."—Ecclesiastics, V : 5.

On the inside was a cheerful message, beginning thus:

Sir:—You are a contemptible crook Your villainous conduct in trampling upon the Constitution of the country brands you as an arrogant tyrant. You have committed a most heinous crime, etc.

All of which goes to show the distance we have come since the days when kings and senators were still able to hedge themselves about with some shreds of divinity.

Every Senator will cheerfully admit that he is a servant of the people, and the trouble which he and the secretary habitually take, rather than raise an issue as to whether the satisfaction of a constituent's wants lie within the limits of his proper functions, is prodigious. He gives legal advice, he attends functions which bore him inexpressibly, he serves on committees with whose work he has little or no sympathy, he looks up timetables, he sees old ladies to and from the trains, and writes numberless

replies to foolish, idly curious, and impertinent letters. Not long ago, a request was received by a Senator for a book about pearls and pearl fisheries, from a dweller in a far western state; and he got it. The annual distribution of seeds from the Agricultural Department entails a heavy burden upon the secretaries and does very little good. Yet there are always people who are not satisfied with what is sent, but expect to receive varieties selected by themselves.

As a rule, Congressmen are too busy collecting pork, goats, and other desirable possessions, to give much thought to the question whether poetry is declining; but from the frequency with which their correspondents drop into verse, it could at least be argued that a belief in the potency of rhyme and meter to move the stubborn hearts and convictions of men has not entirely departed from the earth. On the other hand, if the quality of the samples sent is considered, it must be confessed that the outlook is not encouraging; for many who try to express themselves metrically are in the same class with those inexpert cooks who, it is said, cannot bring the tea kettle to a boil without scorching the water. Any way, it is not on record that Congressmen are especially fond of verse, except when they have to deliver an eulogium; and there was even a newspaper report that the Hon. Champ Clark is not fond of the Hound Dog song.

An enthusiastic citizen of North Carolina once bu'sted into song over the inspiring topic of the city of Charlotte, thus:

*Charlotte's our city of which we're proud,
We'll sound her praises long and loud;
She's the town our fathers long had built,
Before the Briton's blood was spilt.*

He then went on to explain that they had money, sympathy, patriotism, and other delectable things, to burn; and wound up with this peroration:

*But we are all Americans, and Southerners,
too.*

*When Uncle Sam calls for us, he knows
what we do.*

*We'll raise the bright colors and hold them
up high—*

*And if fate has decreed it on a battlefield
die.*

Surely, nothing could be more gratifying.

A Pacific Coast correspondent, who is something of a real estate boomer, is responsible for this:

*Buy an old speckled hen and then
Get a milch cow and a brood sow,
And, of course, buy a horse;
Place a stand of bees under the trees;
An alfalfa patch sow, start fruit trees to
grow.*

*Then you will be, as old age creeps on,
Like a king in his palace his throne upon,
Free from the city's wild alarm,
Where schemers and boodlers can do no
harm.*

Which, when you come to think of it, contains considerable truth, even if it is not very good poetry.

At the time Arizona and New Mexico were admitted, a citizen of the latter state wrote, copyrighted, printed and distributed on good bristol board, a poem telling how

*The Sun God in his golden car
Rides forth to greet the new-born Star,
and more to the same effect.*

Not long ago the mail bag brought a book of verse so tempting to the eye that the wordly-wise Senator was almost persuaded to read it. He finally turned it over to the secretary, however; and thus it came that the writer perused three thousand lines of the dreary lucubrations of one of those unfortunate beings who have the impulse toward creative work without the gift of adequate expression. Come to think of it, that is doubtless what is the matter with a good many of us. This volume was handsomely printed and bound, and sported a pretentious Latin title and inscription. Indeed, such another rattling of old Roman bones has not happened since Tom Macauley smote his bloomin' lyre. As a trap for unwary Senators and a waster of the time of weary secretaries, the book was a howling success.

Few things in recent years brought the Senator such a flood of controversial literature, as the investigation of the administration of the pure food laws. Most of it was from those opposed to Dr. Wiley. They seemed, in the words of the late Senator Dolliver, to know exactly what they wanted.

It appears, according to their communi-

cations, that Dr. Wiley, "arrogated to himself the right to be the sole arbiter of what is, or what is not, adulterations or misbranding, or what is or is not, deleterious to health;" that he was "insubordinate" and "incompetent and a demagogue;" that he "believes himself to have a monopoly of the truth, and that anyone who disagrees with him is not only wrong but is probably crooked. He is a radical. He has a marked tendency to take extreme, even indefensible positions, and then to impose his judgment on everybody else roughshod;" that "a very energetic and not overly scrupulous publicity bureau has canonized the chief chemist as the guardian angel of these United States of America, not to mention the foreign dependencies;" that "Dr. Wiley has had the benefit of the sympathy of hypocritical 'progressives' of the _____'s Weekly stripe and of the professional uplift organs in general which have constituted themselves the exponents not only of the conservation of the national resources but also the conservation of the national health;" that he "has been the terror not only of disreputable manufacturers of medicine but of the great majority of all manufacturers, even those of the highest repute. While he was in supreme command and swinging the axe according to his own personal caprices, no manufacturer was safe;" that his vindication was "a triumph of hypocrisy and unlawful precedent;" that he is "bigoted, intolerant, unfair, unjust and unreasonable;" that he was guilty of "wild and reckless prosecutions;" that "he is not scientifically qualified to fill one of the most important technical positions in the public service" (great emphasis is laid upon this); that he has "temperamental defects which disqualify him for the position" he held; that he was "too busied with intrigue to bother with the test tube;" that "press clippings have long been more important to Dr. Wiley than pure chemistry. He has reveled in press notices with the gloat of the miser over his hoardings . . . Having elected to be the chief chemical demagogue of the country, Dr. Wiley has never faltered in pressing his fallacies upon the people;" that he "poses before his audi-

ence as the smug faced recipient of vindication;" and, finally: "If you will imagine a man boisterously zealous for the enforcement of the pure food law; inadequately equipped temperamentally to solve the problems of adulteration presented to him, yet claiming the sole and absolute right to judge and dictate in all cases; apparently ignorant of the first principles of law; constitutionally incapable of recognizing or acknowledging an unwelcome truth; having an ingrained conviction that all manufacturers and purveyors of foodstuffs, except————— are conscienceless, and should be considered guilty until they prove their innocence; and you will have a fair conception of Harvey W. Wiley."

But, aside from a few little peccadilloes like these, there seems to be a general assent that Dr. Wiley is all right, and that we must continue to admire him, whether we have any use for him or not.

The agitation of questions relating to the control of trusts brings much odd literature. One contribution is a 288-page book, by an Indianapolis man, entitled "Twenty Years in Hell With the Beef Trust." The writer assures us that he writes "facts, not fiction," makes it clear that money is a hard master—when some other fellow's got it. There seems to be a widespread opinion that the presence of a number of former trust lawyers in the Senate is the chief obstacle to remedial legislation; and it has been hinted that, so far as a real, whole-souled, honest opponent of the trusts in Congress is concerned, "there ain't no such a animal."

It is natural that such a shining mark as a Senator should get his share of communications from those afflicted with an excess of religious zeal. The man most frequently heard from is the one who has convictions regarding God-in-the-Constitution. Between those who insist that we must have it or perish, and those who are equally positive we shall perish if we do have it, it sometimes seems that there is no middle course between going into partnership with Satan or telling him to "go way back and sit down." Fortunately, we have in this country at present no burning

politico-religious issues; but the secretary could, if required, produce plenty of evidence that many people are going about with firebrands, trying to start a conflagration. To the average Congressman, the fact that the Constitution prohibits the making of any law "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," is as comforting as the recollection of his cyclone cellar to a Kansan on a sultry day.

In these days, we are hearing a good deal about the use of the steam roller in politics, but not often of the Bible as an implement of destruction. A thick pamphlet came to the Senator, a few years ago, bearing the title of "Roosevelt Steam Roller by the Bible." There was not much in it about Roosevelt, but a good deal about Catholics, the proposed department of public health, bath houses, and other things. It contained a parallel between our own history and that of the Romans, Jews, and other peoples, interpreted by texts and prophecies from the Bible. In style, it was a cyclonic mixture of biblical and everyday terminology, in the midst of which the writer's meaning loomed up about as clearly as a gray mule in a snow storm.

Times change and manners change with them. As the invention of the sewing machine resulted in women's wearing fifty tucks instead of one, so the modern typewriting machine enables

the Senator's secretary to write fifty letters where he once wrote one—and custom compels him to do it. He is necessarily a differently equipped man from his predecessor of a generation ago; not necessarily any better or any brighter; but he will admit without a blush that he believes himself more efficient.

If the reader is interested in the proceedings in Congress, the secretary would say: Don't depend upon the newspapers, alone. They have a way of telling only a part of the proceedings—the sensational and whimsical part—and of omitting many of the most important things. So, when you have that funny feeling that would ordinarily lead you to write to your Senator, don't do it, but instead read all about it in the *Congressional Record*. If you have not access to a copy, that is something that is in a fair way to be remedied, by the provision now under consideration for the publication of a larger edition and its sale to subscribers at a low price. You've no idea, until you've tried, how much information and entertainment you can get from it. It is the ideal family paper, with no patent medicine advertisements, and no accounts of murders, suicides, or scandalous divorce trials. From it you can get both sides of every public question and keep count of everything your Congressman does or fails to do; which, in these days of political awakening, ought to commend itself to every voter and voteress.



The HISTORICAL ELEMENTS of CALIFORNIA LITERATURE.

(Continued from *August Out West*)

By George Wharton James, Litt. D.

This is the fifth article in a series by the Editor dealing with California's Literature. The first article appeared in the June issue of OUT WEST and was entitled, "The Spirit of California Literature." When completed the series will afford a historical and analytical survey of the subject that should be useful to all students and lovers of California.

ANOTHER characteristic of the pioneers which has materially influenced the history and literature of California is their *cosmopolitanism*. He only is a cosmopolitan who sees with the eyes of the whole world. The provincial is the man of limited vision, whether that vision be of New York, Harvard, Podunk or Milpitas. In other words the provincialism of a large city is just as narrow, as ignorant, as bigoted and as absurd as that of a benighted country settlement. Provincialism is the result of limited association with men of diverse minds, tastes, educations, and sympathies; cosmopolitanism comes from close contact with those of different mentality, training and sympathies from our ourselves. No school could have been better designed for the growth of cosmopolitanism and the destruction of the narrow prejudices and ignorant assumptions of provincialism than the school of pioneer life. Whether in crossing the plains, crossing the ocean, coming up through Mexico, Nicaragua or Panama, the pioneer experiences were of a marvellously diverse character and with an equally diverse people. On their arrival at the mines this education in a wider and better outlook continued with unabated vigor. The Englishman rubbed shoulders with the Frenchman and the Italian with the Swede; the Hindoo foregathered with the Russian and the Malay with the Norwegian; here came Chinamen, Japanese, Dyaks, Polanders, Greeks, Turks, Servians, Armenians, Cretes and Germans. Scarce a race of men known that

was not represented here, and each came with his own ideas, his own standards, his own morals, his own social and domestic life and habits. What a seething-pot of mankind and a settling-pot for his ideas. Mormons married monogamists, and Jews wedded Methodists. The Greek church stood on one corner and the Presbyterian on another. In the same apartment house were found Greeks, Hindoos, Christians, Jews and agnostics. Never before in the history of the world was there such a furnace for extracting gold from such a variety of ores. The California Human Smelter contained rock from every known racial mine and the fires of life largely burned away the dross of provincialism and left mainly the humanitarianism of cosmopolitanism. For provincialism is not only narrow and prejudiced, it is harsh and cruel; its judgements are inhuman and uncharitable, censorious and unkind. Hence it was a decided benefit to mankind to erect a new standard of wider, broader, deeper, kinder life and abolish forever the standards that had hitherto prevailed.

In this change of spirit we find a new and powerful influence asserting itself in our literature, a breadth and character hitherto unknown, save to the few prophets of mankind that like Buddha, Jesus, Mahomet, Goethe, Shakespeare and Lincoln knew no country, no nation, except the whole world and its people.

As a result of their contact with diverse peoples in every conceivable kind of condition, a large proportion of the pioneers developed a *generosity* as spon-

aneous as it was cordial and genuine. Whence came the reputation of Californians and Westerners in general for their cordiality and generosity? Such a reputation is not gained either by haphazard or without cause. Mere indiscriminate spending or giving is no more apt to procure the spender and give a reputation for generosity than it is for wisdom. The generosity of the Californians of the early day was a reality; it was based upon the response of the heart to the needs of their fellows. Who can read the story of General Sutter's ready responses to the requests of utter strangers that he send them food to help them over the snowy summits of the Sierras and the Nevada deserts and not realize that only from a sympathetic heart could such generosity of acts have sprung. Here is what McGlashan tells of Sutter in one case,—that of the Donner party. Stanton and McCutcheon had gone on ahead for supplies and the former had returned to find the emigrants just on the verge of starvation. "He had brought seven mules, five of which were loaded with flour and dried beef. Captain Sutter (God bless him), had furnished these mules and the provisions together with two Indian vaqueros, without the slightest compensation or security."

The pioneers themselves seemed to develop this same spirit of generosity the longer they journeyed and the more they came in contact with each other in their simple, natural, out-of-door life. It is a well known fact to all careful observers and travelers that the simpler and nearer to Nature a people are the more spontaneous and generous they are. And so long as the pioneers remained simple, out-of-door people, their generosity never failed. Only when the railway brought in its hordes of the ordinary money-seeking classes, was the universal generosity slowly given up for the cheese-paring economies of other countries. But the change was not effected until this generous spirit was fully enshrined in our literature, a blessed memory of the days that are past, and an incitement to a nobler and more human standpoint than that of seeking to get out of every stranger all that can be secured.

That they were *simple-hearted* is also proven by thousands of pages in our early day literature. Their independence, their intolerance of injustice, their direct actions in important crises, their hatred of shams, complexities, subterfuges and deceits, all reveal their simple heartedness. They exercised none of the little deceits of fashion, of society, of everyday civilization; they were genuine—what they appeared to be. They were too honest and independent to truckle to any man, whether rich, powerful or influential. Every man stood upright in his manhood, and dared to call his soul his own and to act in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience. Few men in those days were hampered by fears lest they should lose their employment if they dared to rebuke injustice or denounce the rich and powerful for wrongs done to the poor and defenseless. When crises arose in their social and civic affairs, where dishonest and unscrupulous men were using their offices and influence for their own enrichment or other advancement, these men of direct simple-heartedness resolutely took the control of affairs out of the hands of their unworthy representatives, executed justice themselves, and finally returned the delegated power when they were convinced it would be righteously exercised. It was this same simple-heartedness that led them not to ask what a man's profession or creed was, but what was his life, what were his acts. There was little or no subtlety in their judgements; and, when it came to listening to the hair-splitting technicalities of a quibbling Eastern lawyer, they soon let him know that the facts and justice, not suppositions and law, must govern the decisions of cases between men and men. Civilization is good; churches and creeds are good; laws and courts are good; but pure-heartedness, honesty and truth of life, justice and mercy between man and his fellows, are better than them all combined; and one is more apt to find them in a simple-hearted people (as were the pioneers) than in these days of social, civic and political complexity and material civilization.

Then, too, these pioneers were *in-*

dependent in thought, careless of precedent and resolute of achievement. What a world of beggarly creatures it is when no man dare move until he has found out what his fellows think. He must read the morning paper before he has an opinion; he must follow his party; stand with his class; herd with his own. Why should not every man stand upright as a man and think as he chooses, even though he thinks and stands alone? How base men become when they give up their independence of thought. Before they dream that they are placing themselves in bondage, they are so enslaved that they lick the hand of their master at his bidding. A preacher dare not express his thought too freely and frankly lest his fellow preachers accuse him of heresy or free thought, or his congregation cut off his material supplies. A doctor dare not antagonize the leaders of his profession, even though he is convinced they are going off after false gods, lest he be denounced as "irregular," and cast out from the fraternity. A lawyer must not do a just, honest and generous thing if it happens to be "unprofessional," or he loses the good will of the bar and the bench. There is scarcely a day that passes in this later time of material civilization that men do not show that they value peace and comfort more than freedom and independence of thought. Why stir up a muss? What does it matter anyway? Is a man justified in quarreling with his bread and butter?

We may long for a revival of the old day pioneer independence, when men dared everything for the right to express their opinions and thoughts, unpopular though they were. Can we not trust each other to act aright, even though our thoughts differ? and must we assume that because a man has money, position or power that, *therefore*, he is more likely to think right than his fellow who is dependent upon him?

This independence of thought made the pioneers careless of precedent. What did it matter to them how men used to do things, or did them in the East, or the South, or in England? The question for them to solve was how were they going to do them here and now.

Precedents were nothing unless they could justify themselves, and if they could not they were cast aside without any more regret than accompanies the burning up of a day's trash or the casting aside of a worn pair of gloves. The world of today is imprisoned largely by the thought of dead men. These men, long since turned to dust, tyrannize over us, because of our blind and foolish worship of precedent. It was done so and so by our forefathers and therefore we must do it so and so. Making a fetich of precedent has ever arrested the wheels of progress and retarded man's enfranchisement and advancement. King John believed in precedent—Magna Charta was a revolutionary and dangerous document; Charles I demanded that the Puritans follow precedent and they cut off his head; Torquemada demanded that the people of Europe follow the precedent laid down by his religious leaders and he organized the Inquisition to compel his claims; the opponents of the Reform Bill in England clamored that it was a violation of precedent, but its advocates pressed its adoption and manhood suffrage became the law of England; the Declaration of Independence was against all English precedent and if Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton and Patrick Henry had been caught they would doubtless have been hanged by the British; the South demanded their slaves because the precedent had been established and they refused to follow any new law giving freedom to the Negro until a bloody war had almost exhausted the nation's wealth of manhood and treasure; precedent has recently been holding up its hands in holy horror at the claims of the woman suffragists as they did when women wished to enter the professions of medicine and law.

I glory in the freedom of the old pioneers. They respected precedent only as they accepted it, and they never accepted it unless it appealed to their best judgement then and there exercised. They demanded to be "shown" every time. They were never scared by the bogey of: "This is the way this was always done." In science, in law, in mechanics, in mining, in daily life, in

everything, nothing weighed but achievement. Methods counted for but little; results were asked, were demanded, and as men were judged by them, were often attained by new and unusual methods. As these men traveled they often were compelled to face strange problems which necessity demanded that they overcome then and there. Stern necessity knows no other law than itself; and precedents were perforce disregarded. For how could men, away from all supplies and entirely dependent upon what they could find loose at hand, be tied down to methods of doing things that were followed where everything necessary could be had for the asking? It was a stern school; but it quickened men's intellects and taught them independence, and better still, showed them that new ways of doing things could be found by resolute men. I dare venture the assertion that more methods of crossing rivers and dangerous quicksands were discovered and actually used in the few years of the gold excitement than in all the previous history of mankind; and so with road making over the mountains and through hitherto impassable canyons. When the pioneers reached the new land they were beset with mining problems, and the discovery of the "long tom," and the "cradle" and placer mining and new methods of crushing ore and extracting it were invented and put in use. Water, too, was needed in vast quantities and old methods of impounding and conveying it were impracticable, so newer methods were tried and followed and a complete revolution in this industry came about.

The pioneers soon learned also that the theories of technical geologists were not to be relied upon. They found gold where the scientists assured them it was not possible for it to exist, and they found none where they were assured they ought to look. It did not take these direct-minded men long to discard the dogmatism of science for the practical knowledge of experience. In other fields this same shattering of dogmatism took place. These frank, open, honest, careless men spoke "right out in meeting" and sneered at dogmatism, no matter how well bolstered up by reasoning. One fact was worth more to them than

ten theories. They were the first inductive reasoners. Before Huxley, Tyndal, Spencer and Darwin they were discarding *apriori* guesses and substituting therefore mental processes of induction. This spirit—more popularly prevalent in California at the time of the gold days than in any other part of the world before or since, has now become the professed spirit of all science, as it certainly must be of all true science, and has largely shattered the faith of mankind in dogmatic assertions, whether from pope, bishop, preacher, judge, lawyer, physician or professor, unless fortified with connected facts and well-reasoned theory.

As in mining so in all other industries. In the lumber industry,—the felling of the trees, conveying the monster logs to the saw mills and "fluming" the sawed lumber from the mills on mountain tops to the depots of commerce in the valleys beneath vast changes were made. It was the same when agriculture and horticulture came uppermost. New methods of plowing, sowing and reaping the grain were invented; and so on through the whole gamut of industries. Conditions made the pioneers *inventive*, and this was not only in material things but in less tangible matters. They became philosophers, *thinkers*,—real exercisers of thought and reason, because, when confronted with the new conditions and compelled by necessity to overcome them, there was no escape except by thought. And by thought I mean original reasoning. Many people think they think, when they are merely restating to themselves something they have been taught. This is mental parroting—not thinking. Real thought implies the exercise of the reasoning faculties, and this is what necessity compels. And wherever there is real thought, and independence, and cosmopolitanism, and discipline, and bravery, there is bound to be philosophy and *justice*. And the pioneers as a rule were intensely just. Now and again they notoriously failed, but that was when the ruder elements were in the majority and due consideration was not had. Their very ruggedness and strength, their simple-heartedness and directness made them just, kept them just; for, in their wild

nd natural acceptance of life, they learned the wonderful fact that as they judged so were they judged.

It was these men, then, who have contributed so much to the historic elements of our literature. And it is not only the mere story of their experiences, varied, interesting and enlightening though these are, to which we are indebted. Far more than this it is that we are beholden to the enshrinement of these elements of the spirit to which I have referred. These will never die. Already they are producing results, expected to the knowing, though surprising to the unobservant. Even so Eastern a paper as *Harper's Weekly* recently contained the following which pertinently bears upon this subject:

There is suspicion abroad in the East that "the West" is a good place to raise men; that the physical and mental conditions are favorable out there for growing folks; that the spirit of the West is wholesome, its air inspiring and its educational apparatus easily adequate to give to energetic minds the necessary tools to work with. * * * * * That is a wonderful nursery of human life that stretches from the Alleghanies to the Rockies (and beyond to the Pacific, the writer might have said) abounding in space and nourishment for body, mind and soul. There are coming out of that great nursery great children, whose thoughts and discoveries and deeds will do for human life, wherever it exists, greater, far greater, services than any prophet dare predict.

Ah! and how feeble I feel has been my characterization of the stalwart men and women we call pioneers. How I would have done them larger justice had I been able! They were great; greater than their time; greater than they knew, greater by far than we as yet recognize. Urged on by the Divine Urge; called forth by the Spirit of the West; thrust forth as Columbus was thrust, hearing only the cry, Sail on! and on! and on! and on! they forsook all luxury and comfort, all ease and self-indulgence, and bravely, boldly, resolutely and daringly threw themselves into the wilds, resolved to master them or die.

They were the world's newer or later prophets—the men who saw into the future; who dared the perils of the *now* for the *what-was-to-be*. Who was it that first saw temples, towers, palaces, marts of trade, shining in the sun on rocky western heights? Who first

imagined vast cities in the heart of the wilderness or on the slopes of sky-defying mountains. It was the pioneers who were

*"the Carsons in kingdoms untrod,
And follow'd the trail through the rustle of leaves,
And stood by the wave where solitude weaves
Her garments of mosses and lonely as God."*

It was the pioneers who

*"did make venture when singers were young,
Inviting from Europe, from long-trodden lands
That are easy of journeys, and holy from hands
Laid on by the Masters when giants had tongues."*

It was the pioneers who felt it was theirs to go forward

*"Lifting a hand
To the world on the way, like a white guiding star,
Point out and allure to the fair and unknown,
And the far, and the hidden delights of a land."*

It was the pioneers who said to the nations

*"Lo! here is the fleece
That allures to the rest, and the perfectest peace,
With its foldings of sunlight shed mellow like gold."*

It was the pioneers who sang

*"Come to my sunland! Come with me
To the land I love; where the sun and sea
Are wed forever."*

It was the pioneers who blazed the trail, cut out the pathway, hewed the wood. It was their *deeds* that called across the mountains to the halting ones, the waiting, the hesitant, the fearful. It was their bravery and courage that heartened the tens of thousands who followed. It was their spirit that has entered so largely into the making of the new land they won so hardily, they loved with so fierce and intense a love that men of lesser natures and poorer, less lovable lands, wondered at them, or laughed, or scoffed. It was their rugged strength, their simple-heartedness, their direct frankness, their robust honesty, their uncorrupted sincerity that laid the foundations so secure, for this last, greatest, and most needed civilization of the Western world. It was their spirit that has leavened and is leavening the lump of civilization,—civilization that has always—so far in the world's history—sunk into dissolute luxury and faded away to nothingness, poisoned by the evil of its own sensuousness, lulled to sleep by the lotus-flowers of its own growing, when it should have been alert, awake, in battle-array.

Should there be any wonder then, that they have influenced the literature produced by, or about, them? Would it not have been strange had they not influenced it? Their influence was a real one, a true one, a good one, and,

therefore, it is a lasting one, for only the real, the true, the good are lasting; all else are unreal, temporary and unsubstantial, and, like all dreams, will soon fade away.



The Awakening

By Sadie C. McCann

*I sauntered forth just as the first faint beam
Proclaimed the coming of the new born day,
And watched the deep'ning tints, the full orb gleam
Awak'ning rustling wings along my way;
I drank the fragrance of the nodding flowers
And scanned each bit of life. Yet o'er and o'er
I'd trod this pathway in the morning hours
But never opened heart and eyes before.*

*Again I sauntered forth when in the west
I viewed the setting sun's last ling'ring beams
Light up the clouds upon the mountain's crest
Evoking gorgeous panoramic scenes.
I thought of wasted energy and tears,
How little of life's real true worth I'd known,
The petty conquests of the passing years
The open Book of Nature left unknown.*

*Soon shall we hear the never failing call
To journey on across the Great Divide.
Perhaps new tasks will to our lot befall;
New friends will greet us on the other side,
And they will ask us of this earth of ours —
How its fair mountains looked by night, by day—
Its wondrous birds, its myriad lovely flowers;
If they should ask us, oh! what would we say?*

The POINTING PENCIL



By Martha Martin Newkirk

WHILE THE Pointing Pencil is not "in politics," yet its writer will have cast her first presidential ballot ere this reaches the reader, thanks to our glorious new law in the State of California. I have been a suffragist all my life,—a rabid one when I was young, an anxious one before the Convention that was held during the Columbian Exposition in 1893, in Chicago. At that time Susan B. Anthony and the great leaders of the movement stood as watchmen on the tower and shouted to those below—"All is well. The dawn has come. Suffrage is near." Since then I have waited with faith and hope, content to bide my time.

At this writing none can foretell the result of the approaching election, but I will give you my mental attitude toward it.

When I look backward I am thankful to have lived long enough to remember the closing days of the Civil War, and the time of Lincoln's death. I wonder if I can picture in words what the child saw and heard?

This is what the little girl remembered. It was in Woodford county, Illinois.

A Personal Reminiscence. An "Oyster Festival" was in full swing at a neighbor's house. Patriotic crowds bought oyster stews to aid "the Sanitary Commission." The young people were having a hilarious time, and the little girl looked on. A pink cheeked young lady who was the acknowledged belle of at least three counties, was adding her smiles to the lesser joys of the festival, while a tall, thin young man stalked about on stilts, and frightened the children by making faces as he looked in through the second story window. Much merriment was echoing up and down the stairs, and over the spacious grounds, when suddenly to our ears came the sound of a gallop-

ing horse, approaching. "What's that?" I heard people say. Then "I don't believe it." While a sneering voice cried, "Not on Hawk's testimony. The Copperheads wish it, and he tells it."

But a stillness had fallen on the assembled party. "The sound of revelry" had ceased, and even the "belle" could not fling out a merry laugh. People gathered in knots and some whispered. I wandered out to the large family sitting room. There sat, alone, an old white-haired man. His head was bent upon his hands and he was sobbing. What could it mean? My heart ached with sympathy, although I did not understand the cause of his grief. Then another rider galloped in from a "railroad town" confirming the news, and through the house and all over the grounds from lip to lip in appalling tones came the words, "Lincoln is assassinated." The telegraphic dispatch was circling the globe, but news did not fly so fast in the "far west" of Illinois in those days as now. We had country towns, and river towns, and a line of towns along the Illinois Central, our *one railroad*. The tragedy of Lincoln's murder had occurred the previous night, but it must have been three o'clock the next afternoon when the first galloping rider came. As soon as the men and women were convinced that the message was true, a great sadness fell like a pall upon the party. Some one pulled down the flag from its tall pole. Blank faces turned to other white faces, questioning. It seemed to the child that the end had come, and no flag could fly. But in a few moments I saw why the beautiful red, white and blue, that waved and snapped all that April spring day, must be lowered. Women were looking for something black with which to drape the flag. The "belle" had been wearing a fancy silk apron, tied with long black ribbon sashes

—a style that prevailed during “the sixties.” She tore these apart and young men hastened to bind them on the flag, which was again raised, but not to its first position. Some one said, “The flag is now at half mast.” This was the first time I had ever heard that expression.

Bewildered beyond speech, with my elder brother, I prepared to go home. Cool shadows played over the fresh green fields of spring. The whole party was breaking up, when
Then the out stepped “the Band”—
Afterthought. a group of boys in blue,
 the pride of our whole locality.

This band had been a strong power for recruiting troops, ever since the war began. Their rousing martial music had spoken in school houses, in town and country all around, crying out Lincoln’s need for “a hundred thousand more.”

They had escorted the raw recruits to the train, and kept heart in them by their stirring notes, while the crowds stood to wave farewell, as the train moved on. And they had beat soft and low strains beside the open grave of a returned comrade. All this and more comes back to me now.

I see the forward march of those brave boys in blue. Again I stand and look and listen. Twilight cast its purple mist above the trees that skirted the creek. Frogs croaked in the slough. Silence had fallen, a stillness as of pale death. Tense hearted, half holding my breath, full of wordless fears, I watched the band gather beneath a wide spreading tree near the flag. One by one the gay supper party came slowly and reverently stood with uncovered, bowed heads, while the Band poured forth a tale of sorrow and despair in the saddest of

dirges. The patriarch whom I had seen in the house leaned upon his cane, tears streaming down his aged face. Women wept and strong men sobbed. I looked on, a choking in my dry little throat. The dirge ended. Above the horizon where the sun had dropped, a golden star looked down.

Suddenly upon the still evening air the call of the bugle, and our Band played an inspiring march. The boys in blue fell into line, and the tramp, tramp of their footsteps keeping time gladdened the party.

Courage returned with the music. The spell of sadness and despair was broken. There had been loss and sorrow and pain, but there would be final victory. I could not have expressed the thought then, but I felt it and have never grown beyond it—that whatever blow was struck, whatever man fell, the nation remained, and would continue to sound its trumpet call and march to victory.

Long years afterward, when President Garfield was killed, and again when McKinley was stricken, I fell back upon the same old comforting faith. And to-day, as my mental vision

A Reassuring sweeps over the past I
Memory. can close my eyes and
 see that old band, and
 listen to its stirring music. And I am just as sure that our country’s salvation is a matter too momentous to be permanently affected by one man’s life or death. Whoever falls or fails is left behind in the race, the Nation’s standard will ever float skyward, and the people shall respond to the bugle call of duty and liberty until at last the globe is circled with the faith in the brotherhood of man, and the mighty fatherhood of God.

Do!

Strength to do means success.
 Good or bad, do your share,
 Yours and more. “Do and dare!”
 Power to DO, nothing less,
 Brings success.

M. R. L.

RESTFULNESS *and* PEACE of GOD'S OUT-*of*-DOORS

By George Wharton James

AS WE grow older, we long for peace and rest. Life has many struggles, conflicts, heartaches, worries, distresses, burdens, and sorrows, as well as joys, happiness, pleasures, and loves. We desire surcease from the struggles and burdens. That we need not have had woes with our

the promise of the Master, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." So we long for rest after the strife, even though convinced that the pain of the strife was unnecessary.

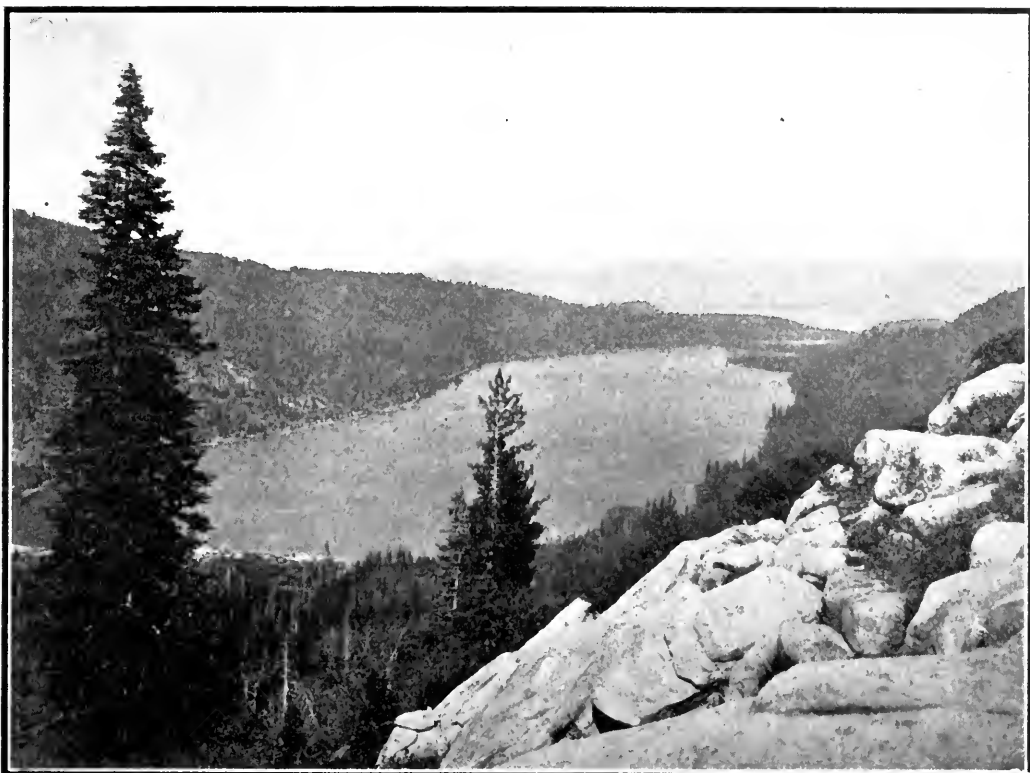
How full the Bible is of suggestions



There is a quiet serenity in such a mountain snow scene that, "like the sound of a great Amen," comes "to one's fevered spirit with a touch of infinite calm."

burdens; that we need not have had worries with our sorrows; that we need not have had defeats and heartaches with or after our conflicts, does not alter the facts. We have had them, or think we have, forgetful of

of the comforting power of God: he is our shepherd; he leadeth us through green pastures and beside the still waters; he comforteth as a mother comforteth; "as a hen gathereth her chickens," so would he gather us; "he know-



A glacial lake arrests and holds the strenuous racer through life, and he sits down perforce, and soon relaxes physically and mentally.

eth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust;" "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."

It is well for one when he comes to this period in his life if he has learned what I might term the spirituality of God's great out-of-doors. For then he discovers that these mountains, valleys, canyons, oceans, islands, plains, deserts, forests, clouds, sky, and other things, which he has come to regard as mere nature, in reality possess within themselves many characteristics which lead the mind to the contemplation of their divine Author.

Sorrow is often the only teacher from whom men will learn this lesson. Sorrow and the burdens of life drove Moses forth into the wilderness, but it was there he saw the "burning bush." Elijah was bowed down with the weight of griefs and woes when he went forth into the wilds, but it was there that God

passed by and he heard his voice. Driven into the wilderness by heart-breaking sorrows and the burdens of the sin of the world, Christ gained strength to come back and drink the final cup in triumph.

When the heart has been weaned away from the deceiving pleasures of the world by sorrow and pain, one dimly begins to discern the spiritual in nature and fly to it. How like a child flying to its mother's bosom when injured or made afraid! Happy the man who, like dear old Gilbert White, of Selbourne, England, or Thoreau, or John Burroughs, or John Muir, learns this lesson early. Such men learn the lessons of the out-of-doors in a closer sense than the majority of mankind, and the result is they escape most of the petty trials and worries, the burdens and distresses that generally harass and disturb their fellows.

I have learned to love nature in all her moods,—in the stormy, tempestu-



I have seen Mt. Shasta wreathed in a filmy veil of cloud, as soft and delicate, as refined and ethereal, as the daintiest bridal veil ever devised by man.

ous, torrential, cyclonic moods, as well as in the more peaceful ones. I have been in storms when for days and nights at a time my companions and I did not wear a dry thread of clothing, or sleep one moment save in blankets thoroughly saturated with rain. I have sat out and watched the most stupendous display of forked lightning that eye of man ever gazed upon. At first sight my companions and I were almost paralyzed with fear of it; then the thought arose that even these manifestations were an expression of some thought in the mind of God; and, that if we could but realize it, we might learn an important lesson from it. So, although afraid, I came out to see this wonderful display of God's fireworks. I have been in cloudbursts, and seen the Colorado River in the heart of the Grand Canyon rise sixty feet in one hour. My companions and I have battled to push our boat through miles of dangerous quicksand, where even the

Indians contended that we could never pass. In all these apparently adverse manifestations of nature, there has been hidden something of joy, something of beauty, something of strength, that without those experiences I should never have known.

It was not until I had learned much of the sterner moods of life that I began to understand, appreciate, and seek the sweet peace and restfulness that nature so abundantly knows how to impart. There once came an epoch in my life when it seemed that an avalanche dashed over me, the earthquake shook down everything that I had erected, and the cloudburst swept it all away. There seemed to be nothing left. Then it was I learned to appreciate to the full the peacefulness and restfulness of nature. I hastened to the desert, and there in perfect solitude regained what I had lost of spiritual equilibrium. In those immense, wide stretches of nature



What a wonderful thing is night, when all nature itself seems bushed to rest!

I learned to take a larger outlook upon life, and to realize that barrenness and desolation—the emptiness of life apparently swept bare of everything—have allurements, attractions, richness of color, ecstasies of feeling, that no other place in the world affords.

Then I found, leading down into these vast desert areas, numerous canyons, each one of them with a charm and a beauty peculiarly its own. In one there were hundreds, possibly thousands, of palms native to California, palms found nowhere else in the world. Under the shelter of these majestic giants, which can live only with their feet in the water and their heads in the burning sun, I found a peace and rest that I had never before known. It was a place bathed in a wonderful rest-

fulness, leading the mind almost irresistibly to a contemplation of God.

At another time I fled to the Sierras in wintertime (Fig. 1), and there learned the marvelous peace and rest found in the snow-clad mountain landscape where all the slopes are covered with towering trees, each of which bears its heavy and beautifully perfect load of snow. There is a quiet serenity about such a scene as this from which one can never escape. Like "the sound of a great Amen," it comes "to one's fevered spirit with a touch of infinite calm." It quiets pain and sorrow, like love overcoming strife, and seems the harmonious echo from our discordant life. Feverishness, the heat of passion, man's anger, hatred, and all the burning and inflaming passions of life, simply cease to exist in the presence

of such calm, peaceful restfulness as this.

It is in the mountains, too, that you learn the peacefulness and restfulness of lakes. (Fig. 2.) There are no more soothing and quiet spots than the glacial lakes of the high Sierras. One sits and looks at them with a fascination that never tires. They arrest and hold one; and the strenuous racer through life, sits down perforce, and soon relaxes physically and mentally in the presence of their calm, quiet, peaceful serenity.

Who has not felt the sense of peace and restfulness in sight of one of the stupendous mountains of the world? How calm, majestic, noble, grand, these immovable mountains are! They have stood the storms of thousands of years, and yet they present the most placid serene, and beautiful faces, their summits outlined against a perfect blue sky, inviting man to lose his sense of hurry, bustle, restlessness, in the deep folds of their tree-clad slopes. I have seen Mt. Shasta (Fig 3.) wreathed in a filmy veil of cloud as soft and delicate, as refined and ethereal, as the daintiest bridal veil ever devised by man. Nay, refine the finest veil a thousandfold, and it still would not be as delicate as this filmy veil of peacefulness floating over the face of this giant monarch of the ages.

And, thank God, while stupendous

mountains are to be found only here and there on the earth's surface, there is scarcely a habitable country on the globe without its pastoral scenes, where quiet rivers sleepily flow through tree-clad fields, where the gentle lowing of kine, the calls of the lambs to the sheep, the whole scene made musical with the songs of the birds, make one think of the "green pastures" and "still waters" which restore the soul.

Then, too, everywhere we have the peace and quiet and restfulness of the night. (Fig. 4.) What a wonderful thing is night, when all nature itself seems hushed to rest! In the large cities, life would be impossible to one of my temperament were it not for the soothing, restful night of peace, which quiets all the feverish pulses of the day, stills the noises and the confusion, and renders undisturbed sleep possible.

Words are feeble things to describe what nature gives to man of restfulness and peace. There is but one way of really knowing it, and that is unreservedly trust yourself to nature at every possible opportunity until the peacefulness and restfulness, which are among the most important elements of her spirit, flow naturally and abundantly into your own soul.

—(Reprint from *Life and Health*)

Golf

*By John Martin Newkirk
(Author of "Wild Clover")*

*It is such fun to walk all day
Beneath a burning August sun
And chase a ball and call it play,
It is such fun!*

*One strikes a stroke would move a ton—
It only loosens up the clay:
The ball goes inches ten; stroke one.
Hurray! Hurray!*

*At last you knock it far away,
Become a living skeleton
Pursuing it,—yet people say,
"It is such fun."*

Quit Your Worrying

By the Editor

(This is the fourth of a Series of Articles which will deal with this important subject in a sane, practical and forceful manner. Worry is the bane of many an existence. It is a robber of peace, comfort and rest. It brings misery to wives and husbands, children and parents. It is an ignoble state to be in. A sign of mental inadequacy, a proof that the "worrier" has no ideals or that he has no real living belief in himself, his ideals or his God. To help the readers of **OUT WEST** to quit worrying by finding out what life is worth and getting the full value of that worth is the aim of this series.)

IV. CAUSES OF WORRY—*Concluded*

Is there any wonder that elsewhere the author should say: "She couldn't make it seem right any more, that Paul's best and freshest should *all* go to making money and none to a consideration of *why he wished to make it.*"

Here then is the need for knowing what are the non-essentials. Montaigne tells of a man "who spent all his life to acquire the skill necessary to throw a grain of millet through the eye of a needle." But what was the use of it? That time spent on something worth while would have made a useful man of him.

Another gigantic cause of worry is *vanity*. This manifests itself in scores, hundreds of ways. Vanity as to personal appearance; vanity as to habits, dress, speech, behavior, culture; vanity as to our homes, our friends, our relatives, our children; vanity as to our position in society, our influence, and in a thousand other things. Mrs. Canfield thus presents one form of vanity: "A living isn't hard to earn. Any healthy man can do that. *It's earning food for his vanity, or his wife's, that kills the average man.* It's coddling his moral cowardice that takes the heart out of him. Don't you remember what Emerson says—'Most of our expense is for conformity to other men's ideas? It's for cake that the average man runs in debt.' He must have everything that anyone else has, whether he wants it or not. A house ever so much bigger and finer than he needs, with ever so many more things in it than belong there. He must keep his wife idle and card-playing because other men's wives are. He must have his children do what everyone else's children do, whether it's bad for their characters or not. Ah! the children! That's the worst of it all! To bring them

up so that these futile complications will be essentials of life to them! To teach them that health and peace of mind are not too high a price for a woman to pay for what is called social distinction, and that a man must—if he can get it in no other way—pay his self-respect and the life of his individuality for what is called success—"

Oh, our cheap, paltry, little vanities; our constant striving to make out that we are not what we are, or that we are what we are not. What a reflection on human nature it is that anyone can dare to say that to many of us "satisfied vanity is the vital element in human life." Does it not set forth with stunning force the sadness and pathos of our civilization that much of our struggling is for the sake of appearances rather than realities. Poor Lydia and her sister in "The Squirrel-Cage" had an argument about this one day:

"Lydia broke in to say, 'Why don't you buy new ones?'"

"Mrs. Mortimer paused with uplifted needle to inquire wildly, 'New *what?*'"

"'New curtains, instead of spending a whole week in hot weather mending those.'"

"'Good gracious, child! Will you ever learn anything about the cost of living! I think it's awful, the way father and mother have let you grow up! Why, it would take half a month's salary to reproduce these curtains. I got them at a great bargain—but even then I couldn't afford them. Ralph was furious.'"

"'You could buy muslin curtains that would be just as pretty,' suggested Lydia."

"'Why, those curtains are the only things with the least distinction in my whole parlor! They *save* the room.'"

“From what?”

“From showing that there’s almost nothing in it that cost anything to be sure! With them at the window, it would never enter people’s heads to think that I upholstered the furniture myself, or that the pictures are—”

“Why shouldn’t they think so, if you did?” Lydia proffered this suggestion with an air of fatigued listlessness, which, her sister thought, showed that she made it ‘simply to be contrary.’ Acting on this theory, she answered it with a dignified silence.”

Worry is but one form of *fear*, and fear is one of man’s greatest enemies. It is protean in its manifestations and grows with its own indulgence. It should never be tolerated for one moment. Death alone should be the sentence passed upon it. Banishment is not enough; it will return. Slay it outright in no matter what form it appears. There is all the difference in the world between due caution and wise forethought and fear. What would the engineer and fireman do if each time they stepped on to their engine they allowed themselves to fear that the engine would blow up, or run off the track, or have a collision, or find a switch open? What kind of use would they be if they feared that every signal was a wrong one, and every green light should have been a red one?

Where would be the success of the horse tamer if he feared that every horse he tried to ride would throw him? What kind of a sheriff or constable would he make who was afraid lest he could never arrest the man for whom his warrant called? Where would all the sciences and mechanical arts be today if men had been afraid? What should we know of the steam engine, the steamboat, the aeroplane, the balloon, the automobile if men had feared? How limited would our geography be if Marco Polo, Columbus, De Soto, Cabrillo, and a thousand and one explorers had had the timid heart?

No! if fear comes, defy it and then slay it by going and doing the very thing it sought to compel you not to do. Naturally there should be common sense used. Do not try to do unnecessary things. For instance, if I feel that I should be afraid to walk around

the top of a 200 foot high chimney there is no need that I immediately climb that chimney in order to kill that fear. For, no ordinary man or woman is called to walk around the top of a chimney. It is the work of a specific trade, a limited trade, to which we have no need to belong. But if I am afraid of falling off a railway platform, or a wharf,—places where I am likely to be called every day, the sooner the fear is killed—not banished—but once and for all, finally, completely killed and killed *dead*, the better.

I used to be afraid of appearing before an audience. I persisted, seizing every possible opportunity, until the fear was dead. I used to be afraid to go out to receptions. I went until now a reception causes no more fear than to eat a piece of dry toast. I used to be afraid of sitting in a draft. I have sat in drafts, lain down in drafts, slept in drafts, until now I am not really content unless I can feel a draft. I used to be “scared stiff” to get my clothes wet through unless I could immediately change. When I began to foregather with the Indians they laughed at me so that I began to let my clothes dry on—taking care the while to keep warm—and now, provided I can keep warm, I care no more about becoming wet through and allowing my clothes to dry on my body than I do of wetting my hands. I used to be afraid of “night air.” Now I am never so happy in sleeping as when I can sleep right out in the open. I was taught to dread sleeping on the ground. For thirty years I have slept on the ground in dense forests, deep canyons, high mountains, rocky ravines, alkali flats, miasmatic marshes, sandy deserts, everywhere, in snow, rain, sleet, hail and severe frost; and have yet to learn of any injury that has ever come to me from it. I used to suffer terribly from eating apple pie—apples sweetened with sugar. When I learned my new philosophy, I began to eat apple pie, morning, noon and night, if I desired, and I’ve done so ever since with impunity. It was the same with milk and fish, (I was taught this combination was poison; also cherries and milk), and several other combinations which I now regularly take; and, whereas I used to

suffer dreadfully with all the varied forms of dyspepsia, I do not know now that I have a digestion. I used to be afraid of hard physical labor, it made me so weary and exhausted—body and mind. I determined to work so that I should overcome this feeling and now I can say truthfully that I thoroughly enjoy a certain amount of physical labor every day. I used to be deadly afraid of death, but when I began to philosophize I resolved to master—to kill—this fear. Consequently many a time I have planned exploring trips where I knew there was serious danger, in order that if Death stood before me “in visible form,” I should be able to test myself and see whether I was any longer afraid. And now—and I say this without consciousness of boasting—I verily believe that if I were informed that Death was to come to me at a specified time I should hear the news without a single increase of heart-beat or the slightest flutter of the nerves. A few years ago I was severly bitten by a rattlesnake. Physicians and nurses were sure I was going to die. I speak the simple truth when I assert that I never felt the slightest particle of fear or alarm, and this was not the insensibility of ignorance, for I was unusually well informed on the action of snake virus and the danger that might be apprehended therefrom.

I have given these few personal experiences with fear and my method of gaining the mastery with the hope that at least some of my readers will not only grasp the philosophy mentally, but will put it into *actual living practice*. Kill any specific fear and all the worries incident to that fear die with it.

Worry is often the product of *undue sympathy*. We are apt to believe the human heart cannot possess too much sympathy, and personally I believe that is true, but there is sympathy and sympathy, and a wise differentiation between them must be made.

I know a lady who is the general superintendent of her husband's health establishment. Generally there are many patients, of varying degrees of illness, of divergent sufferings and equally divergent needs, all of whom need regular care in certain lines and special care in others. Possessed of a deeply sympa-

thetic nature this lady worried herself to sickness. She was afraid the patients' beds were not comfortable; that the patients were not getting enough food; that the place was too noisy; that her husband was giving one too much attention to the disadvantage of another; that she was not doing all that should be done for the patients; and, if one of them happened to be in pain, she would lie awake all night listening to his groans, every once in awhile getting up to make offers of help that could not be accepted and to suggest things that were utterly impracticable and useless.

Now, does it need any great intellect to discern that this woman's sympathy is *undue* sympathy. It is improperly balanced, morbid, foolish, injurious. Hence it is really no sympathy at all. It is a hindrance instead of a help; an irritant instead of a comfort; a curse instead of a blessing. Harsh though it seems to be to say it, it must nevertheless be said; the patients would be better off without such sympathy. It does more harm than good.

And so it is with all sympathy that worries itself, and in so doing worries its recipient. The thing to consider is: What effect is my sympathy having upon its object. The unduly sympathetic person, unconsciously of course, but none the less certainly, is selfish, in that he gives no thought as to the effect of his action upon the one with whom he sympathises. It is easy for him to sympathise; he does it naturally; that is, he follows the line of least resistance in following the desire of his emotion. Now his duty is to *quit sympathising*, or, at least, to quit showing it. Let him resolutely turn his attention in some other direction, and thus he will find his worries will begin to disappear. It may be hard work to get the ebullient sympathiser to quit. If so, let some one hurt his feelings; the sooner the better. Tell him his sympathy does more harm than good; it is not desired; its objects prefer that he should turn his efforts elsewhere. He will then see that his sympathy has been a *selfish yielding to a morbid passion that did not consider its object so much as it considered itself*.

Unpalatable truth; yet truth none the less.

This truth, once learned, will soon lead the unduly sympathetic away from some of the more serious of his worries and that accomplished, the removal of the rest is comparatively easy.

There are many worries that belong peculiarly to parents. Some of these have already been referred to. A most prolific source of worry, however, is in the parent's refusal to countenance full, free and abundant thought on the part of their children, especially their girls. I know scores of parents who deliberately exclude thinkers from their family circle lest their children become affected, (or afflicted I guess they would call it) with whims, notions, fancies, ideas other than those with which they are familiar. Fortunately this kind of parent is now becoming innocuous owing to the flood of newspapers, magazines and books which almost defy their utmost vigilance. But the spirit is still in existence. It was rife in the church when I was a lad, and is still more common than many people dream. "Believe and be saved, doubt and be damned," were natural corollaries in the minds of many. In speaking of her daughter one lady said: "Oh, why couldn't she have met that nice young rector—if she had to meet some one to put ideas into her head—instead of a Socialist."

One of the greatest mistakes in life is made by a parent when he tries to

exercise autocratic power over the thought of his growing child. Intelligence comes by use of the intellect. Thought should be "uncribb'd, uncabn'd, unconfin'd." Free thought is as essential to proper mental and spiritual development as is free air to physical development. Why will parents be afraid that the eggs they have hatched out will prove to be ugly ducklings? Their worries are all unnecessary. It is of far greater importance that a child's mind should develop naturally and fully than that a father or mother should put bounds to the mind of the child. Too many parents make it a matter of offense if a child wishes something different for himself, herself, than that which the parent had. How often we hear: "What was good enough for me is good enough for my child," and the philosophy of the Negro Jubilee Singer is deemed profound in all religious circles: "The old time religion is good enough for me."

The result is that many young people grow up with the confirmed habit of stultifying thought, if it ever comes to them. They dare not think. They get into the whirl of life, the squirrel-cage stage of existence; and then, when the spirit of true life, the real Holy Spirit, speaks to them, they find oblivion to His voice in their refusal to listen, to hearken, to recognize. Only thus can intelligent souls deaden themselves and approximate themselves to the life of the "madding crowd."



*Wind-swept, rain-spattered, wildly free,
I tread the upward trail, wet tree-arms beckoning me.
Again I see in Nature what is mine;
I feel the friendship of the kindly pine,
And, passing, lay my hand on its moist dress
In soft caress."*

Bailey Millard.
SONGS OF THE PRESS

THE BLUE DERELICT

An incident of the G. A. R. Encampment



By Jo. Hartman



JIM FAGAN bared his head as the flag was lowered. He always did, if in earshot of the cannon that belches its powder across the greensward when Old Glory gently glides down the great white staff that points heavenward, and falls, like a mantle of peace, into the arms of the "boys" in blue who spilled their young blood in her defense.

Jim had been in the HOME almost since it's beginning. He had made friends with no one except, maybe, Patrick Mallory who slept in his own ward and sometimes turned him over in the night when he had a spell with his heart. No one knew where he was born, or where he had lived as a boy; even with Pat he never became confidential. He was never known to read a book or receive a letter,—the latter a sure sign of a doubtful past. Pat swore that once, when he peeked over Jim's shoulder, he saw in an old, battered valise where Fagan kept his Sunday clothes, a wonderful sword of silver ornamented with gold. Some "prisent" from a "furrin" country, he reckoned, as he figured from some things Jim had said in his sleep that he hadn't always lived in the United States. But if Jim had any mementos of previous greatness, he zealously refrained from mentioning such while awake.

It was twelve o'clock. The sun was shining; a faint breeze stirred. Beneath the trees, variegated throngs kept up a continual hum of reminescent greetings to which sweet-throated birds twitted accompaniment. The white, geranium-edged walks that wound thru beautiful, cool groves and bowers of fragrant flowers, were sensuous paths of moving humanity. Truly the East, the West, the North and the South were one today! Men were ambling along there who had left their good limbs at Gettysburg

or the Wilderness; some were there whose eyes still glowed with the indomitable light of victory; and some there were whose heads drooped with defeat because Life for them had been harder and more cruel than the War, and Hope no longer warmed their breasts with its perennial fires.

Jim Fagan looked at it all as from a distance. He was not really one of them; he had died years before at Antietam. He had died because his fair little wife, Annie May, had loved big, handsome Ralph Clemens. Jim knew it and she knew that he knew it. She had been true to him, and would have been so thru all eternity. But her eyes grew haggard and her cheeks grew pale, and her loyalty hurt Jim worse than open treachery would have done.

So he died at Antietam in the thick of the awful carnage, it was reported; that is, the name of Sam McGuire was on the list of the killed; Jim Fagan enlisted and later went to South America, after the Confederate bullets refused to have anything to do with him. "Dam them Rebel sharpshooters, can't they hit a willin' target when its standin' broadside to" he used to mutter in disgust when the hissing lead spattered around him and he "got nary a puncture." So Sam McGuire, deceased, grew a shaggy beard and became Jim Fagan; the Wanderlust whispered siren songs of Forgetfulness in his weary ears, and he heard. He knew that Ralph Clemens would do the right thing by his Annie, and he heard in a roundabout way that they were married shortly after the close of the War. Clemens had made a wonderful record in the New York Dragoons, and Annie would be justly proud of him! There was one thing that Jim Fagan did not hear, Annie had borne him a son. It lived only a month, and when Annie May buried it,

she wept for its father too. For Sam had been a good husband and he was the father of her child, and of course she loved him in a way! And Ralph Clemens had always kept the little grave green, with flowers growing upon it, for he too had loved the clumsy, great-hearted Sam.

Suddenly Jim was seized with the desire to get away. Everyone else knew somebody; everyone else was getting a cordial handshake from an old comrade or boyhood friend—how affection leaps the Bridge of Time and beholds in the bent and aged, the companion of Used to Be—. He felt terribly alone. No one had noticed him but a little, blue-eyed wisp of a girl. She had tiptoed up to him and whispered "Is ou lonesum?" and then scampered guiltily away.

He started back to his barracks where he had left his old briar pipe. He would go back and smoke a bit and maybe he would feel steadier. He had missed his dinner but he didn't feel hungry. He passed a group seated on the grass; they were talking delightedly and eating a dainty lunch. There was a gentle, sweet-faced old lady, there was a young man beside her, some other people and—Jim stopped and stared hard, "Could there be more than one man with a

queer scar on his chin? Was it, could it be, YES it was, RALPH CLEMENS! And that dear old lady with the soft, dark eyes, she was ANNIE! His ANNIE MAY! No, not *bis* Annie for was he not *dead*?"

Something in Jim's heart went wrong; it hadn't been working at all well of late. He grew faint, his knees gave way and he sank unconscious upon the grass. A doctor from the Hospital happened to be near and called the ambulance; Jim Fagan was carried swiftly away. That night Patrick Mallory dreamed he heard a groan. "Faith, 'tis Fagan's heart" and with a bound Pat was on his feet by Jim's bed. When he awoke, he was turning Jim's pillow over tenderly onto its right side. Something warm and moist was falling on his hand—the first 'salt drops' in half a century were dripping from Pat's eyes. "Pat," he ejaculated, "You're a snivelin', blitherin' idjot, get t' bed wid ye! Anyhow I hope they put Fagan on 'is *right* side!"

The Stars and Stripes that the Blue Derelict loved so well, flutter now above his upturned face—his head is bared in perpetual salute. Jim Fagan is No. — up on the hill back of the HOME where sleep the fast filling ranks of Dead Heroes.



THE DUAL PERSONALITY of AUGUST STRINDBERG

An Impressionistic View of the Man

By Harold Berman

BARELY SIX MONTHS AGO we were celebrating the sixty third birthday anniversary of August Strindberg, the Swedish author, little thinking that we should so soon be standing at his bier, and that this powerful man, powerful in more senses than one, should be cut off in his prime, ere the web of life was quite spent and worn out. That he will be mourned as well as missed, in the world of letters, at least of his country, there can be no doubt, as the interest displayed in the recent celebrations in his honor amply attest his great popularity. August Strindberg was one of the most original features in the Scandinavian literature of the present day, that Trinity of petty kingdoms which contributed so many gigantic figures to the ranks of the world's thinkers and teachers.

His was a dual nature, a blending of two contradictory elements, not a chemical synthesis, however, where two, or more, elements are converted into one, but a mere blending of elements where each one of the ingredients remains practically distinct and easily separable,—a soul compounded of Jekyll and Hyde elements. He was made up of a series of inconsistencies, contradictions, puzzles and moods which were subject to frequent changes "without notice" and his philosophy of life, his *Weltauschauung*, reflects its blending, in turn, of many contradictory, mutually-destructive systems such as—Naturalistic philosophy of Rousseau, the brute man system of Nietzsche, the intense, enervating pessimism of Schopenhauer and Hartmann and the gloom, superstition and mysticism of his great Slav contemporaries; and of each of these systems he, in turn, borrowed something, that which he found suitable rather for his native temperament, or momentary mood at the time of the execution of any partic-

ular piece of work. And so we behold in turn his "Chandalah" and "Axel Borg" the powerful reflection of the Nietzschean system, while in the "Life of a Fool," "The Confessions of a Fool," and the "Gehenna," we behold before us a satirical arraignment of social conditions and conventional thought and beliefs, and his "Legends" and "The Road to Damascus" are permeated with the spirit of Catholicism, while still other of his works are unmistakably Atheistic and Socialistic in their tendency. Indeed, in his autobiographical work called "The Past of a Fool" he attempts to explain these contradictions in his makeup by attributing them to the great disparity in the respective stations of life of his parents, as, whereas his father came of an aristocratic lineage, his mother was, before her marriage, a serving maid of lowly peasant stock and antecedents. A few, the most salient, points of a singularly original life may be quoted here.

Born in Stockholm in January of the year 1849 of a family that, from his father's side, hailed originally from Finland where they had been prominent for several generations past. Right in the very early years of tender, impressionable childhood, at the age where all other children are still sojourning in the Elysium of happy dreams and childhood Fairies, screened and sheltered from the stressing actualities and storms of life, he had already met face to face that stern and gaunt knight—Want. He displayed early his originality of thought, which was coupled with an indomitable, iron will, and it were these very unconventional qualities of his that caused him to become a bird of passage, to flit frequently from school to school and, afterwards, from occupation to occupation and one branch of study to another, finally deciding to adopt lit-

erature as his vocation. In his domestic relations he was most unhappy; his excessive and greatly exaggerated individualism proving the greatest obstacle in the path of a happy conjugal relationship, which is based on the principle of sacrifice, and frequently calls for acts of self-abnegation and self-effacement. For three successive times in his career he essayed to embark upon the troubled waters of matrimony, each one of his successive enterprises ending in a tragic shipwreck. To illustrate his moods and the frequency with which he exchanged his beliefs, it is but necessary to mention the fact that he made his debut in the world of letters as an outspoken Socialist and fighter in the ranks of Democracy, which opinions he soon exchanged for the cult of the Superman and that of the Intellectual Aristocracy, to be followed later, by a belief in the Occult and Alchemy, to be followed once more and again by Atheism and Catholicism in turn! So that the great critic George Brandes was quite right in describing him as an enigma, a being that is not classifiable or assignable to his proper genre, so much so that, when in 1886 Strindberg published in a newspaper one of his most savage and audacious allegorical attacks on existing society, Brandes was led to make inquiries of the publication in question as to the possibility of there being a mistake in the printed article, a question which had to be replied to in the negative. Strindberg's earliest and quite premature works, namely three dramas named successively "In Rome" "The Traitor" and "Master Olag" appeared as long ago as 1869 and attracted but little attention at the time. But ten years later he took the literary fraternities of his fatherland by storm by his merciless and analytical satire of the customs, beliefs, and literary ideals of his countrymen, which were on the whole modelled upon the pattern of the backward, quite bizarre middle-class ideals and outlook, a spirit then rampant all through Scandinavia, which he mercilessly pilloried and against which such men as Brandes and Isben had, sooner or later, to wage a bitter and wearying war. And he was, in turn, lauded by some into the very heavens and reviled by others as

a traitor of his own people and country. To these latter he at once made reply with a still more mercilessly satirical piece called "A New Kingdom" for which the authorities duly caused his indictment before the bar of justice and which led him to forsake, in disgust, his native land and seek the shelter of more congenial surrounding elsewhere. Strindberg, in his quality of a protestant spirit and his incisive satirical moods, greatly resembles that other, and greater, fellow-Scandinavian, Ibsen. Yet it must be said that he differs from his great contemporary in his lack of sustained, consistent and sustaining principles. For his soul was like a carpet woven of many disharmonious colors whose tones never could blend into a harmonious whole, a mass of contradictions which was ever prone to change, and unlooked-for inconsistencies, his spirit being ever restless and searching, ever prowling beneath the great veil of mystery. The question which occupied his mind most of all was the great and burning sex-problem which, according to him, formed but part and parcel of the great feminine question in general. In his more youthful days he even appears as the friend of woman and as a pleader of her cause, changing his course gradually and with the lapse of time until we behold him in his later works as the outspoken woman-hater, as one who, like the early Christian fathers and Tolstoy in the present age, would fain consider her as the primal source of all evil which obtains here below, as a being which was especially created for no other purpose than to serve as a snare to lure man forward from the paths of rectitude and virtue to fall into the mire of sin and misery. All of which, however, may have been but the reflex action of his own experience, inspired by his own unfortunate ventures in the matrimonial field. As illustrative of his extremely individualistic outlook, it is but necessary to quote one of his sayings which contains the pith of his philosophy. "All, or rather that little which I know, revolves but on one single axis and that single axis is myself, I being the center as well as the aim of the universe," which is true Nietzschean in its overwhelming and tremendous

adoration of the Ego and the absolute blindness to the influences of heredity and environment and society wherein your lot is cast. Therefore, is it quite comprehensible why his various works exhibit such a partial—shall we say perverted?—viewpoint, such a strong, easily noticed Tandenz, for he is capable of describing life only as he subjectively beholds it, subject to his own coloring and interpretation of same, his own particular Weltanschauung which was, like his native land, bleak, and rocky and cold, or like the "Black Monk" of Chekhoff who carries along with him his nocturnal temperament wherever he happens to go so that even the gay ball room assumes for him the funeral aspect which his diseased imagination

conjures up for him. Strindberg was a great psychologist, one who burrows, mole-like, deeply into the soil, the heart of every human being whom he essays to portray for us; so much so, that his analyses, even more than those of the Russian Realists like Tolstoy and Gogol, almost appal us with their nakedness, their exposed inner mechanism which appear not a little wierd to the eye of the average unsophisticated man, seem almost like phantoms or beings of the nether regions, so terrible and forbidding do they appear to us. For, Strindberg had ears to "hear the word unspoken," and had eyes adjusted to see the things hidden in the deep darkness of the night, things enshrouded with the thick pall of mystery and unfathomable secrecy.



WALT WHITMAN'S

Wonderful Testimony to the Curative Power of Natural Methods

POWER OF THE SUN AND AIR BATHS

Walt Whitman's fame and power as a natural philosopher is growing day by day. One of the finest things to be found in his Prose Works is especially applicable to California, where sleeping out-of-doors, sun, air and mud baths, are found to be so helpful and beneficial. For the benefit of our readers, therefore, we have pleasure in quoting his description of

A SUN BATH.

"*Sunday, Aug. 27.* Another day quite free from mark'd prostration and pain. It seems indeed as if peace and nutriment from heaven subtly filter into me as I slowly hobble down these country lanes and across fields, in the good air—as I sit here in solitude with nature—open, voiceless, mystic, far removed, yet palpable, eloquent Nature. I merge myself in the scene, in the perfect day. Hovering over the clear brook-water, I am sooth'd by its soft gurgle in one place, and the hoarser murmurs of its three-foot fall in another. Come, ye

disconsolate, in whom any latent eligibility is left—come get the sure virtues of creek-shore, and wood and field. Two months (July and August, '77,) have I absorbed them, and they begin to make a new man of me. Every day, seclusion—every day at least two or three hours of freedom, bathing, no talk, no bonds, no dress, no books, no *manners*.

Shall I tell you, reader, to what I attribute my already much restored health? That I have been almost two years, off and on, without drugs and medicines, and daily in the open air. Last summer I found a particularly secluded little dell off one side by my creek, originally a large dug-out marl-pit, now abandon'd, fill'd with bushes, trees, grass, a group of willows, a straggling bank, and a spring of delicious water running right through the middle of it, with two or three little cascades. Here I retreated every hot day, and follow it up this summer. Here I realize the meaning of that old fellow who said he was seldom less alone than when alone. Never before did I get so close to Nature; never before did she come so

close to me. By old habit, I pencill'd down from time to time, almost automatically, moods, sights, hours, tints and outlines, on the spot. Let me specially record the satisfaction of this current forenoon, so serene and primitive, so conventionally exceptional, natural.

An hour or so after breakfast I wended my way down to the recesses of the afore-said dell, which I and certain thrushes, cat-birds, etc., had all to ourselves. A light south-west wind was blowing through the tree-tops. It was just the place and time for my Adamic air-bath and flesh-brushing from head to foot. So hanging clothes on a rail near by, keeping old broadbrim straw on head and easy shoes on feet, havn't I had a good time the last two hours! First with the stiff-elastic bristles rasping arms, breast, sides, till they turn'd scarlet—then partially bathing in the clear waters of the running brook—taking everything very leisurely, with many rests and pauses—stepping about barefooted every few minutes now and then in some neighboring black ooze, for unctuous mud-bath to my feet—a brief second and third rinsing in the crystal running waters—rubbing with the fragrant towel—slow, negligent promenades on the turf up and down in the sun, varied with occasional rests, and further frictions of the bristle-brush—sometimes carrying my portable chair with me from place to place, as my range is quite extensive here, nearly a hundred rods, feeling quite secure from intrusion, (and that indeed I am not at all nervous about, if it accidentally happens.)

As I walk'd slowly over the grass, the sun shone out enough to show the shadow

moving with me. Somehow I seem'd to get identity with each and every thing around me, in its condition. Nature was naked, and I was also. It was too lazy, soothing and joyous-equable to speculate about. Yet I might have thought somehow in this vein: Perhaps the inner-never-lost-rapport we hold with earth, light, air, trees, etc., is not to be realized through eyes and mind only, but through the whole corporeal body, which I will not have blinded or bandaged any more than the eyes. Sweet, sane, still Nakedness in Nature!—ah, if poor, sick, prurient humanity in cities might really know you once more! Is not nakedness then indecent? No, not inherently. It is your thought, your sophistication, your fear, your respectability, that is indecent. There come moods when these clothes of ours are not only too irksome to wear, but are themselves indecent. Perhaps indeed he or she to whom the free exhilarating ecstasy of nakedness in Nature has never been eligible (and how many thousands there are!) has not really known what purity is—nor what faith or art or health really is. (Probably the whole curriculum of first-class philosophy, beauty, heroism, form, illustrated by the old Hellenic race—the highest height and deepest aepth known to civilization in those departments—came from their natural and religious idea of Nakedness.)

Many such hours, from time to time, the last two summers—I attribute my partial rehabilitation largely to them. Some good people may think it a feeble or half-crack'd way of spending one's time and thinking. May-be it is."



“And full these truths eternal
O'er the yearning spirit steal,
That the real is the ideal,
And the ideal is the real.”

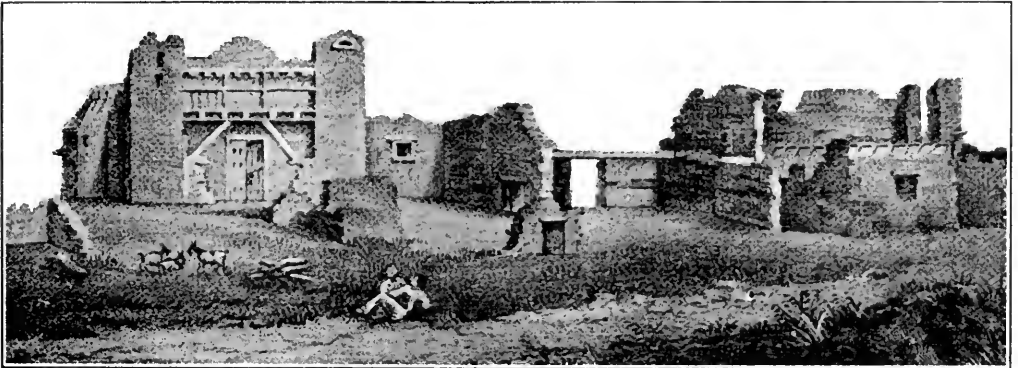
Joaquin Miller.

The PECOS MISSION at the SAN DIEGO EXPOSITION

WORLD'S FAIRS have been deemed appropriate as celebrations of great events. As such they are mile stones of human progress.

It was appropriate to mark the 100th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, through the medium of the Centennial Exposition held in Philadelphia in 1876. It was significant of great things accomplished, to celebrate at Chicago in 1893 the 400th anniversary of the end of Columbus's voyage of discovery which gave to the world a new continent. Other expositions have not been idly planned or carried out. Behind each has been a motif founded on some eventful period in the history of the country or of the section marked by the celebration. It is edifying to have the past recalled and by comparison with

one from the other. Long ago London had her Crystal Palace; later on the celebration of the Centennial of the World's greatest Republic made Philadelphia distinctive. Paris built her Eiffel Tower, Chicago was made notorious through her Midway Plaisance. Another great show by the Father of Waters glorified in displaying corn as high as a house, pumpkins as big as a bushel basket and cattle rivalling the elephant in size and weight. On the Pacific Coast, the Totem Pole and Giant Timber have been made distinctive as features extratordinary at world's fairs and a third Occidental exposition is announced for the principal city in Northern California which is to invite displays from all over the world in art, science and every department of human industry to make this exposition the greatest ever held as



Old Pecos (Catholic)

—Reprint from Emory's Account

the present show the progress that men have made in the interim between the event and its celebration.

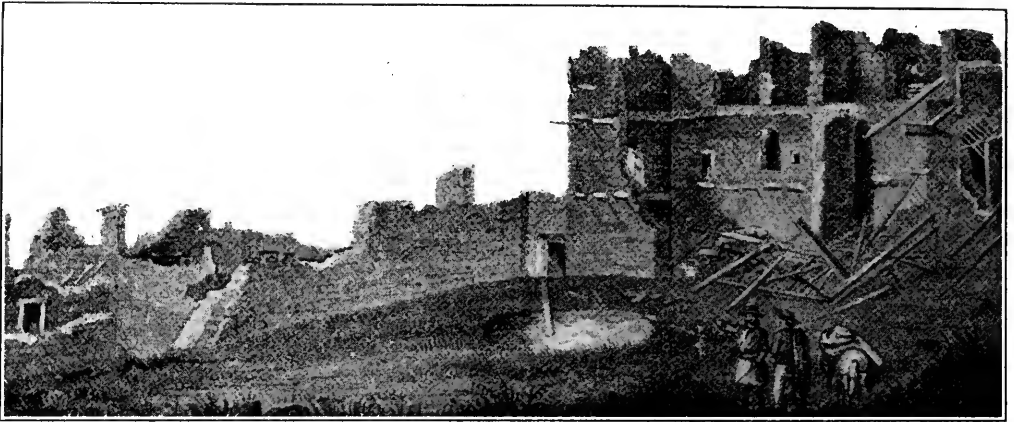
It was to be expected that a celebration would be planned to mark the completion of that great dream of Balboa, the Panama Inter-oceanic canal, and it was natural that San Diego, should decide first of all American cities to hold an exposition for that purpose in 1915, for History associates San Diego with the ventures of the old time adventurers and San Diego, possessed of the first safe harbor north of the Canal in United States territory, is most vitally affected as the first port of call. So the Panama-California Exposition at San Diego is both significant and appropriate.

All expositions of the past have been noted for some distinctive feature which differentiated

a medium to display commercial progress.

Originality is the key note of the San Diego Exposition. The San Diego exposition will be an exposition of progress. Its buildings in architecture and character of exhibits, its general plan in concrete form will be to tell the story of Human Progress through the ages, and to show the evolution of Man from the pre-historic days down to the modern hustling, bustling present, with the opportunities for further development.

In this "strange eventful history" Archaeology will necessarily occupy a prominent place, for only through archaeology can the conditions of a civilization ante dating historical narrative, be known. History will also be called upon to fashion designs for the reproduction of ancient landmarks which will tell a quaint story



Old Pecos Ruin, Pueblo of Cicuye

—Reprint from Emory's Account

of people who once lived where we now dwell, or made their habitations in the country round about us.

Civilization on the Pacific Coast and in all of the states contiguous thereto began when holy men built Missions for the purpose of converting and educating the primitive peoples who dwelt there. These men of the faith built better than they knew, and there is a debt of gratitude due their memories from all who are now happy and prosperous in the land where they once lived, and, in some cases watered the soil with their blood.

These states will participate with San Diego in her great exposition, and they will conform to the general scheme and concrete idea in the buildings they will construct and the exhibits they will install.

Prominent among these is New Mexico, who proposes a building and an exhibit which will not be outclassed in historical interest by any display in the exposition. If the recommendations of the New Mexico state Commissioners are carried out, New Mexico will hold foremost place in the originality of her building.

It is proposed to reproduce the old Catholic Mission and Convent at the Pueblo of Pecos, which is the oldest Spanish Church monument in the United States. There has been some speculation as to the exact age of this old church which has never been definitely settled, but it is certain that it was not built at any time within the sixteenth century. It was in all probability constructed some time after 1629. The ruins of this old Pecos church, the convent and the nearby pueblo of Cicuye are to be found near the village of Rowe on the line of the Santa Fe railway. It was by the name of Cicuye that the Pueblo where this church and convent were built was first known to the Spanish explorers in the sixteenth century, and it is from their records, as written by their historians, that we today may know anything at all concerning a people who eighty years before the Pilgrims landed on the inhospitable shores of the New England Coast, were discovered by Spanish explorers, living in many chambered houses in a community estimated by the his-

torian of the Coronado expedition and other explorers who came later at from ten to twenty thousand souls. This church was the place of worship for the people and was said to be the finest in New Mexico at that time, 26 different churches and convents having been built by the Franciscans subsequent to the report made by Zarate-Salmeron the historian.

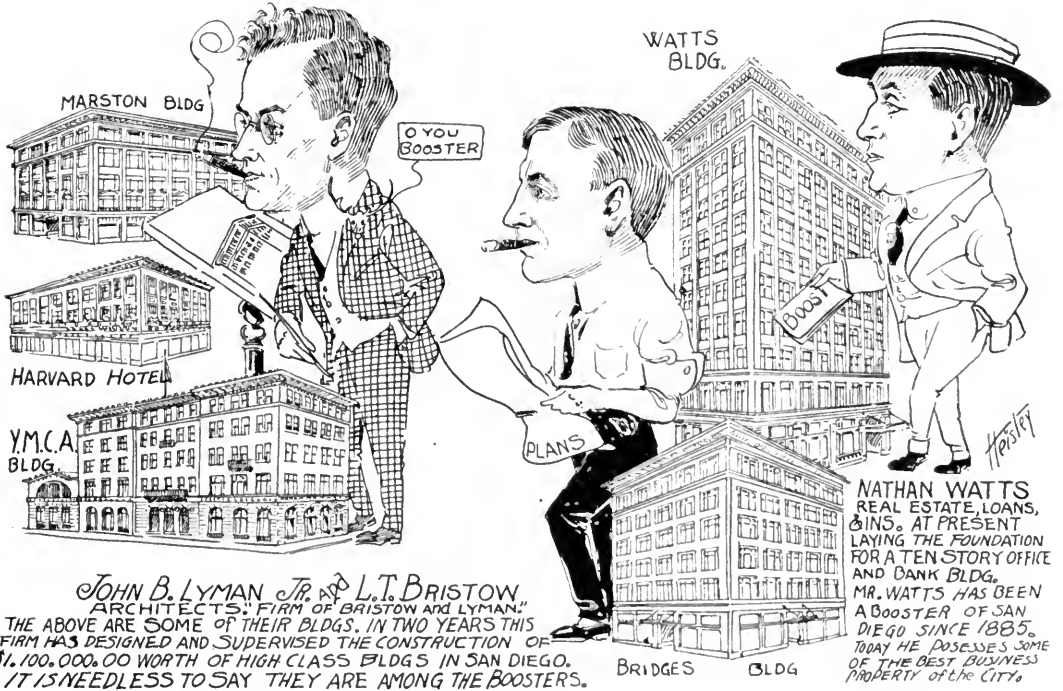
The idea of reproducing the old church at the San Diego exposition is unique in its conception and the exhibits which will be installed inside will tell a story all its own of the present resources of New Mexico. The building itself will prove an attraction for lovers of the romantic and the ancient, and New Mexico will stand alone in originality in building and its adaptation to the purposes for which it will be constructed, for such a building is not possible from any other state.

We are indebted to Colonel Ralph E. Twitchell, historian, president of the Historical Society of New Mexico and a member of the New Mexico Exposition Commission, for the following interesting data on the Pecos church and the pueblo where it was established.

"Passing the station of Rowe in a few minutes, the ruins strike the view," states Colonel Twitchell in his history of the old church. "The old red walls, fast crumbling, stand boldly out upon the little tableland, and just beyond and to the north are two low brown ridges, the remains of the old communal houses, where lived, at the time of Coronado, more people than in any other single community within what are now the boundaries of the United States.

The building was a rectangle, originally about one hundred and fifty feet in length from east to west and about sixty feet from north to south. The entrance was to the west, the eastern wall still standing in part. Twenty-five years ago the gate-ways were capped by heavy lintels of hewn cedar. These long since have been carried away by the vandal and the relic hunter.

As late as 1858 the roof was still upon the building. The church was probably about 35 feet high. According to tradition it had but one belfry and a single bell, but a very large one. The Indians from the pueblo of San Cris-



JOHN B. LYMAN JR. & L.T. BRISTOW ARCHITECTS; FIRM OF BRISTOW AND LYMAN. THE ABOVE ARE SOME OF THEIR BLDGS. IN TWO YEARS THIS FIRM HAS DESIGNED AND SUPERVISED THE CONSTRUCTION OF \$1,100,000.00 WORTH OF HIGH CLASS BLDGS IN SAN DIEGO. IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY THEY ARE AMONG THE BOOSTERS.

NATHAN WATTS REAL ESTATE, LOANS, & INS. AT PRESENT LAYING THE FOUNDATION FOR A TEN STORY OFFICE AND BANK BLDG. MR. WATTS HAS BEEN A BOOSTER OF SAN DIEGO SINCE 1885. TODAY HE POSSESSES SOME OF THE BEST BUSINESS PROPERTY OF THE CITY.

tobal in 1680 carried it off, it is said, to the top of the mesa, where it was broken. A portion of this old bell was seen by me once at Pecos town. What has become of it I don't know.

The walls of the structure have an average thickness of five feet, the adobe bricks were made in the same manner as those of today. Wheat-straw is found in their composition, also small pieces of obsidian and broken pottery. The adobes undoubtedly were made close to the building itself. On the right side of the arroyo, near the ruin, there is a deposit of red clay, like that of which the adobes in the church are made. A very large area of this red clay appears to have been excavated and used for the purpose of making adobes. The fact that pieces of pottery are found in the adobes shows the place where the adobes were made was undoubtedly occupied by habitations before the church was constructed.

On my first visit to the old church I took occasion to note the style of carvings of the ancient timbers. These were all hand squared—hewn with an axe. The ornaments, scrolls and friezes were very quaint. Today all have been carried off and not a vestige of the old timbers remain.

South of the church was a wall, made of adobe, which, with the wall of the church seems to have formed a covered passageway. Immediately adjoining is a terrace of red earth. Just what was located upon this terrace has fortunately been preserved to us by the drawings made under the direction of Colonel Emory in 1846. It was a convent.

To the north of the church is a wall of broken stones. The mesilla has for its terminal rough

rocky ledges, and this wall stretches across its entire width, about one hundred and thirty feet. Beyond the mesilla are the crumbled ruins of the old pueblo structure.

There is a wall of circumvallation made apparently of broken stones and earth. This wall was three thousand, two hundred and twenty feet in length. It was about six feet high and a little less than two feet in thickness. There was a gateway on the west side, which was about 12 feet wide. There also was a tower on each side, made of stone and mixed with earth. These towers were about 13 or 14 feet in diameter. Guards were mounted in these towers night and day.

Inside the wall mentioned were constructed the great houses of the pueblo. One of these houses was about four hundred and forty-five feet long, sixty-three feet in width, and four stories high. In this structure, according to the best authority, there were no fewer than five hundred and seventeen rooms. These rooms were very nearly of equal size, nine by sixteen by twelve. The ruins of this house show that it was built of stone, a red and gray sandstone. The ruins of the other buildings show that it was at least as large as, if not larger, than the one mentioned. The second ruin contained beyond all doubt nearly six hundred rooms. There were two other large houses and several smaller structures inside the wall.

The earliest traditions as to the pueblo of Pecos came down to us through Pedro de Castaneda, a soldier in Coronado's army in 1540.

The positive evidence as to this pueblo comes to us through the historian of the Coronado expedition. Francisco Vasquez Coronado, after

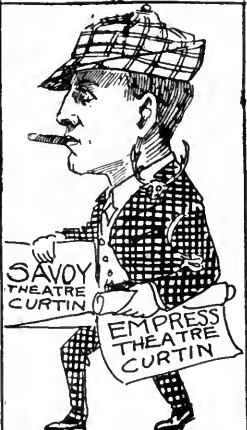
the fall of Cibola, and the assault on the pueblo of Hawaikuh (Old Zuni) sent his lieutenant, Hernando de Alvarado, with 20 men to visit the pueblo called Ciuye. While occupying the pueblo of Hawaikuh, visiting Indians from the pueblo of Cicuye had come to Coronado and made him presents, consisting of tanned hides, shields and helmets. These hides were of the buffalo. Alvarado reached Cicuye, having come by way of the valley of the Rio Grande, passing by the present city of Albuquerque and leaving the Rio Grande near the present Indian town of Santo Domingo.

When Coronado left New Mexico on his return to New Spain, two years later, two Franciscan priests remained behind, Father Juan de Padilla, who was killed by the Indians of Quivira and Father Luis, who remained at the Pueblo of Pecos. Before leaving the valley of the Rio Grande for New Spain, Coronado sent to Father Luis the remainder of the sheep which he had brought from New Spain for his army. This is the last that is known of Father Luis. Pecos, then, was the first "mission" in New Mexico, and the oldest in the United States."

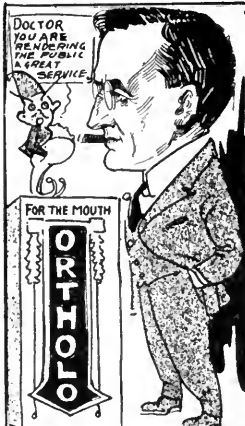
A feature of the New Mexico exhibit in the unique old Church, will be daily lectures with moving pictures that will tell the story of our oldest yet youngest sister. Dealing with her historical past and brilliant future, the elements of human interest will predominate. The real stories of American civilization and progress will be heard within the capacious walls of the New Mexico building at the San Diego exposition in 1915.



F. M. SPENCER
MANAGER OF R. G. DUN & CO. THE MAN WHO CAN TELL YOUR STANDING FINANCIALLY. A GOOD BOOSTER ALSO.



C. A. BACKMAN OWNS, CONTROLS PRINTS & PUBLISHES THEATRICAL PROGRAMMES, CURTAINS IN ALL PICTURE SHOWS.



DR. C. E. MARSH THE BOOSTER DENTIST, CONDUCTING WITH HIS REGULAR PRACTICE A LARGE MANFG BUSINESS.



C. R. HAMMAND COUNTY AUDITOR, ONE OF SAN DIEGO'S BEST BOOSTERS.



DR. CHARLES F. FREEMAN D.D.S. CONDUCTING ONE OF THE LARGEST DENTAL PRACTICES IN THE CITY.



HUGH BALDWIN ONE OF SAN DIEGO'S CHIEF BOOSTERS AND A HALF-FELLOW WELL MET.

Gentlemen

A few weeks ago a train from the East brought me to San Diego, - nothing short of a haase can take me out again.

Our city can use men of letters - including mail-carriers and artists, so I'll stay. Especially can it use an artist who can draw - Business - that's my line!

I learned to draw early - first my breaths then my salary, (I was always good at both), now I draw Business with a capital 'B'. Let me draw it for you.

W. W. Bush

W. W. BUSH
ARTIST
201 AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

DELL W. HARRIS
ARCHITECT

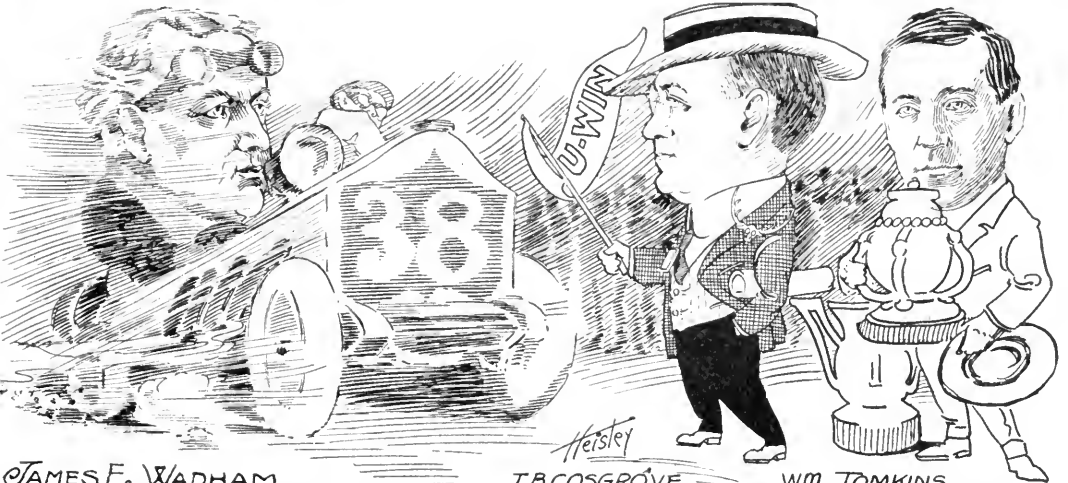


MR. HARRIS HAS BEEN A RESIDENT FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS NATIVE SON FORMELY OF SAN JOSE CAL. MR. HARRIS DESIGNED THE NEW 5 STORY W.O.W. BLDG., THE AMELIA APTS., PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK AT NATIONAL CITY, PEOPLES STATE BANK AT CHULA VISTA, MASON BLDG AT CORONADO.

BOOST FOR SANDIEGO.
Heistley

J.V. MOORE
SUPT. DELL HARRIS ARCHITECT

NEW HOTEL



JAMES E. WADHAM
ATTY AT LAW, MAYOR OF SAN DIEGO, WINNER OF THE SAN DIEGO PHOENIX ROAD RACE IN THE OUTLAW CLASS. A REAL MAYOR, A GOOD SPORT, AND THE BEST BOOSTER ONEARTH FOR SAN DIEGO.

T.B. COSGROVE
MAYOR WADHAM'S LAW PARTNER A BOOSTER AND A LEADING ATTORNEY.

WM. TOMPKINS
MGR OF THE EMPRESS THEATRE, THE 'LOVING CUD KID' OF CALIFORNIA ABOUT, PRESENT THE MAYOR WITH A CUP.



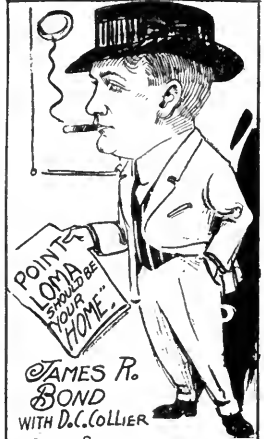
Boost.
A.E. FLOWERS
 PRESIDENT OF "SAN DIEGO AD CLUB" PUBLISHER OF "SAN DIEGO TOURIST." & BOOSTER



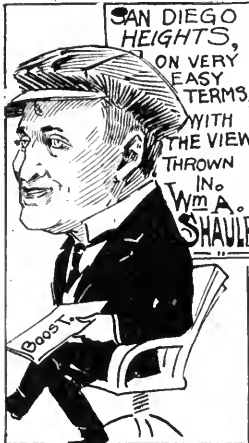
E.A. HORNBECK
 MGR. OF SAN DIEGO STONE CO. FURNISHED STONE FOR U.S. GRANT HOTEL @ SPECKELS BLDG & OTHERS.



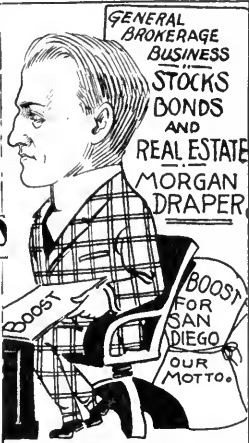
E.J. KOBLER
 SALES MGR. OF THE BUCKMAN SPRINGS WATER CO. A LIVE WIRE & A BOOSTER.



JAMES P. BOND
 WITH D.C. COLLIER
 ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL REALTY MEN OF SAN DIEGO. POINT LOMA PROPERTY HIS SPECIALTY. JAMES IS THERE WITH A BOOST AT ALL TIMES.



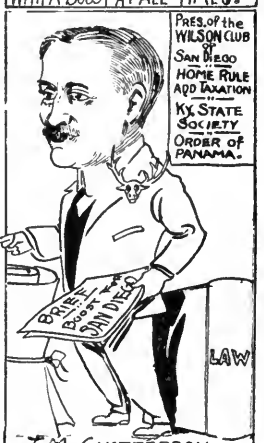
SAN DIEGO HEIGHTS
 ON VERY EASY TERMS, WITH THE VIEW THROWN IN.
Wm. A. SHAVLES



GENERAL BROKERAGE BUSINESS
STOCKS BONDS AND REAL ESTATE
MORGAN DRAPER



WILL S. KING
 CIVIL ENGINEER. THIRTY YEARS SAN DIEGO'S STANDBY, A GRAND MAN, AND A SUCCESSFUL ENGINEER SUB DIVISION WORK ASPIRANTLY.



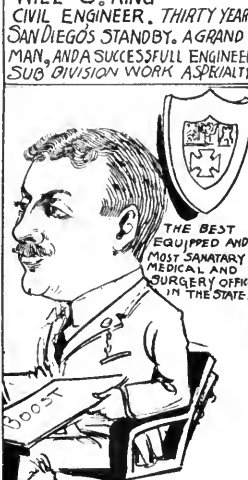
J.M. CHATTERSON
 PRES. OF THE WILSON CLUB SAN DIEGO
 PRES. OF THE HOPE RULE ADD LAMATION KY. STATE SOCIETY ORDER OF PANAMA.
 ATTY AT LAW, PRACTICING THIRTY YEARS, A LEADER IN MANY SOCIETIES OF SAN DIEGO.



DR. THOMAS WIER MD.
 GRADUATE OF THE MEDICAL DEPT. OF WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY ST. LOUIS MO. 22ND DEGREE MASON & BOOSTER



Col. Bob MONROE
 Ex Mayor of NATIONAL CITY, ILL. CHIEF SPECIAL AGENT FOR ST. LOUIS NATIONAL STOCK YARDS FOR SIXTEEN YEARS. NOW A BOOSTER FOR SAN DIEGO.



DR. E.P. CHARTRES - MARTIN
 THE BEST EQUIPPED AND MOST SANITARY MEDICAL AND SURGERY OFFICE IN THE STATE.
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. GRADUATE OF DURHAM UNIVERSITY ROYAL COLLEGE, LONDON ENGLAND



E.V. WINNEK
 ATTY AT LAW.
 PRACTICING LAW SINCE 1900 OF THE LAW FIRM OF L.A. WRIGHT AND WINNEK. ONE OF THE LIVEWIRTS OF SAN DIEGO.

B.K. GILLESPIE
FOR
SIGHT
SEEING
EVERYTHING
STARTS AT
U.S. GRANT
HOTEL
19 WAY TO
TRAVEL

Proprietor and manager of the Grant Hotel Auto Livery the San Diego Sight Seeing Companies and manager of the Grant Hotel Livery Garage. Mr. Gillespie has done much to advertise this city and its environs. In addition to the other sight-seeing equipment Mr. Gillespie also has a number of aeroplanes. He was born in Bryan, Ohio, coming to San Diego in 1929.

SCOTT PALMER
OF THE SAVOY THEATRE
THE PLACE THAT EVERY
BODY KNOWS. SCOTT IS
KNOWN FOR SINGING GOOD
SHOWS.

YOU SOLD OUT!

WALTER FULKERSON
OF THE FIRM OF PALMER
BROS CONSTRUCTION CO.
ONE OF THE SAVOY MGRS.
ALIVE WIRE.

I JUST LOVE TO MOVE THINGS!

DR. ROBT SMART
WHO IS ENJOYING
ONE OF THE LARGEST
HIGH CLASS PRACTICES IN
THE CITY BESIDES HIS
REGULAR PRACTICE. HE IS
HOUSE PHYSICIAN AT
THE U.S. GRANT HOTEL

GEORGE BURNHAM

For a number of years, possibly more than a decade, Mr. Burnham has been doing his best for the city of San Diego. He is Fourth Vice-President of the Espinosa. He is now general manager of the San Diego Securities Company, and is also largely respected in what he and many others consider the most beautiful residential section of America. Pore Loma.

CARL ALEXANDER,
JOHNSON
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR
SPECIALTY COMMERCIAL
AND CORPORATIONS.

GEORGE J. BACH

Secretary-Treasurer San Diego Securities Company. Born and educated in New York City. Coming to and making San Diego his home 1921. Entered real estate business and development enterprises. Principal holder in the Lakeside Lands and Water Company, also in Moore Blue Irregular Farms.

BOOST

WM F. LUDINGTON

Born and educated in Indianapolis, Indiana. Has made San Diego his home and place of business since 1894, obtaining success in the insurance and realty business, owning and having subdivided a part of our most popular residential district in La Jolla Park - all of his property commanding ocean view lots.

DURRELLE F. GLIDDEN

Lawyer. Deputy City Attorney of San Diego. Born in New York in 1892, receiving his education at Hillsdale College, Michigan. Arrived in San Diego in 1910, from Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Glidden is a Mason, Knight of Pythias and a member of the Order of Elks, also president of the Federation of States.

A. J. MORGANSTERN
ATTY AT LAW, A LIVE-
WIRE, AND WELL KNOWN
BY ALL WHO KNOW HIM,
PRACTICING LAW FOR THE
PAST 30 YEARS.

LAW

FULTON J. DAVIDSON

Born in Nova Scotia, Canada, and educated at Dalhousie College, Halifax. Mr. Davidson came west in 1883 and settled in New Mexico, coming to San Diego in 1910, seeing so possibilities and believing it destined to grow. The case has to with others of the same opinion. He is the president and general manager of the San Diego Construction Company.

E. MILTON BARBER
CASHIER OF THE
SAN DIEGO SAVINGS
BANK. 21 YEARS WITH
THE PRESENT INSTITUTION,
PRES. OF THE CUYAMACA
CLUB & A BOOSTER.



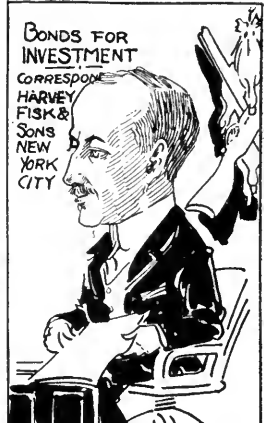
ARTHUR DAVIDOR
HIGH CLASS PROPERTY
HIS SPECIALTY. ONE OF
OUR LARGEST REALTY MEN



GEORGE H. SHREVE
DEPUTY DISTRICT ATTY.
ONE OF SAN DIEGO'S MOST
POPULAR LAWYERS.



A. H. HERRIMANN
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER
A GOODFELLOW AND A
BOOSTER FOR SAN DIEGO.



BONDS FOR INVESTMENT
CORRESPONDENT
HARVEY FISK & SONS
NEW YORK CITY

JOHN H. ANDERSON.
BONDS SUITABLE FOR INV-
STITUTIONS AND PRIVATE
INVESTORS.



DR. R. N. PEARSON
SCIENTIFIC CHIROPDEST
310 TIMKEN BLDG. SANITARY
THE BEST OF
IN EVERY DETAIL. THE FAX. COAST.



JOHN S. SIEBERT
GENERAL ARCHITECTURAL
WORK. A MASON. W.O.W.
AND MACABEE.



EDWARD T. LANNON
ATTY AT LAW, GRADUATE
OF UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO,
VAN DEPT., 1902.



Hershey

F. E. LINDLEY
ATTY AT LAW. GRADUATE
OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.
WITH CLARK
FIRM OF HAMILTON & LINDLEY



JUDGE E. H. LAMME
PRACTICED LAW FOR FORTY
YEARS. ONE OF THE LEGAL
ADVISORY BOARD OF THE EXPOSITION,
AND A BOOSTER AT ALL TIMES.



FRANK LEROY DOTSFORD
Broker Born in Salt Lake City, Utah,
November 1 1874. Mr. Dotsford secured
his education in Los Angeles coming to
San Diego in August 1908. Since which
time he has resided here a prominent fig-
ure in financial and investors circles and
an enthusiastic advocate of every legitimate
endeavor to advance San Diego's welfare



HARRY C. SOPER
MGR OF SAN DIEGO OFFICE
OF THE "WESTERN WHOLESALE
DRUG CO." AND IS FEATURE
LINE OF DRUG SUPPLIES



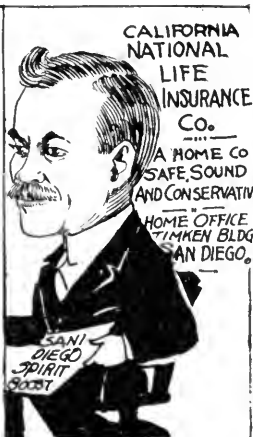
**GEORGE T. VERNON
"TAYLOR"**
CATERING TO HIGH CLASS
TRADE EXCLUSIVELY.



J.S. ALLISON, Sr. D., D.O.
309 TIMKEN BLDG
ONE OF THE ABLEST
IN HIS PROFESSION.



DR. FRED N. STEEN
OSTEOPATHY, EYE, EAR
AND THROAT SPECIALIST.
HAS PRACTICED IN FOREIGN
COUNTRIES. GRADUATE OF
KIRKVILLE MO.



O.H. EVANS
SECY OF THE CALIFORNIA
NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE
COMPANY.



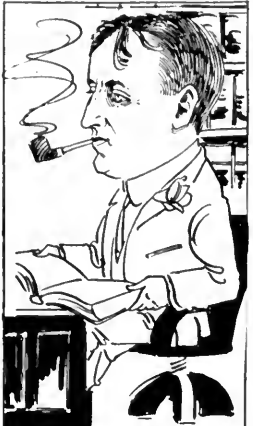
EDWIN T. BANNING
GENL. ARCHITECTAL
WORK. EDUCATED AT BROWN
UNIVERSITY, FORMERLY OF PROVIDENCE
R.I., WHERE HE PRACTICED
FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.



R.M. WELLS
OF WELLS AND LANE CO.
INC.—CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.—
OO—SEVEN YEARS A
BOOSTER.



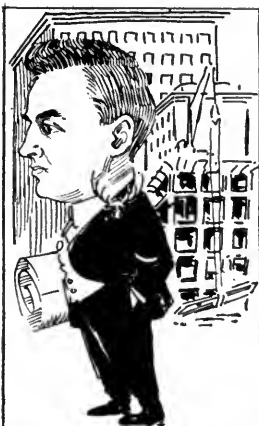
R.D. LANE
WELLS AND LANE INC.
REAL ESTATE
399 LOTS ON TECOLOTE
HEIGHTS HIS SPECIALTY.



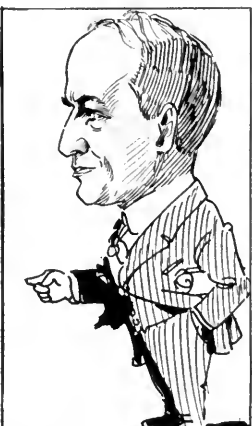
CHARLES G. BRIGGS
ATTY AT LAW. PRACTICING
SINCE 1898. MASON SHRINE
PAST MASTER, DIST DEP GRAND
MASTER, DIST DEP HIGH PRIEST.
A BOOSTER



E.L. SEAVEY
OF THE LAW FIRM
BRIGGS & SEAVEY.
ELK—MASON, K.R. REDMAN
AND A LIVE WIRE.



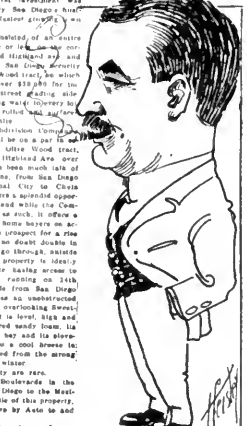
WILLIS J. DEAN
CIVIL STRUCTURAL ENGINEER
FORMERLY WITH JAMES STEWART
AND CO. GENL. CONTRACTORS
OF NEW YORK.



H.W. SCHELD
ATTY AT LAW
PRACTICING SINCE 1901
EX CIVIL ENGINEER, FOR
MANY YEARS FOLLOWING MINING.



IRVING R. DIGBY
VICE PRES OF
SAN DIEGO SUBDIVISION COMPANY
ONE OF OUR BIG
BOOSTERS.



G.W. RUSSELL
SAN DIEGO'S ONE
BEST BOOSTER.

The "Golden" Hill tract was made at National City San Diego and the latter group's was in the County.

The tract consisted of 60 acres lots of 3 1/2 acres more or less, located on corner of 31st street and Highland and the last block of the San Diego Electric Company's Big Olive Wood tract, to which there will be added over 110,000 sq. ft. for the purpose of such as street grading, sidewalks, curbs and piping water. Liberty for all persons to be in the tract and to work with an enclosed tract.

The San Diego Subdivision Company tract with small, will be on a par in every respect with the latter Wood tract, fronting on to the above Highland Ave. area which area there has been much talk of forming an arterial line from San Diego direct through National City to Chula Vista for investment and which the Company will not hold it as such. It offers a greater inducement to home buyers on account of the immediate prospect for a rise in value, as it would not doubt double in value should this line go through, instead of the houses the property is being located for a home site. Building areas in the street's low now ranging on 31st Street, 20 minutes ride from San Diego and 100 feet. It has an unobstructed view of the mountains overlooking San Diego and the very best, a red sand loam. It also fronts on to the bay and its streets this will all have a view of the bay; in fact, and is situated on the bay in winter.

View of National City area.

One of the best. In fact, the Chula Vista from San Diego to the Mexican side which is a mile of this property, making a splendid drive by Auto to and from the City.

All lots are 50x120 and suitable residential lots are placed on the tract to insure desirable surroundings. Some of the three acres in the County are to be used in the building, the photographs herewith shows give a fair idea of the tract and its surroundings.

You should inquire at once, which means that you are not to lose beautiful lots, small parcels, down and better results.

SEE YOUR FAVORITE REALTY MAN REALTY DEPARTMENT OF SAN DIEGO SUBDIVISION CO.

IN THE EDITOR'S DEN.



That there are two sides to a wise, limited and inspected practice of vivisection in the hands of scientific and competent men may be granted—though many scientific experts claim that vivisection has never yet benefitted mankind. But that such actions are tolerated and permitted as those reported from *The Journal of Experimental Medicine*, Dec. 1, 1911, would be almost beyond belief, were it not that the reports of the experimentation of so-called expert biologists have taught us that nothing is too cruel, too hideous, too inhuman while they are under the evil hypnotism of their cutting-up craze. The title of the article is "A Cutaneous Reaction in Syphilis," and the experiments were by Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, and in it he states that he has inoculated 146 non-syphilitic human beings with the poison of this horrible disease. The persons thus murderously and wickedly violated were mostly men, and in 46 cases, chiefly *children*, between the ages of two and eighteen years, and 100 were individuals suffering from various diseases of a non-syphilitic nature.

Now who were these 146 human beings thus practiced upon. Here is the statement: "Through the courtesy and collaboration of Dr. Martin Cohen (Harlem Hospital, Randall's Island Asylum, New York Ophthalmic and Aural Institute), Dr. Henderson (State Hospital, Ward's Island, New York), Dr. Lapowski (Good Samaritan Dispensary), Dr. McDonald (Kings County Hospital), Dr. Orleman-Robinson (North-Western Clinic, New York Polyclinic), Dr. Pollitzer (German Hospital), Dr. Rosanoff, (King's Park State Hospital), Dr. Statenstein (City Hospital, Blackwell's Island, New York), Dr. Schmitter (Captain United States Army at Fort Slocum), Dr. Schradieck (Kings County Hospital), Dr. Charles Schwartz (California), Dr. Smith (Long Island State Hospital), Dr. Strong (Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital), Dr. Swinburne (Good Samaritan Dispensary), Dr. Windfield (Kings County Hospital), Dr. Wiseman (King's Park State Hospital), and the Hospital of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, I was enabled to apply the skin reaction to a number of *human* cases."

In other words the helpless poor, totally unconscious of the outrages being performed upon them were made the victims of this Japanese doctor's rage for experimentation, and whatever pain and anguish the objects of his study were made to suffer is completely justified in his mind and that of his obsessed associates by their claim that it is all "for the good of the human race."

Such barbarities as this should be totally and completely prohibited by law, and I have no hesitancy in affirming that if laws cannot be passed giving these poor helpless unfortunates freedom from the unspeakable evils inflicted upon them in the name of science, then the common people would be perfectly justified in taking back to themselves the power they have delegated to their incompetent and irresponsible legislatures and courts, and set in motion effective methods to suppress forever the damnable atrocities thus committed. I care not whether these criminal experimentalists have a thousand diplomas, or are members of the faculties of all the great universities of the world. No diploma, no position, can ever justify or make right the experimentation upon the bodies of the poor and helpless—*without their full and free consent*—in the manner so coolly and indifferently described by these expert and scientific criminals. They are outlaws and entitled only to treatment as such by decent men and women and any apparent good received through such tainted and vile channels can never result in other than evil to those who seek to participate in it.

I have just paid a visit to the Grand Canyon of Arizona. It is a wonderfully interesting place, not only because of its stupendous natural grandeur but because of

the inducements it offers to poor, weak human nature to make an all round general revelation of itself. No one can sit on one of the benches overlooking the Canyon for a few hours if he think at all without realizing this fact.

Many of the comments are innane, some frivolous. Some of them make you feel that Sairey Gamp has come back to life and you can hear her firm, determined and resolute assurance "There ain't no such place."

The remarks as to what caused the Canyon show how deeply the power of thought has taken hold of the American people for about one in a hundred thousand hits upon a theory big enough to account for its existence. Some few profess themselves dissatisfied with this, that or the other about its color, its majesty, its something else, and a few become petulant if they happen to reach it during a storm, when, in reality, that is by far the best time to see it in all its varied and marvelous self-revelations. Many people are sure that they can appreciate its vastness without descending into its depths, whereas it is no more possible to understand what the Canyon is without going at least a mile or so down one of the trails than it is to appreciate a rich, fresh date grown on the Colorado Desert in Southern California without tasting it.

Near the Hotel at the Canyon is the Hopi House, an exact replica of a house in the Hopi Village of Oraibi. The other day one of these wise and self-assertive fellows, with a resonant voice that could be heard ten blocks, assured his companion that, "No Indian who ever lived had energy enough to build a house that high," and this in the face of the fact that are between twenty and thirty pueblos in Arizona and New Mexico all of which have buildings "that high" erected by the "lazy" Indians.

Why will men and women not learn at least to be modest about things of which they know nothing? The American nation has yet much to learn and one of those things is that in its arrogant assumption of knowledge it but reveals its colossal want of knowledge.

California is rapidly forging to the front in everything that makes for education and culture. There are several musical colleges all of which are doing good work and now the Davis Musical College has added to its already extended field of musical culture the Temple School of Opera. Mr. Temple comes with an excellent reputation behind him and there is no reason why the new department should not become as popular as it will be helpful.

In many respects we are far ahead of any other nation in our mechanical inventions and appliances. In others we are far behind. Our railways are excellent, but we have not yet equalled the Swiss in their endeavors to cater to the needs of wealthy tourists who desire to see, and see easily, all there is to see. Personally, I do not believe in anyone—save the weak and sick—seeing anything easily. Things seen, or gained, easily, are usually not worth either seeing or gaining. But tourists don't always see eye to eye with me, and that is entirely outside of the question, which is, that in Switzerland they out do us in some things. Here is one, for instance. Up the Grindewald Mountain, in Upper Bern, is the celebrated glacier of that name. In former days the ascent was made with great difficulty. So engineers went to work and constructed a swinging aerial cable railway, which goes to a height of 7,500 feet—a mile and a half through the air. There are two cars, which work on the balanced plan, similar to that followed on the Cable Incline on the Mount Lowe Railway. Each of these carries twenty passengers, the one ascending as the other descends.

What a wonderful railway this would be at the Grand Canyon. To descend to the plateau from the rim takes about three miles of trail traveling, and an hour's ride. With a railway of this kind it would be as easy as rocking in a cradle and occupy perhaps five minutes. Gentlemen who cater to tourist travel, engineers who wish to keep ahead, here is a task for you—easy enough surely if you go about it — invent, build, install and run an aerial railway from the rim to the river in the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and to Glacier Point in the Yosemite Valley. Travelers will soon come and pay for it.

Recently a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Bohn, old-time friends of the editor of *Out West*. The little lady is named Ninena and she achieved considerable newspaper notoriety by being born at 9 o'clock in the morning, on the ninth day of the month, ninth month of the year, nineteen hundred and twelve, at one thousand, nine hundred and sixty-four Prospect Avenue, and she weighed nine pounds and there were nine people at the house, at the time she was born.

We congratulate the Ninena or Novena young lady on her advent into this beautiful world, and also her parents on their healthy and happy family. But one thing, and one thing only, mitigates our pleasure, and that is that Ninena was not born in California.

A short time ago a gentleman told me the following tale. A certain lady in New Jersey was sick unto death. A number of friends came to sympathize with her and also with her husband. Awkward country people they scarcely knew how to enter into conversation, and there was but one room for them to sit in and that was where the sick woman lay. By and by one of them noting a most highly ornamented or gaily painted spittoon commented upon it. "What a beautiful spittoon. Where did you get it?" The husband of the sick woman replied, "Yes, that is a pretty good spittoon. I bought it six months ago at Brown's store in Jenkinsville." "No you didn't!" came in a weak voice from the sick bed: "I bought that spittoon myself; picked it out from a job lot at Newark." Disgusted the husband arose, and just as he passed out of the door he shot back: "The doctor tells me you're going to die right away, so I ain't going to quarrel with you, but all the same I bought that spittoon at Jenkinsville." That night the woman died. I believe there is a moral to this tale, but somehow it is rather hard to see just what it is, so, reader, I leave it to you.

The Commonwealth Club of California is seeking to bring about some much needed reforms in the procedure of the criminal and civil courts of the state. It is time. Throughout not only California but the whole country our court procedure is a disgrace and a shame. We seem to be hypnotized into believing that the church, the courts and the medical profession are divinely ordained and must not be touched. All are for the good of man and Christ clearly taught that man is superior to and above any and every earthly institution. The moment the church ceases to minister to man's highest welfare it is doomed—and it ought to be. And so with law or any set form of legal procedure, and the machinery and men of the courts. All this twaddle about the sanctity of courts is disgusting. Courts are just as good as the men who compose them, and not one whit better. And as for laws and legal procedure there is so much technicality, splitting of hairs, fiddling and fuddling, in their administration that were we not hypnotized into submission to their absurd and idiotic courses we should sweep most of them away and start afresh. Hence I hail with great pleasure the efforts of the Commonwealth Club. Let us have less "procedure" and more expedition and upright dealing, less technicality and more facts, less "law" and more justice, and everything that tends to these ends should be welcomed by every patriotic citizen of the state.

The fact that women in California have won the right to vote seems to be accepted by many as the closing of a disturbing question. This is one of those mistakes that is greater than a crime—it is a blunder fraught with dire mischief. Women on a parity with men in the voting booth means that they will now not only ask for but will secure their share in the administration of affairs. They will demand (and obtain) seats in legislatures, in senates, and before long on judicial benches. Personally I have no objection to this. The sooner the better. What is good enough for men is good enough for the mothers of men. As one recent writer has well said: "Women will learn to realize and respect the differences between men and women when those differences do not wear the unmistakable taint of inequalities." Let women feel they are being treated fairly and they will far more rapidly than now take the proper place in life Nature has allotted to them.

On Monday, Oct. 28, 1912 the editor was privileged with a friend to be initiated by the Navaho Indians, on their reservation in Arizona, to the mysteries of the Yebitsai. At some future time he may describe the ceremony. These words are but to explain its significance and comment upon it. The secret of the Yebitsai is this, according to Dr. Washington Matthews:

"The Yei are the bugaboos of the Navaho children. These Indians rarely inflict corporeal punishment on the young, but instead threaten them with the vengeance of these masked characters, if they are unruly. Up to the time of their initiation they are taught to believe, and, in most cases, probably do believe, that the Yei are genuine abnormal creatures whose function it is to chastise bad children. When the children are old enough to understand the value of obedience without this resort to threats they are allowed to undergo this initiation and learn that the dreaded Yei is only some intimate friend or relation in disguise. After this initiation they are privileged to enter the medicine lodge during the performance of a rite."

As we sat and were supposed to be scared with the performers who represented the Yei, and then, later saw the masks removed, and the laughing faces of the friends behind the hideous masks were revealed, I could not help wondering whether fear is not a *self masking* of things that in themselves are beautiful. We are afraid, scared, terrified—of what? That of which we are afraid is the *mask* of things—not the thing itself. We are still children, hence our fear. We have not been initiated into the mystery of the Yebitsai. Oh for a fearless soul, mind and life, that looks behind all the masks that make us afraid because we are living the true life, the man life, the obedient life to all that demands our obedience, respect and reverence.

Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor



Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.

Harold Bell Wright has written several novels that have had an unusually large circulation. Combined with the art of good story-telling and character-drawing, he works in considerable of the sentiment, helpful ethics and practical morality that most people feel they need, and thus the books really fill a useful place in our present day civilization.

In his last book, however, he has deviated from his usual method. Here is no Dan Matthews, no Printer of Udell's, no Shepherd of the Hills, no Barbara Worth. There are the sentiment, the ethics, the morality, beautifully, sweetly and tenderly told, but no plot and no character-drawing. Hence the book will appeal only to a limited class. It will never be as popular as the novels Mr. Wright has written. He knew that when he wrote it, but he was impelled to a writing he could not resist, and while I differ slightly from him in some things, I feel a sense of personal gratitude and thanks that the book was written and published. Though it will not have so large an audience as his novels, it will have a more intelligent, and appreciative one.

The book is impersonal throughout. It tells the story of a man and woman—any man and woman it might have been—who met and faced Dreams, Occupation, Knowledge, Tradition, Temptation, Life, Death, Failure, Success, Love, Memories, which Harold Bell Wright asserts are the truly *great* things of life. *Their Yesterdays*, by Harold Bell Wright, 311 pages, with illustrations in color, by F. Graham Cootes, 12 mo. cloth, \$1.30 net. The Book Supply Company, Chicago, Ill.

Whatever our opinion as to his politics there is no conflict of opinion that whatever William Jennings Bryan writes is of interest and generally of profit. Every citizen, every man and woman really interested should read what a keen observer, a practical politician, a genuine patriot and a good man

has to say of a political convention. But when he says it of two different political conventions then the saying becomes correspondingly more interesting and valuable. And when these two conventions happen to be at a time that careful observers regard as epoch-making not only in the history of the Republican party, but in the history of the country as a whole Mr. Bryan's observations become ten fold more important. One value of the book is that it clearly shows the abuses of power that have prevailed in the past in the conduct of National Committees. Mr. Bryan states these abuses with a clarity that is startling and leads one to feel that the firee indignation expressed by Roosevelt and others was neither too severe nor harsh. It is hard to realize how honest men can have descended to such questionable methods, and the fact that they are time-honored does not lessen their blackness and iniquity.

To attempt to pick out any portion of the book for comment is practically impossible. To me its every page is more interesting by far than most novels. It is absorbing. The keynote of Mr. Bryan's own fights, however, is worth quoting: "There is no real contradiction between the two propositions; first, that truth is the cause of revolutions; and, second, that truth is a peace maker. Truth combats error and does not retire from the contest until error is overthrown, but truth is a peace-maker in the end, because nothing can be permanent that does not rest upon truth." *A Tale of Two Conventions*, by Williams Jennings Bryan, 307 pages, illustrated, with many cartoons, \$1.00 net. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

Four thousand, eight, sixteen, twenty thousand, possibly more, years ago the original thinkers of the human race, the Hindoos, sat in profoundest abstraction in the solitude of mountain, desert forest or plain, and endeavored to think out the problem of existence. Plato and Socrates, Aristotle and Hegel, Kant and Comte and a few others, down the ages, have been working at the same problem. Akin to the ancient seers, isolating himself from mankind, seeking solitude and silence, surcease from the swirling seas of silly society, Southern California has its studious sage, its searcher of the mysteries of existence, its wanderer through the endless mazes of thought. And just as the Aryan philosopher, seated silent in a mental abstraction so profound that he was unconscious of all physical conditions around him—was oblivious to heat, cold, storms, noises, confusion, and the more personal demands of hunger, thirst, sleep and exercise,—seemed to the ignorant mob to be a mere dreamer, a half-crazed individual "who did not know enough to come in when it rained," a fool who refused food when it was offered to him, so our philosopher, our sage, our thinker is laughed at by the senseless and thoughtless mob, who know little or nothing outside the immediate satisfaction of their own physical needs and cravings.

Yet to those who think, who are eager to know, this man's delvings are full of suggestion, rich in beautiful thoughts, crowded with symbols and images of rare beauty, teeming with gleanings from the most sublime objects of man's thought, and offering more wonderful illustrations to the preacher, teacher, orator, thinker and writer than he can find in twenty times the pages of any other American or European writer of today.

This Southern California sage who has not yet come into his own of recognition and appreciation is Edgar Lucien Larkin, astronomer of the Lowe Observatory on Mount Lowe, and writer of several books, amongst which are *Radiant Energy*, and the one that has provoked this tardy and feeble acknowledgment from my pen, *Within the Mind Maze*. In this book Professor Larkin takes the most advanced ground for a materialistic scientist,—and by this term I mean a scientist who seeks to solve the problem of the Universe by studying it from the physical side, the objective side, that side apparent to our five senses. Here is one of his assertions: "Mind in Nature, if not already victorious, is on the verge of complete victory and vindication. I do not now hesitate to write this: *There is not a great scientist now living not aware of the existence of Mind in the Sidereal Universe, a Dominating Mind.*"

This is a wonderful book, a profound book, a startling book, as I have said, of marvellous and graphic word pictures, and yet a pathetic book, for it shows how small, after all, is the greatest mind, how insignificant, how incapable, in that, with all its power, invention, research, knowledge, it can but faintly grasp at the first end of a clue to which no known power today gives the faintest suggestion of what lies beyond. And the final word is this: "This book started out to find a clue to the real nature of Mind. Not a trace of even one clue has been discovered."

In spite of this frank acknowledgement, however, the book is more than well worth reading. It is illuminating, stimulating, invigorating, thrilling. It is full of surprises, wonders, discoveries. It gives one the feeling of standing for the first time on the edge of a great ocean, in the depths of a vast forest, on the rim of the Grand Canyon, on the topmost peak of a glorious mountain summit. It is a book that, to one who wishes to know how much there is to know, is preeminently *worth while*. *Within the Mind Maze*, by Edgar Lucien Larkin, 180 pages, \$1.25 postpaid, to be had of the author Box 1643, Los Angeles, Cal., upon which office all P. O. Orders should be drawn.

Novels on California are multiplying and one has just come to my desk dealing in a very free and romantic manner with the story of Joaquin Murietta. That Joaquin was a bandit, a highwayman and a murderer is pretty generally conceded, and there are those who speak with nothing but harshest condemnation of him. On the other hand there are those who realize that the monstrous cruelties to which he was subjected should be regarded in partial condonation of his offenses. Perhaps the best general account of Joaquin's career is that presented by Hittel in his *History of California*. It was for his heroic and chivalric defense of this much wronged Mexican that Joaquin Miller owes a vast amount of the villainous misrepresentation that has followed him through life. With his large

heart and generous nature the poet wished the world to know that until Murietta and his wife were so cruelly wronged and driven to and fro like unclean creatures they lived as pure, sweet and beautiful lives as those of a majority of the better class of American citizens. And he wished it to be clearly understood that while he by no means defended the later wrong-doings of Murietta he wished the white race to understand its responsibility in having driven a good man by monstrous cruelties to the unlawful and desperate course the bandit followed.

In this present book the author has scant regard to facts. Indeed he has made no pretense to follow the real history of Joaquin. But he has taken his name and some of his mental characteristics and constructed his hero out of them, surrounding him with somewhat the same kind of condonation that his prototype was entitled to. The story is thrilling and exciting and in the main forcefully told, though in the opening chapters there are anachronisms which should have been avoided.

Occasionally the author allows himself to indulge in moralizing wherein he propounds the utmost nonsense, as, for instance, in the last paragraph on page 195, where he speaks of the natural impulses of a woman when she first awakens to a consciousness of love within her heart to regard it as "unfeminine, indelicate and shameful." *A Plaything of the Gods*. Carl Gray. Five illustrations. 260 pages. \$1.25 net. Sherman, French & Company, Boston.

Russell J. Waters was known to thousands of Californians as a pioneer of Redlands, a successful banker, a member of Congress and a fairly well read man of affairs, but many who knew him in these relations of life were not aware that he possessed considerable skill as a literary artist. Several things came from his pen that gave pleasure to many readers, but his largest and most pretentious work was published about a year before his death. As I have but just read the book I am glad to give space for a review to it in these pages. The novel deals with the early days of California. The plot is by no means original but it is worked out with a keen attention to the most salient and dramatic features.

The book opens with the description of a representative ranchhouse in a pueblo at the foot of the San Bernardino mountains. Suddenly there appears upon the scene a ragged, unkempt creature who had undoubtedly been subjected for a long time to the fiercest hardships of the desert. As he approached the pueblo he stumbled over a long rope to which a wild bronco was tied and became entangled. He was dragged until he was more dead than alive up to the chief house of the pueblo. Loving hands soon restored him to consciousness, but though he was able to converse intelligently with those who rescued him it was not long until they discovered his mind was a complete blank as to the past. The plot of the book is woven into the later details of his life. He became enamored of the daughter of the house and she became equally in love with him, but owing to a misunderstanding he assumed that her affection was bestowed upon her cousin. The exciting adventures of a pioneer family are recounted, such as Indian raids, accidents from wild animals, and the like, and towards the close of the book, while pursuing a band of hostile Indians, the capture of a white maiden is made, who for many years had been living with the Indians and regarded their chief as her father. Before the book concludes it is discovered that this girl is the daughter of the stranger who came to the pueblo in so unceremonious a fashion, and that he was an army officer detailed to secret service in Southern California soon after the Civil War. On his journey across the plains the party with which he was travelling was attacked and he, with the rest of the men, left for dead, while his wife and daughter were carried away captives. The happy marriages of both father and daughter bring the story to an effective conclusion.

As a vivid picture of many of the incidents in the lives of the pioneers of Southern California, this book has more than usual value and it is written in such an interesting fashion as to command one's constant attention from beginning to end. The book is handsomely gotten up and contains not only full page illustrations but a series of specially executed pen and ink drawings illustrating the text and bordering each page from beginning to end. These are from the brush and pen of the well known artist, Will E. Chapin. *El Etranjero*. By Russell Judson Waters. Illustrated. 298 pages. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

A decided service to humanity has been rendered in the publication of the two excellent volumes on Henry Demarest Lloyd, prepared by his sister Caro. From beginning to end every page thrills and palpitates with human interest. Here was a lawyer, refined, cultured, well-to-do, a natural aristocrat as far as delicacy of instincts, repulsion from the unclean, coarse and vulgar, and appreciation of the finer things are concerned. Yet he gladly and joyously took upon himself the burdens of his rude, coarse, unclean and vulgar brothers and sisters, for justice's sake, because he found in them, rather than in those who claimed the possession of the finer things, those gems and jewels of the soul that distinguish the real man. Because a man's clothes are ragged and torn with rude work in a coal mine, or one wishes to sit away from him because they are whitened with his job as a plasterer, or odorous because he works in a fertilizer factory are no reasons for assuming that *as a man* he is not finer and sweeter and better and purer and nobler than the well-dressed, well-groomed, well-manicured, well-fed, well-read, well-bred man of means.

Lloyd saw and knew *men* and he gloried in being their intimate, and in fighting for their God-given rights against arrogant assumptions of criminal and predatory wealth. His voice was ever clarion-toned and penetrating, but calm, sane and kind in rallying men of his caste to a higher standard of honor in dealing with men and women of the—(so-called)—lower castes.

Lloyd came of liberty-loving, oppression-fighting, principle-following, public-educating family. It was as natural for him to love liberty, fight oppression, follow principle and educate the public as to breathe and sleep. His fathers and mothers for past generations had done next to nothing else.

These things were inherent; they ran in his blood, pulsed in his brain, thrilled in his soul, and flowed out to others through his eyes and his hand-clasp. Of him as a boy and youth his mother said "He never did anything that was not obedient, affectionate and noble."

In 1869 he went to New York. Here he came under the stirring influences of the preaching of Henry Ward Beecher, and, uniting with a resolute band of young crusading reformers, he began the helpful public career that terminated only in his death.

One feels his blood stirred at every page of this young crusader's life. Battling against corruption and for political freedom in New York it was nothing to him that again and again he was defeated. He flung his banner to the sky on which was inscribed "There is something in the world better than success." In conformity with this principle he wrote his "Story of a Great Monopoly, which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* and which aroused the thought of the world, either pro or con. Railway and Standard Oil Monopoly was exposed and condemned. Clear, precise, sure of his facts, logical in showing their outcome, the thinking world realized that here was a new Daniel come to judgement.

But it was his defense of the Chicago anarchists that brought out all that was best and noblest in him. He contended that police and courts were in a conspiracy to railroad the accused to the gallows and he made as brave a defense in a prejudiced case as is recorded in legal annals. In a letter to his father he says: "I am on the side of the under dog. The agitators on that side make mistakes, commit crimes, no doubt, but for all that theirs is the right side. I will try to avoid the mistakes and the crimes, but I will stay by the cause."

And so it goes all the way through. The story of his great book "Wealth against Commonwealth" is told with graphic power, and his work for the People's Party. His constructive work in his little home town of Winnetka is a revelation as to what earnest sincerity can accomplish in reestablishing the fundamental rights of citizenship. He was a perfect illustration of his own conception of a reformer as "a poet, a creator. He sees visions and fills the people with their beauty; and by the contagion of virtue his creative impulse spreads among the mass, and it begins to climb and build."

Oh, that men and women would read this record of a soul-inspiring, truth-seeking, humanity-loving life. It would widen, broaden, deepen, enrich and profoundly humanize their lives. *Henry Demarest Lloyd, a Biography* by Caro Lloyd, 2 volumes, many illustrations, with introduction by Charles Edward Russell, \$5.00 net. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Bringing the wide expanse of the prairie, the lowing of kine, the breaking of the virgin sod by the plough, the buzz of the saw, the sharp click of the biting axe, the rap of the hammer, the sense of the motherhood of big things, comes a tiny little book that one can read through in a couple of hours. On the cover is the picture of a better class of plough-man—the man with the steam-plough rather than the man with the hoe—the man of the steam engine epoch, looking at a great shock of corn on a western prairie farm. The illimitable West reaches out beyond him. This is indicative of the spirit of the poems of which the book is made. There is a reality, a heartiness, a breeziness, a freshness, a vigor and virility about them that quickens, stimulates and vivifies. They are not great poems, in the sense that they are made up of marvellous imaginings, expressed in subtle verse out of rare coinage. They are strong, simple, rugged, primitive, hence healthful and useful. Occasionally they rise higher and become prophetic, as in the case of *The Seer*, an Indian, who foretells that as the white man has driven him from the land, so will another come and drive him, unless he learns his lesson, which is that if he persists in living indoors, on fine foods and in fine apparel he will lose his strength and power for

"Only an out-door nation can be master of the earth."

And his final cry is

"And who will save the pale face if he will not understand?"

Songs of the Prairie, by Robert J. C. Stead, 106 pages, 60 cents, net. The Platt & Peck Co., New York.

The pioneer days of the Far West showed rude man at his worst and also at his simplest and best. Those were days when, as a rule, everything that was in a man came to the surface. Treachery was not uncommon, of course, but as a rule men were open and above-board even in their wicked deeds. In *Good Indian*, B. M. Bower gives us a picture of a dear old pioneer couple, the Harts, who have settled down on their ranch on the Snake River in Idaho, with four wild and rough lads of their own and an "older son" adopted because he was an orphan. This elder son has eighth Indian blood in him, so for that reason is generally Good Indian. He falls in love with a sweet Eastern niece of his adopted parents and the course of their love is not very smooth. The villain of the play is Johannes Baumberger, a smart, but unscrupulous lawyer, who, under guise of friendship seeks to steal the Hart ranch, by getting eight gun-men to file mineral claims on the land. Simple-hearted old Peaceful Hart would have lost his home had it not been for the watchfulness of the Indians he had befriended, and of his adopted son, who, as soon as he realized the treachery of the lawyer, set his Indian wits at work to circumvent him. This he was able to do, materially aided by a smart, bright, effective woman station-agent, and an Indian girl who dies because of her love for him. There is plenty of quick and stirring action in the latter part of the book and it will prove very interesting to those who love the vigor of the men of the early day. *Good Indian*, by B. M. Bower, 372 pages with four illustrations by Auton Otto Fischer, \$1.25 net, Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

To bring an Arabian Night's Story down to the twentieth century in the busy city of New York is no mean task. Yet it is accomplished with considerable skill by Francis Perry Elliott in his last book. It tells the story of a young and loveable scapegrace who falls in love with a beautiful girl, who is the niece and ward of an altogether unlovely and hardhearted aunt. The aunt's husband is a Wall Street nonentity, good for little save to make money for his wife to spend, which she does in that vulgar, ostentatious manner that some of the *nouveaux riches* seem unable to avoid. One of her pet fads is rare Persian rugs. Urged on by one of her friends, she seeks a wonderful specimen at the Oriental store of Abou Hassan. The wily Persian claims he has no rug in his possession; the eager collector is sure this is proof that he has, and makes her only the more determined to find it. In her urgings she compels him to pull down from long hidden and forgotten stoves all kinds of curiosities, and by an accident to disclose an old stove hole which has been stuffed up with—the finest Persian rug her eyes have ever seen.

Now comes a battle of wits and finesse as to which shall get the better of the other in the purchase. During this battle the reader discovers—what the participants remain in ignorance of—that the rug has the marvellous power of rendering all those who stand upon it invisible and silent. The complications that arise cause the fun of the story. The sudden disappearances, the conversations and scenes that go on under the very noses of the wronged kind of persons, those on the rug being able to see those who are not, whilst those who are away from the rug could neither see nor hear those standing or sitting upon it. Of course circumstances work for the promoting of love passages between the niece and the scapegrace, and to the dire discomfiture, annoyance, chagrin and humiliation of the priggish aunt. A repulsive and hypocritical son is a part of the game, engaged to the niece, and the hero has to find a way of circumventing him—which of course he does. The final scene is where the rug is used at the wedding, where the aunt expected her son to marry the niece (whom *she* knows to have a fortune of five millions), but where the Fates have decreed against her. The hero takes the place of her drunken son, the assembled guests are astounded to see bride and groom and officiating bishop disappear, and a sudden flash of lightning (as the Benediction is pronounced) burns up the rug, but leaves the hero and heroine man and wife to live happy for ever after. *The Gift of Abou Hassan*, by Francis Perry Elliott, 314 pages, 4 illustrations by Hanson Booth, \$1.25 net. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

We have received several numbers of *Brain and Brawn*, edited by Harry Ellington Brook, N. D., who for many years had editorial charge of that section of the *Los Angeles Times* known as "The Care of the Body."

Brain and Brawn is devoted to "The Nature Cure," "The Education of the People," and "Medical Freedom." In these three objects it has the hearty sympathy of *Out West*. I believe thoroughly in getting as near to Nature's methods as possible, and the more people can be educated to know what Nature has in store for them, the better. I also believe that the bondage in which people live to their physicians, to the druggist, the pill-box, and the potion bottle, is more injurious to the human race than the major part of the diseases from which they suffer. This does not mean that I do not believe in the honor and integrity of many physicians; and to the conscientious surgeon we owe much, but common sense in daily habit and the following of simple and natural processes are much better than the work of many physicians.

Mr. Brook's work in the past thirteen years has undoubtedly been of great help and assistance to thousands, and in its new form it is bound to continue the good work so well begun. The new magazine is beautifully gotten up. It is well printed in clear type and the matter will be useful and helpful to its large circle of readers.

That John Fleming Wilson is a writer of growing power is evident to all who have read the output of his pen during the past ten years. His last story is his best. It is of a man who came back. Born of a wealthy Pittsburgher the lad had all the vicious training of the rich who are too busy attending to their money to care about their sons. When he finished his college course—in the usual vulgar and *nouveau riche* style—his father placed him in a responsible position with a salary commensurate with the family dignity. Then began the youth's downward career. He fell step by step as he moved from Pittsburgh to New York, New York to some place in Iowa, Iowa to San Francisco, thence in more rapid downward strides to Honolulu, Yokahoma and the hell of a Chinese opium den. Here he met a white woman who was addicted to the drug, who begged him to keep away from it. But in his degradation and despair he refused her advice, took the last step, and when his last few dollars were gone, and he was thrown out into the gutters to die, it was she who aroused in him the spark of manhood that started him on *his return journey*. He resolved to go back upwards step by step, as he had fallen making good to all he had disappointed and in all the places he had failed. The story of the struggles of this return trip is remarkably well told. But step by step it was taken until at length—married to the woman he had left at his father's suggestion and bribe—he came again a *man* into the presence of his father, his wife proudly on his arm and the amount of the bribe in his hand ready to return it to the father who had sent it. Even a Pittsburgh millionaire could not help but feel something of the power and strength of a life that had so won its way back and the story therefore has a happy and yet real and natural ending. I look for more and greater work from Mr. Wilson's pen and ere long shall gratify myself and my readers with a short sketch of his literary life. *The Man Who Came Back*. By John Fleming Wilson, \$1.00 net, Sturgis, Walton Co., New York.

**STATEMENT OF OUT WEST REQUIRED BY
POSTAL LAWS
STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, ETC.**

of *Out West*-----published-----monthly-----
(Insert title of publication; State frequency of issue)
at Los Angeles, California, required by the Act
of August 24, 1912.

Note.—This statement is to be made in duplicate, both copies to be delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who will send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office.

Name of P. O. Address
Editor, George Wharton James, Los Angeles, Cal.
Business Mgr. Will A. Kistler, Los Angeles, Cal.
Publisher, Will A. Kistler, Los Angeles, Cal.

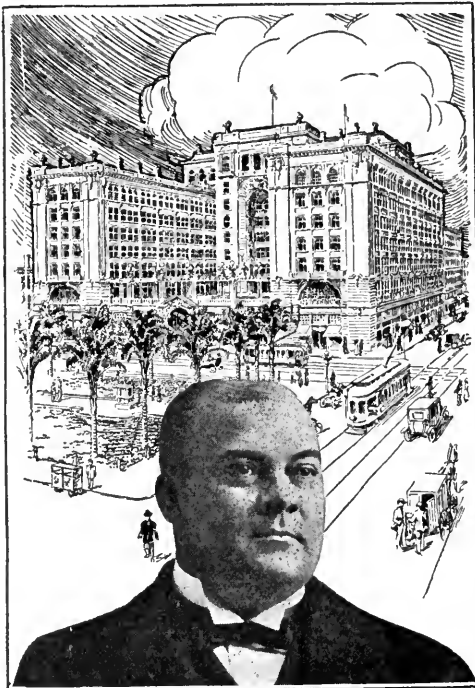
Owners: (If a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)
Will A. Kistler.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities:
There are no bondholders mortgagees or holders of any securities.

Will A. Kistler, owner
Sworn to and subscribed before me this eighth day of October, 1912. Edna B. Rollins
(SEAL) Notary Public
(My commission expires July 24, 1914.)
Form 3526 5-6012

U. S. GRANT HOTEL

San Diego, and its manager James H. Holmes



“HOUSE OF COMFORT”

Hotel Manx

Powell Street at O'Farrell.

San Francisco's best located and most popular hotel. Running Ice Water in each room. Commodious lobby. Metropolitan service.

T A R I F F.

12 rooms-----	\$1.00 each
50 rooms-----	\$1.50 each
50 rooms-----	\$2.00 each
60 rooms Private Bath-----	\$2.00 each
50 rooms Private Bath-----	\$2.50 each
30 Suites, Bedroom, Parlor and Bath	\$3.50 to \$4.00
50 large light sample rooms	\$1.50 up
Reduction by week or month.	

Under management,
CHESTER KELLEY.

“MEET ME AT THE MANX”

NAILINE

**THE
FINGER
NAIL
SHINE**



Send **10c** For a Sample pkg.

**Brilliant
Stylish
Inexpensive**

**1629 Van Ness Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal.**



396 South Los Angeles St.
Call F 2577

A DOG'S FOOT

Has a number of raised cushions which prevent slipping and take up the concussion over hard surfaces.



BAILEY'S "WON'T SLIP" RUBBER HEELS
Embody this principle and insure ease and safety over all surfaces. The tread surface formed with "U" shaped ribs, together with flat ended rubber studs, form a surface that is positively non-slipping on ice or other slippery surfaces. Mailed upon receipt of price.

35 cents per pair. For Men or Women.

When ordering send a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot. Order from your shoe dealer. Dealers write for prices. 100-page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.

22 Boylston Street,

BOSTON MASS.

Pierce & Co. **KODAKS**
PHOTO. AMATEUR FINISHING IS OUR STUNT
WE FLY HIGH ON QUALITY
BUT HAVE HIT THE GROUND ON PRICE

127 WEST SIXTH ST. NEXT TO THE ALL NIGHT BANK.

ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM

prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St, Los Angeles

PATENTS

\$180,340.00

PATENTS

MADE BY MY CLIENTS

YOU Should Have My FREE BOOKS telling HOW OTHERS will do the same IN THE FUTURE. "What and How to Invent." Book Free!

E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer

803 F., Washington, D. C.

A DEPARTMENTAL BANK

Sixty-two banking windows
Complete Trust Department
Safe Deposit and Storage Vaults
Foreign Steamship Agency
Free Information Bureau

Literature about Los Angeles and Southern California sent free upon request

Send for our booklet "Banking by Mail"

RESOURCES OVER \$47,000,000.00
CAPITAL AND RESERVE \$ 3,300,000.00

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

OLDEST and LARGEST SAVINGS BANK in the SOUTHWEST . . .

SECURITY BLDG. EQUITABLE BRANCH
Spring at Fifth Spring at First
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

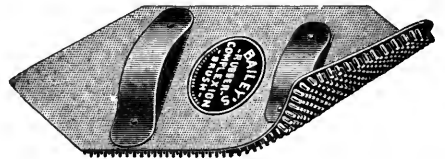
THE EVER-READY MESSENGER

Noon or Night
Week-days or Sundays
Always Ready—Never Tired

"JUST HOMEPHONE"

Home Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.

BAILEY'S RUBBER COMPLEXION BRUSH



TIS THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. Mailed 50 cents.



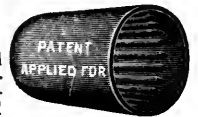
BABY'S TEETH

cut without irritation. The flat-ended teeth expand the gums, keeping them soft; the ring comforts and amuses the child, preventing convulsions and cholera infantum.

Mailed for price, 10c.

BAILEY'S RUBBER SEWING FINGER

Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the forefinger in sewing or embroidery. Three sizes—small, medium and large. Mailed 6 cents each.



Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1 for 25c.; No. 2. 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

Pat. Applied for



BAILEY'S WON'T SLIP TIP

This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17 5-8 in.; No. 18 3/4 in.; No. 19 7-8 in.; No. 20 1 in.; No. 21 1 1-8 in. Mailed upon receipt of price

30c per pair
Agents Wanted

100 Page Rubber Catalogue Free.
C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, Mass.

Reliable Expert Advice

given to

Homeseekers in California

Are you seeking a home in God's Garden Spot of America?

An orange or lemon grove, a date palm orchard, a rose garden, a chicken ranch, a hog or alfalfa ranch—or anything else that California's wonderful resources offer?

All the productive, profitable and pleasant spots are here awaiting you, but the problem as to the exact location of the best place for YOUR PARTICULAR REQUIREMENTS—is a hard one to solve.

Disinterested, expert, reliable advice is hard to get—we might say next to impossible to obtain, without considerable expense and lapse of time.

We can help you Greatly.

We have trained experts in our organization who know this magnificent and productive country well as you know your front yard.

They have no land interest or connections or obligations to hamper them. They have studied the conditions for years and years and can give unbiased, trustworthy advice as to the best location to suit your particular needs or desires.

We have nothing to sell—not even our advice—but to eliminate the simply curious and to show your good faith and earnest desire for practical, dependable advice, we will require you to send us One Dollar in two cent stamps with your request for information—for which we GUARANTEE to give you advice and suggestions which you probably could not get elsewhere for \$100.00.

We will spare no pains to give you the practical, detailed, expert advice that you want—advice which you may place absolute confidence in as to accuracy.

If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the reliability and helpfulness of our advice, just say so and we will IMMEDIATELY RETURN YOUR FEE.

Are you ordered Out West for your health?

Our experts have given years of study to the health conditions best adapted to various diseased conditions and our services are at your command and included in the small fee named.

These experts are on the staff of OUT WEST—brilliant students of the productive and health conditions of the Pacific Coast, whose investigation and experience covers a period of thirty years.

This is not a money-making proposition but rather a desire on our part to render additional service and helpfulness to our many subscribers—who are looking for just such advice.

These privileges are available only to those who are actual yearly subscribers to OUT WEST.

Address
ADVISORY BUREAU

Out West,

218 New High Street,

Los Angeles, California

ARE YOU RECEIVING SATISFACTORY DIVIDENDS ON YOUR SAVINGS?

Where can you find a safer investment or a greater producer of large dividends than in building "HOMES" such as shown in the illustration?

We are building just such "HOMES" in the Hillandale Tract, comprising 204 of the most sightly foothill lots.

Would you not like to be a shareholder in a company that builds such "HOMES?"



Information can be obtained by addressing—

PRUDENTIAL BUILDING & INVESTMENT COMPANY

Dep't of Publicity

575 Eagle Rock Ave., LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

very—
superior trains



The Saint
The Angel

Los Angeles and San Diego to San Francisco and Oakland. :: ::

San Francisco and Oakland to Los Angeles and San Diego :: ::

THESE TRAINS WON THE APPROVAL OF WORLD WIDE TRAVELERS FROM THE VERY DAY OF THEIR INAUGURATION

via Santa Fe

Westward the Course of
Empire takes
its Way.

This was said as long ago as 1752, or thereabouts, by
George Berkeley.

A hundred years later Horace Greeley said

GO WEST YOUNG MAN

Today the world looks in that direction with
the same eager expectation.

Today, more than ever before, young men
with ambitions, aspirations, energy and cour-
age look to the West.

The dream of youth is still to woo and win

A GOLDEN FUTURE
IN
THE GOLDEN WEST

OUT WEST
IS THE VOICE OF
THE WEST

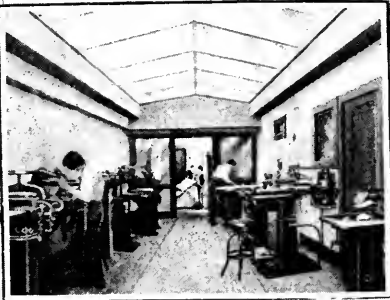
\$1.50 CHECK OR MONEY ORDER—WITH YOUR ADDRESS,
MAILED TO US, WILL BRING "OUT WEST" TO
YOU MONTHLY, TWELVE TIMES. **•••••**

GABEL ENGRAVING COMPANY



The
Finest Equipped
Photo Engraving
Plant
... In California

The Illustrations in this
Book are Specimens
of Our Work



The Photo-Engraving Department
Produces Cuts in all the Modern Processes
of Tri-Color, Multi-Color,
Copper Half-Tones, Zinc Etching
and Embossing Dies.

OUR
Art Department
Creates Distinctive
and Original Designs for
Booklets, Newspaper
and Business Stationery
of the Highest Quality ...

San Diego - Calif.

STORY of the HUGUENOTS

NEW EDITION



A FLORIDA HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Where the French, Spaniards
and Indians were the actors.

By *F. A. Mann*

\$1.50 Postage
Paid

F. A. MANN,
Lompoc, California.

"Should be in every American library."—New York Journal.

"An intensely interesting Story of the East Coast of Florida, well told."—Review of Reviews.

"I have read this book to my pupils as an American classic. It should be in every school library."—Prof. Griffiths, Jacksonville, Fla., in School Exponent.

"A splendid story of fortitude, daring and suffering."—Mail and Express, N. Y.

"A story of thrilling interest."—Standard Magazine London, England.

NOW IS THE TIME!

To invest your Savings in Reliable Real Estate Investments, in the fastest growing city in the United States.

Now

is the time to buy shares at \$1.20 each from 10 shares up and receive 9% dividends on the par value in the most liberal profit sharing company in Los Angeles.

Every dollar secured by first-class Real Estate. Send today for a free "Question Book" which answers all questions about our building and Investment System.

Richard F. Hardy,
Selling Agent for

First-class Real Estate and Investments,
Room 201 Out West Bldg, New High St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

10¢ THE COPY

1 DOLLAR A YEAR

BRAIN AND BRAWN

A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY

DEVOTED
TO THE
NATURE
CURE

THE
EDUCATION
OF THE
PEOPLE

AND
MEDICAL
FREEDOM

HARRY
ELLINGTON
BROOK
N. D.
EDITOR

THE NATUROPATHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
LOS ANGELES — CALIFORNIA

You're Safe

If you advertise in OUT WEST. There is a reason for it. There is no gambling chance---results are certain. OUT WEST space pays big dividends to its advertisers. Just try it and be convinced.

“The advertising medium you will eventually use”

Eventually? Why not now?

Out West

Is a UNIQUE Magazine and an intensely interesting one. Its title indicates what it stands for—The Great “OUT WEST”—its resources and their development, its history and its literature, its romance, its mystery and its grandeur.

If you are interested in these things, read OUT WEST. If you are a stranger to their charm, read OUT WEST, and find a new world of pleasure.

\$1.50—CHECK OR MONEY ORDER—WITH YOUR ADDRESS, MAILED TO US, WILL BRING “OUT WEST” TO YOU MONTHLY, TWELVE TIMES.

DATE GROWING

| IN |

CALIFORNIA AND ARIZONA

The date industry is one of the best adapted to the Coachella Valley, the Imperial Valley, the Colorado River Country and some parts of Arizona. In these regions the date thrives as well as in Asia or Africa, and is far more profitable.

As Importers of Subtropical Plants and Trees we are prepared to make importations of strong, healthy off-shoots from palms of the choicest varieties in any country.

Our importation from the countries surrounding the Persian Gulf, the world's greatest date region, will enable us to deliver about April or May, 1913, some exceptionally valuable stock.

Correspondence is solicited from those interested in Date Growing, whether they desire to secure a few imported off-shoots for the home garden, or a larger number for commercial planting.

Our illustrated Pamphlet on Date Growing will be mailed free upon request.

We are prepared to convince anyone of the careful character of our work.

WEST INDIA GARDENS

F. O. POPENOE, *President and Manager*
T. U. BARBER, *Secretary and Treasurer*

Importers and Growers of
SUBTROPICAL PLANTS AND TREES

Marengo Avenue and Calaveras St.

Altadena, California

Telephones Home 1577 Pasadena Exchange Main 2129

Important Announcement

The Old Adobe Spanish Restaurant, formerly known as CASA VERDUGO will hereafter be known as

LA RAMADA

(The Arbor)

and will continue to be operated as a strictly high-class resort, where genuine Spanish dinners will be served in the quaint old dining room or under the ancient pepper tree. Service a la carte or table d'hote.

Special Facilities for Private Luncheons, Teas, Dinners, or Banquets.

FREE GARAGE

Sunset, Glendale 69 Home, Glendale 691

Management of

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Glendale Cars from Sixth and Main Sts
Stop Directly in Front of Entrance

Name of Station "LA RAMADA"



A REPUTATION for good printing is an enviable thing. It can not be gained in a day. Years of good work—good presswork—good composition, prompt delivery—which counts in these days of keen competition, tell the story.

Good Printing is cheaper in the end—Try ours

WILL A. KISTLER CO.

218 NEW HIGH STREET

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Hello Number—Home A 2297—Main 5610

Your Opportunity!

A COMPETENCY ASSURED FOR LIFE in a CALIFORNIA DATE ORCHARD

Date Growing has already passed the experimental stage. In the Coachella Valley in the Colorado Desert, Southern California, six years has demonstrated the contentions of the experts that dates can be grown here as well as in Africa, Arabia or the Persian Gulf region. Large companies are being organized with vast capitalization that only the rich and prosperous can enter into.

I have a proposition designed to meet the demands of that class of discriminating investors with moderate regular incomes, embracing mechanics, artisans, professional men, and salaried people generally, who are ever on the alert for safe and profitable investments for their savings.

Prompt Action Necessary !

I have studied date-growing ever since it was begun in California. I own one of the finest pieces of land in the Valley, for this purpose. Of this I have set apart forty acres in—

One Acre Date Orchards.

Do you want one of these? I will properly clear, grade and level one of these acre tracts for you, plant it out in tested dates, supply them with sufficient water, keep them in constant cultivation, bring them into bearing and turn the deed with clear title over to you for the following ridiculously small amount: \$25.00 down on sending in your application; then \$10.00 a month for seventy consecutive months.

No Interest. No Forfeiture.

I charge no interest, and in the event of inability of purchaser to complete payments, all payments made will be refunded at the end of six years from date of contract, plus interest at the rate of 7 per cent, or may be refunded at an earlier date, at my option, plus interest accrued at time of such refunding.

Directly opposite from my land one of the largest date companies in the world is preparing their land. It is publically announced that a ten-acre date grove of seven year old trees in this valley has just been sold for \$15,000 cash, or \$1,500 per acre; more than twice the actual purchase price of the land I offer you, with date trees planted, growing and bearing.

**A Yearly Income of from \$1000 to \$1500
or an expenditure of \$725 paid, without interest, at \$10 per month.**

According to the figures of the company to which we have referred, Two to Three Thousand Dollars per acre is the yield of ten year old date palms. Cut this estimate in half and you have an annual income of \$1000 to \$1500 for an expenditure of only \$725.00, paid without interest, at \$10.00 per month.

If you want to know more of this proposition, send \$1.50 for one year's subscription to **OUT WEST**, and I will send you free, as a premium, a 50 cent booklet on "Date Growing in Southern California," edited this by George Wharton James. **OUT WEST** fully guarantees every statement contained in this advertisement,

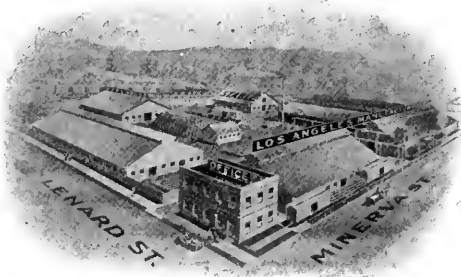
GEORGE WHARTON JAMES,

218 NEW HIGH STREET

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

LOS ANGELES MFG. CO.

(INCORPORATED)



MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS:

Lenard, Minerva and Cheney Streets

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

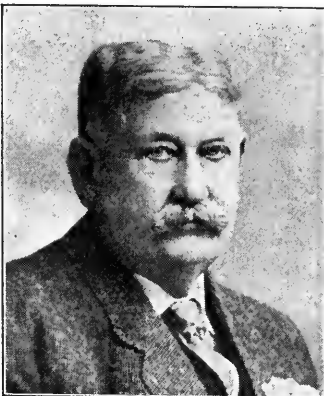
Branches: Maricopa and Moron, Cal.

Riveted Steel Well and
Water Pipe.

Galvanized Irrigation Pipe

Galvanized Steel
Oil, Cyanide or Water
Tanks.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE



Col. E. Dunham, Prop.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

is a thoroughly modern fireproof building, centrally located — within easy reach of the large office buildings, banks, theatres, and shopping district.



King Edward Hotel

Within one block of the Pacific Electric Depot with its immense suburban lines radiating in all directions including the mountain and beach resorts. Cars from Southern Pacific pass the door.

Rooms \$1.00 up. Rooms with bath \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

FIFTH STREET, EAST OF MAIN.

Blanchard Hall Studio Building

Devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science Studios and Halls for all purposes for Rent. Largest Studio Building in the West. For terms and all information apply to

F. W. BLANCHARD

233 South Broadway 232 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

TRADE MARK
LOS ANGELES BREWING CO'S
Fast Side
BOTTLED BEER
**FEW AS GOOD
NONE BETTER**
TEL HOME 10857 SUNSET EAST 820

THE
**Southern Pacific Railroad
of Mexico**

traversing the Mexican Pacific states of

SONORA-SINALOA-TEPIC-JALISCO

gives access to

**RICH NATURAL RESOURCES AND
OPPORTUNITIES FOR WEALTH**

in

**Cattle - Ranches - Farming - Mines
Timber**

Let us list you for a copy of our new booklet which will be published shortly.

H. LAWTON, G. P. A.

GUAYMAS, SONORA, MEXICO



STAMPS--Stamp Album and 155 ALL DIF. RARE, incl. China (dragon), Malay (tiger), Rhodesia, Tasmania (l'dscape), Jamaica (w't'r-fall), etc. only 10c; 1000 mixed for 'gn only 10c. 1000 hinges 5c. 112 pp. Lists, coupons, etc., free! Agts. W't'd. 50%. WE BUY STAMPS. Hussman Stamp Co. Dept. S, St. Louis, Mo.



Arizona Ruby FREE
To Introduce Our Genuine Imported
Mexican Diamonds

We will send you FREE a genuine Arizona Ruby in the rough, with Illustrated Catalogue of GENUINE MEXICAN DIAMONDS and other gems. Mexican Diamonds exactly resemble finest genuine blue-white diamonds, stand acid tests; are cut by experts, and yet we sell at one-fortieth the cost. Only gem of its kind guaranteed permanently brilliant. **SPECIAL OFFER.** For 50c deposit as guarantee of good faith, we send on approval, registered, either 1/2 or 1 carat Mexican Diamond at special price. Money back if desired. Write today. Catalog FREE. **MEXICAN DIAMOND IMP. CO., Dept. 8 . Las Cruces, N. M.**

Suitlorium
DYE HOUSE
Incorporated

HOME 10983 — BROADWAY 961

**LOS ANGELES
GREATEST
GARMENT
CLEANERS**



4 STORES

. . . Books by George Wharton James . . .

- HEROES OF CALIFORNIA.** 515 pages, with eighty illustrations. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.16.
- THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA; HOW TO SEE IT.** An entirely new and complete guide book. 265 pages, with maps and 48 pages of pictures. \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.63.
- IN AND AROUND THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER IN ARIZONA.** Mr. James's original and instructive work on the Grand Canyon. 346 pages, with 23 full-page plates and 77 illustrations in the text. Crown 8vo. \$2.50 net; postpaid, \$2.70.
- THE INDIANS OF THE PAINTED DESERT REGION.** 268 pages, with 16 full-page pictures and 50 half-page illustrations from photographs. Crown 8vo. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.18.
- IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.** An Historical and Pictorial Account of the Franciscan Missions. The best book on the subject. 392 pages, with 142 illustrations from photographs showing the architecture, the interior decorations, furniture, pulpits, crosses and candlesticks of the Missions, pictures of the Saints, etc. 8vo. \$3.00 net; postpaid, \$3.20.
- THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT (Southern California).** Its Rivers and its Mountains, its Canyons and its Springs, its Life and its History pictured and described. The standard work on the Colorado Desert Region. With a colored frontispiece, 32 full-page plates, and more than 300 pen and ink sketches by Carl Eytel. 8vo. \$2.50 net; express paid, \$2.75.
- THROUGH RAMONA'S COUNTRY.** 406 pages. Fully illustrated from photographs. Crown 8vo. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.20.
- THE STORY OF SCRAGGLES.** An autobiography of a Song Sparrow. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.07.
- INDIAN BASKETRY.** Fourth Edition, including "How to make Indian and Other Baskets. 412 pages. With 600 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, \$2.50 net; postpaid, \$2.75.
- HOW TO MAKE INDIAN AND OTHER BASKETS.** 140 pages. With 225 illustrations. \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.15.
- TRAVELER'S HANDBOOK TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.** Baedeker size for pocket. 507 pages, with illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10.
- WHAT THE WHITE RACE MAY LEARN FROM THE INDIAN.** 269 pages. 84 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.50; postpaid \$1.75.
- CALIFORNIA BIRTHDAY BOOK.** Selections from the writings of Living California Authors, with biographical sketch of each and lists of books. 43 pages. 16mo. Cloth \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10.
- AN APPRECIATION OF CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.** With four choice selections from his writings. \$1.00.
- THE GUIDING LIGHT.** A small Texbook on Sex Physiology for the young. Also a "How to Tell" for parents. In paper 50c, cloth \$1.00.
- A LITTLE JOURNEY TO STRANGE PLACES AND PEOPLES,** Being a vivid account of the Indians and their homes of New Mexico and Arizona, including Inscription Rock, Zuni, Laguna, Acoma, the Lava flows, the Navahos, the Hopis and their Snake Dance, the Havasupais, the Grand Canyon, etc. etc. Fully Ill. 269 pages, \$1.00 net, postage 10c.

Copies will always be autographed for those who desire and who order direct from the author, George Wharton James, 1098 N. Raymond Ave., Pasadena, Cal., or "Out West," 218 New High St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Are You Going to

LOS ANGELES

- LOS ANGELES** is without question the most **Comfortable** city in the United States, both Winter and Summer.
- LOS ANGELES** climate in winter is like that of the Eastern and New England States in May and June.
- LOS ANGELES** in winter has roses in abundance, and its neighboring city of Pasadena has its annual Rose Tournament on New Year's Day.
- LOS ANGELES** has a score of delightful beach resorts, such as **Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Redondo, Long Beach, Alamitos, Bay City, Huntington Beach, Newport and Balboa**, all within an hour of the center of the city by commodious electric cars.
- LOS ANGELES** has **500** hotels and apartment houses, including some of the best appointed hotels in the United States, at moderate prices, conforming to the accommodations.
- LOS ANGELES** has the largest and best Cafeterias in the nation, affording a most economical method of living for tourists of moderate means.
- LOS ANGELES** county is constructing 300 miles of model roadways, for which it has bonded itself for **\$3,500,000** and is a Paradise for Automobiles. Take your automobiles with you.
- LOS ANGELES** roadways in winter are fragrant with the odor of orange blossoms, which frequently cover the trees while the yellow fruit is still hanging to the branches.
- LOS ANGELES** is famous for its sea fishing. Tuna, Black Sea Bass (up to 300 pounds), Yellowtail, Barracuda, Rock Bass and Mackerel are abundant, and sportsmen from all parts of the world go to Los Angeles to fish.
- LOS ANGELES** is about completing the Los Angeles Aqueduct, one of the greatest water conduits of the world, 240 miles long, of which 30 miles was tunnel work through the mountains, at a cost of **\$25,000,000**, and with a capacity of **20,000** miner's inches—sufficient to supply a city of **2,000,000** inhabitants with an abundance of pure mountain water. For further information and literature address

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DATES

WE are making an importation of off-shoots from choicest varieties grown in Persian Gulf region, and in North Africa, for delivery next Spring. Send for pamphlet.

BUDED AVOCADOS

of choicest and most valuable varieties, now ready. The TAFT, California's premier avocado, boxed or balled, \$4 per tree.

FEIJOAS, CHERIMOYAS, and other sub-tropical fruiting plants and trees. We grow only sub-tropical fruits of proven adaptability and of sterling merit. Send for pamphlets.

WEST INDIA GARDENS,
ALTADENA, CAL.

A NEW CREATION WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

The Only New unabridged dictionary in many years.

An Encyclopedia. Contains the *pith* and *essence* of an authoritative library. Covers every field of knowledge.

The Only dictionary with the *New Divided Page*. A "Stroke of Genius."

400,000 Words Defined. 2700 Pages.
6000 Illustrations.
Cost \$400.00.



Let us tell you about this most remarkable single volume.

Write for sample pages, full particulars, etc.

Name this paper and we will send FREE a set of Pocket Maps.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Polarine

Polarine Oil is the best oil you can get for your motor, whatever the make.

It retains its body and feeds uniformly under all running conditions.

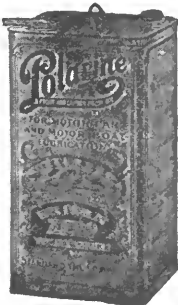
It leaves no carbon.

POLARINE TRANSMISSION LUBRICANTS. Prepared in different consistencies to meet the particular mechanical conditions existing in different types of motors.

POLARINE GREASES. Unequaled friction-reducing values wherever a solid lubricant is required.

Write to-day for the Polarine booklet to the nearest agency of the

STANDARD OIL CO.
(INCORPORATED)



THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

Savings (The German Bank) Commercial
(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.)

526 CALIFORNIA ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Guaranteed Capital.....	\$1,200,000.00
Capital actually paid up in cash.....	\$1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds.....	\$1,631,282.84
Employees' Pension Fund.....	131,748.47
Deposits Dec. 30th, 1911.....	\$46,205,741.40
Total assets.....	\$48,837,024.24

Remittance may be made by Draft, Post Office, or Express Co's. Money Orders, or coin by Express.

Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipt of deposits only

OFFICERS — N. Ohlandt, President; George Tourny, Vice-President and Manager; J. W. Van Bergen, Vice-President; A. H. R. Schmidt, Cashier; William Herrmann, Assistant Cashier; A. H. Muller, Secretary; G. J. O. Folte and Wm. D. Newhouse, Assistant Secretaries; Goodfellow Eells & Orrick, General Attorneys.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—N. Ohlandt, George Tourny, J. W. Van Bergen, Iga. Steinhart, I. N. Walter, F. Tillmann, jr., E. T. Kruse, W. S. Goodfellow and A. H. R. Schmidt.

MISSION BRANCH—2572 Mission Street, between 21st and 22nd Streets. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. C. W. Heyer, Manager.

RICHMOND DISTRICT BRANCH—601 Clement St. Cor. 7th Ave. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. W. C. Heyer, Manager.

HAIGHT STREET BRANCH—1456 Haight St., between Masonic Ave. and Ashbury St. For receipt and payment of Deposits only. O. F. Paulsen, Mgr.

VOSE PIANOS

home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.

VOSE & SONS PIANO CO.

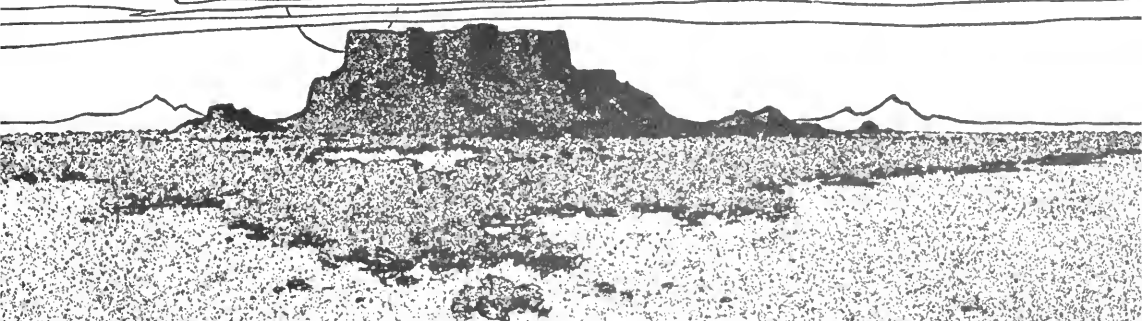
have been established over 60 years. By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your

Best Piano

1912

OUT WEST

George Wharton James, Editor



December 1912

Christmas in California

The Cruise of the Shark

The Late Emperor of Japan

From Alpine Snow
to Semi-tropical Sea

The Escape

The Historical

Pasadena



WINTER TRAVELERS!

The Ideal Trip East

Through

El Paso, down by the Rio Grande:

The commonwealth of Texas, with her Cotton
Fields and Rice Plantations in all their beauty.

San Antonio, with its Historic Alamo:

Houston, the Metropolis of the "Lone Star
State:"

The "Sugar Bowl" of Louisiana:

The Bayou Teche, Home of Evangeline:

Quaint, Historic New Orleans, embodying
the Old and the New of the South:—

And

One Hundred Golden Hours At Sea

New Orleans to New York

A delightful voyage on a perfectly appointed
steamer—

Down the Mississippi—through the Gulf of
Mexico—past the Florida Keys, then following
the warm Gulf Stream nearly all the way to
New York.

The price of tickets is the same as all rail—and,
meals and berth on the Steamer are included.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC ATLANTIC S. S. LINES

Los Angeles Offices:
600 South Spring Street
607 South Spring Street
Station Fifth and Central Ave.

Coachella Valley

Riverside County

WHERE DATES GROW

Visit the Valley and see the heavily laden trees on the Government Farms and private ranches. "Deglet Noor", the highest priced Date in the world, will be ripe in a few weeks.

Southern Pacific Date Lands, sold in 20, 40 and 80 acre tracts. Ten Years' time. One-tenth cash.

C. E. WANTLAND, General Sales Agent,

410 Grosse Bldg.,

Los Angeles, Cal.

Do You Know?

That the best volumes in a library are the rebound magazines. We make a specialty of Bookbinding in all its lines, and in the highest art. \$1.50 will give you a book that you will be proud to have in your library. It does not pay to leave magazines or books laying around unbound. :: ::

Will A. Kistler Co.
218 New High St.
Los Angeles

Whitaker Knows the Pacific Coast

Twenty Five Years Residence from Seattle to Mexico City

WHITAKER'S REVIEW AND HANDBOOK OF THE PACIFIC COAST

is not a promotion publication. It is a magazine with a message, and contains also a compact, well-ordered digest of just the facts you want to know about the Pacific Coast.

Send Twenty Five Cents for the latest issue, which will also entitle you to a letter of personal advice or to a free service through our Sales and Exchange Bureau.

Address
WHITAKER'S REVIEW
Los Gatos, California

Out West Adlets

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Bring Buyer and Seller Together

In this classified department will be inserted advertisements of a clean and reliable character up to 14 lines, at the rate of 50 cents per line. None will be inserted of less than 2 lines. No illustrations nor display features will be permitted in this department. Our policy, which excludes medical, palmistry, fortune-telling or misleading advertisements, or advertisements of unreliable parties or commodities, also prevails in this department, and the business management will appreciate prompt notice from *Out West* readers of any such that may get in by false pretense. Address all letters pertaining to this department to

OUT WEST

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT,

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

AMUSEMENTS—

BELASCO THEATER

MAIN STREET, bet. 3rd and 4th sts.,
Matinees Thursday, Sat. and Sun.

ORPHEUM

THE STANDARD OF VAUDEVILLE,
Broadway, bet. Sixth and Seventh.

PANTAGES VAUDEVILLE

BROADWAY NEAR MERCANTILE.

MASON OPERA HOUSE

BROADWAY BETWEEN 1st and 2nd.
All week—Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

MAIN STREET NEAR SIXTH.

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

BROADWAY NEAR EIGHTH.

FISCHER'S LYCEUM

FORMERLY ORPHEUM, Spring near Third.

HOTELS—

ALEXANDRIA HOTEL

FIFTH AND SPRING.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

FIFTH NEAR MAIN.

TUCKER'S EMPLOYMENT AGENCY

Male and Female Help of all kinds
211½ W. Second St. Los Angeles, Cal.

BOOKS—

LIFE, HISTORY AND CHARTER of the Commission Form of City Government, by William Hamilton McGoldrick, 218 New High St. You cannot afford to vote without it. Send \$2.00.

ADVICE

HAVE YOU PROPERTY to rent or sell? There's a customer or a tenant waiting to reach you through the Want Columns of *Out West*. Results are certain.

ARE YOU SUFFERING from ignorance as to the best foods you ought to eat? Are you below par physically and unable to do your best every day?

Then consult Miss Clara B. Lambert expert on diet.

(Trained under Dr. J. H. Kellog at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.)

739 N. Marengo Ave.

Home phone 3816.

Pasadena, California

STUDIO BUILDINGS—

BLANCHARD HALL

- STUDIO BUILDING devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science. Largest Studio building in the West. F. W. Blanchard, 233 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

SECURITY TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK.

MORE THAN 80,000 depositors. Resources exceed \$47,000,000.00. Special Savings Accounts, 3 per cent. Term deposits, 4 per cent. Largest Safe Deposit Vaults in the West. Security Building, 5th and Spring Sts., Los Angeles, Cal.

TOILET ARTICLES—

FINGER NAIL POLISH

SEND 10 CENTS for a 25 cent package of Finger Nail Polish. A trial order of just what you want. 1629 Van Ness, Los Angeles, Cal.

WANTED

MANY TEACHERS WANTED for schools in the West. All positions good salaries. Address, D. T. Bladwin, San Antonio, Texas.

Metaphysical Circulating Library

611 GRANT BLDG. Los Angeles

Hours 12 to 8 p. m.

Dues 25c. per month

Home Phone A171

\$2.50 per year

BOOKS FOR SALE

Mail Orders promptly Filled.



OUT WEST

New Series Vol. 4

December, 1912

Number 6

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, EDITOR

TABLE OF CONTENTS

351. Christmas in California..... *Edward Roland Sill*
352. Frontispiece—
353. The Late Emperor of Japan..... *Kenneth Morris*
358. Holiday Greeting..... *Emma Playter Seabury*
359. The Cruise of the Snark..... *Jack London*
370. From Alpine Snow to Semi-Tropical Sea..... *George Wharton James*
377. The Escape..... *Matilda Spaulding*
381. The Historical Elements of California Literature..... *George Wharton James*
387. Santa Claus..... *Fannie Harley*
388. Peace, Be Still..... *Emma Playter Seabury*
388. "Oh, Father Forgive"
389. The Pointing Pencil..... *Martha Martin Newkirk*
390. To the West..... *Olive G. Owen*
391. Quit Your Worrying..... *By the Editor*
396. Verse..... *Joaquin Miller*
397. Pasadena the City of Beautiful Homes..... *George Wharton James*
412. In the Editor's Den.
414. Under the Study Lamp.

Carloons By A. H. Dutton

Published monthly by the Western Publishing Company, 218 New High Street, Los Angeles, California. Price Fifteen Cents. Yearly subscriptions \$1.50 per year in advance. Entered as Second Class Matter at the Los Angeles Postoffice.

POSTAGE is prepaid on subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila, Samoa, Canal Zone, Cuba and Mexico.

HOW TO REMIT. Remittances should be sent by Check, Express Order, or Postal Money Order, payable to the Western Publishing Company. Currency, unless mailed in a registered letter, is at the sender's risk.

CHANGE IN ADDRESS. Notice of change in address should be sent One Week before the date of issue on which the change is to take effect. The change cannot be made unless the subscriber's Old Address is clearly indicated in addition to the New Address.

ADVERTISING. Orders, final instructions, and cuts for advertising in the Magazine must be received Ten Days before the first of the month on which the advertisement is intended to appear.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All manuscripts, drawings and photographs are received with the understanding that the Editors are not responsible for their loss or injury while in their possession or in transit. Return postage should be inclosed with each manuscript submitted, and a copy should be retained by its author.

WESTERN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LOS ANGELES
218 NEW HIGH STREET

Read Out West

And learn all about it. All about

Its HISTORY, LITERATURE, ART;
BEAUTY, GRANDEUR, MYSTERY;
INDUSTRIES, COMMERCE, WEALTH.

Its DEVELOPMENT—Past, Present, Future;
RESOURCES and OPPORTUNITIES.

Out West

**is the mirror which reflects
the life of "THE WEST."**

\$1.50 —CHECK OR MONEY ORDER—WITH YOUR ADDRESS, MAILED TO
US, WILL BRING "OUT WEST" TO YOU MONTHLY, 12 TIMES.

Ho for the West!

POEMS WORTH MEMORIZING

Masterpieces of Western Poetry

Christmas in California

By Edward Rowland Sill

Can this be Christmas—sweet as May,
With drowsy sun and dreamy air,
And new grass pointing out the way
For flowers to follow, everywhere?

Has Time grown sleepy at his post,
And let the exiled Summer back,
Or is it her regretful ghost,
Or witchcraft of the almanac?

While wandering breaths of mignonette
In at the open window come,
I send my thoughts afar, and let
Them paint your Christmas Day at home.

Glitter of ice, and glint of frost,
And sparkles in the crusted snow;
And bark! the dancing sleigh-bells, tost
The faster as they fainter grow.

The creaking footsteps hurry past;
The quick breath dims the frosty air;
And down the crisp road slipping fast
Their laughing loads the cutters bear.

Penciled against the cold white sky,
Above the curling eaves of snow,
The thin blue smoke lifts lingeringly,
As loath to leave the mirth below.

For at the door a merry din
Is heard, with stamp of feathery feet,
And chattering girls come storming in,
To toast them at the roaring grate.

And then from muff and pocket peer,
And many a warm and scented nook,
Mysterious little bundles queer,
That, rustling, tempt the curious look.

Now broad upon the southern walls
The mellowed sun's great smile appears,
And tips the rough-ringed icicles
With sparks, that grow to glittering tears.

Then, as the darkening day goes by,
The wind gets gustier without,
The leaden streaks are on the sky,
And whirls of snow are all about.

Soon firelight shadows, merry crew,
Along the darkling walls will leap
And clap their hands, as if they knew
A thousand things too good to keep.



Sweet eyes with home's contentment filled,
As in the smouldering coals they peer,
Haply some wondering pictures build
Of how I keep my Christmas here.

Before me, on the wide, warm bay,
A million azure ripples run;
Round me the sprouting palm-shoots lay
Their shining lances to the sun.

With glossy leaves that poise or swing,
The callas their white cups unfold,
And faintest chimes of odor ring
From silver bells with tongues of gold.

A languor of deliciousness
Fills all the sea-enchanted clime;
And in the blue heavens meet, and kiss,
The loitering clouds of summer-time.

This fragrance of the mountain balm
From spicy Lebanon might be;
Beneath such sunshine's amber calm
Slumbered the waves of Galilee.

O wondrous gift, in goodness given,
Each hour anew our eyes to greet,
An earth so fair—so close to Heaven,
'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

And we—what bring we in return?
Only these broken lives, and lift
Them up to meet His pitying scorn,
As some poor child its foolish gift:

As some poor child on Christmas Day
Its broken toy in love might bring;
You could not break its heart and say
You cared not for the worthless thing?

Ah, word of trust, His child! That child
Who brought to earth the life divine,
Tells me the Father's pity mild
Scorns not even such a gift as mine.

I am His creature, and His air
I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;
The angels' song rings everywhere,
And all the earth is Holy Land.



"Overshadowing Pasadena on the north, apparently so close that one could walk to their heights in an hour's time, are the slopes and summits of the great Sierra Madre range of mountains, on which, in the winter, snow falls in Alpine abundance, and pines, firs, spruces and cotton woods are laden with their burden of pristine whiteness."

OUT WEST

DECEMBER

1912

The LATE EMPEROR *of* JAPAN



By Kenneth Morris

*Courtesy of The Theosophical Path,
Point Loma, Cal.*



WHEN THE NEWS was brought out from the palace; when the great multitude that had been waiting, praying there for so long, heard, and fell—a self-controlled race—to sobbing, to shedding silent tears for the one that had passed; when the old people went into the forest to fast and pray for the life of that one, lying then at death's door in the palace; when the simple people made pilgrimage to the peak of Fujiyama, to remain there, near the Gods, in prayer and silence, petitioning the unseen powers for the life of their Emperor—it was then that the fitting tribute was paid to the deeds and character of the great monarch who made Japan a world-power, who carried the heroic spirit of antiquity into the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

That was the achievement of the Emperor Mutsuhito; and as such, he stands and will stand in history as more than a national figure, more than the maker of a great nation; he takes his place as one of the Significant Men in the history of the world. In ancient times a King was more than a figurehead, more than the Executive Branch of the government, more, let us say at once, than merely a man. The nations believed that there was a Soul to each one of them; they spoke of the Gods, the unseen, divine powers of the national soul. They had their link with the Gods, their God incarnate to reign over and guide them; they had their kings who represented

the Gods, the National Soul. As such, Kings were divine, the high priests of the nation, embodiments of the ideal of the people, the Pole Star of all loyalty, devotion, nobility, and heroism. Out of such a conception was born the heroic spirit of antiquity. Alone among the monarchs of the modern world, Mutsuhito was accorded such a position by his people.

The representative of perhaps the most ancient dynasty in the world, he could yet face modern conditions with extraordinary success; could guide his people clear out of a slumbrous medievalism into the glare and hurry of modernity, to the accomplishment in a few decades of what it had taken Europe many centuries to accomplish; and yet retain about himself the ancient spirit. He could be a successful modern sovereign, perhaps the most successful of our time; and remain a king in the antique sense; a twentieth-century business man, but none the less the direct descendant of the Sun; a wise modern statesman, and at the same time an incarnate divinity. Perhaps indeed there is no paradox here; perhaps his present-day success was the natural result of his antique, his archaic sanctity of office; but in our day it seems like a paradox. In the eyes of Europe and America, the greatness of Japan will seem to be owing to the far-sight and patriotism of such men as Ito, Togo, Yamagata, the Elder Statesmen. But it was Mutsuhito who found



H. I. M. Mutsu-bito, the Late Emperor of Japan
(From his latest portrait)
Courtesy of the "Theosophical Path"—Point Loma, Cal.



H. I. M. Yoshihito, the Emperor of Japan
Courtesy of the "Theosophical Path"—Point Loma, Cal



H. I. M. the Empress of Japan
Courtesy of the "Theosophical Path"—Point Loma Cal.



H. I. M. the Empress Dowager of Japan
Courtesy of the "Theosophical Path"—Point Loma, Cal

them, chose them, and inspired them. And in the eyes of Ito, Yamagata and the others—men who could beat the modern world at its own game—their success was due to the “Virtue of the Emperor.” From the Field-Marshal to the humblest private, from the great Admiral to the least of his sailors, his people believe that it was he that triumphed at Mukden, his virtue that destroyed the invader on the Sea of Japan. There is only one way to test a theory—by the success it wins. The Japanese theory as to the virtue of the Emperor stood that test triumphantly. Perhaps after all, O modern world, it is the innate divinity of man that is the grandest of all assets, the surest weapon of victory.

That may be the lesson and secret of the epos of the era of Meiji, and of the life of its central figure, the great Mutsuhito. Whether Japan will succeed in retaining the antique spirit; whether that spirit will come through the surge and welter of modern materialism and commercialism, and remain an inspira-

tion for humanity at large, or not, the glory of Mutsuhito will remain undimmed. He could grasp the modern without losing the ancient. He could be at once the modern statesman-king, and the enthroned god of prehistoric times, without incongruity, without showing the least unfitness for either role.

All hearts surely go out in love and sympathy to the bereaved Empress. She was a fitting consort for him. “My wife is my Minister of Education,” he is reported to have said. With him, she, the pure-souled patriot, the tender mother and lover of her people, labored daily for the building up of Japan. In the field, the soldiers saw before them for their beacon and inspiration, the spirit and virtue of Mutsuhito; in the hospitals the sick and wounded felt the gracious influence, the healing tenderness of Haruko.

May that virtue, that influence, abide forever with the people of Japan, that the antique, magnanimous ideals may not wane!

Holiday Greeting

By Emma Playter Seabury

*I greet you under the holly,
 And under the mistletoe bough,
 Let us drive away old melancholy,
 Because of the holiday holly,
 And surely, my friend, it is folly
 To pass by the mistletoe now;
 When everyone tries to be jolly
 Under the mistletoe bough.*

The CRUISE of THE SNARK



By Jack London

The Cruise of the Snark is the title given by Jack London to the book recounting his world-famed voyage in a small boat called the *Snark*. By his kind permission and that of his publishers, The Macmillan Company, New York, we are presenting to our readers a sketch condensed from its pages with a few of the illustrations. It is extremely fascinating throughout and the difficulty has been to give an adequate conception of the story without reproducing it entire.

IT BEGAN in the swimming pool at Glen Ellen. Between swims it was our wont to come out and lie in the sand and let our skins breathe the warm air and soak in the sunshine. Roscoe was a yachtsman. I had followed the sea a bit. It was inevitable that we should talk about boats. We talked about small boats, and the seaworthiness of small boats. We instanced Captain Slocum and his three years' voyage around the world in the *Spray*.

We asserted that we were not afraid to go around the world in a small boat, say forty feet long. We asserted furthermore that we would like to do it. We asserted finally that there was nothing in this world we's like better than a chance to do it.

"Let us do it," we said in fun.

Then I asked Charmian privily if she'd really care to do it, and she said that it was too good to be true.

The next time we breathed our skins in the sand by the swimming pool I said to Roscoe, "Let us do it."

I was in earnest, and so was he, for he said:

"When shall we start?"

I had a house to build on the ranch, also an orchard, a vineyard, and several hedges to plant, and a number of other things to do. We thought we would start in four or five years. Then the lure of the adventure began to grip us.

Why not start at once? We'd never be younger, any of us. Let the orchard, vineyard, and hedges be growing up while we were away. When we came back, they would be ready for us, and we could live in the barn while we built the house.

So the trip was decided upon, and the building of the *Snark* began. We named her the *Snark* because we could not think of any other name—this information is given for the benefit of those who



Charmian and the Skipper

From *Cruise of the Snark*. Permission Macmillan Co., Publishers, N. Y.

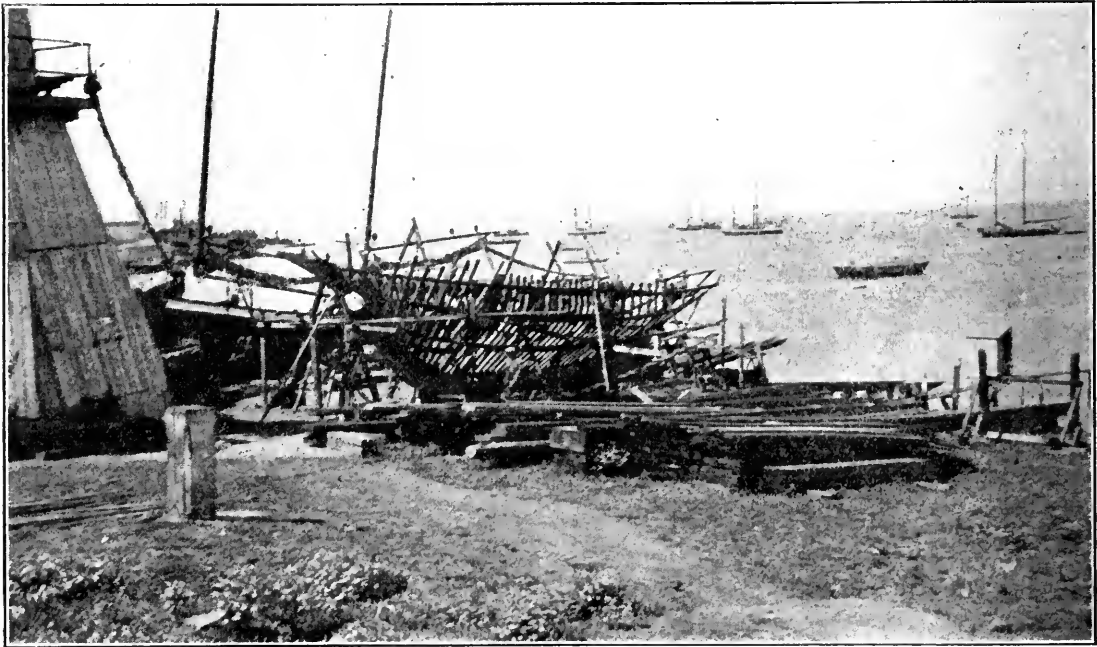
otherwise might think there is something occult in the name.

Our friends cannot understand why we make this voyage. They shudder, and moan, and raise their hands. No amount of explanation can make them comprehend that we are moving along the line of least resistance; that it is easier for us to go down to the sea in a small ship

than to remain on dry land, just as it is easier for them to remain on dry land than to go down to the sea in the small ship. This state of mind comes from an undue prominence of the ego. They cannot get away from themselves. They cannot come out of themselves long enough to see that their line of least resistance is not necessarily everybody else's line of least resistance. They make their own bundle of desires, likes, and dislikes a yardstick wherewith to measure the desires, likes and dislikes of all creatures. This is unfair. I tell

and philosophy goes glimmering. It is *I like* that makes the drunkard drink the martyr wear a hair shirt; that makes one man a reveller and another man an anchorite; that makes one man pursue fame, another gold, another love, and another God. Philosophy is very often a man's way of explaining his own *I like*.

But to return to the *Snark*, and why I, for one, want to journey in her around the world. The things I like constitute my set of values. The thing I like most of all is personal achievement—



The Building of the Snark

From Cruise of the Snark. Permission Macmillan Co., Publisher N. Y.

them so. But they cannot get away from their own miserable egos long enough to hear me. They think I am crazy. In return, I am sympathetic. It is a state of mind familiar to me. We are all prone to think there is something wrong with the mental processes of the man who disagrees with us.

The ultimate word is *I like*. It lies beneath philosophy, and is twined about the heart of life. When philosophy has mandered ponderously for a month, telling the individual what he must do, the individual says, in an instance, "*I like*," and does something else,

not achievement for the world's applause but achievement for my own delight. It is the old "I did it! I did it! With my own hands I did it!" But personal achievement, with me, must be concrete. I'd rather win a water-fight in the swimming pool, or remain astride a horse that is trying to get out from under me, than write the great American novel. Each man to his liking. Some other fellow would prefer writing the great American novel to winning the water-fight or mastering the horse.

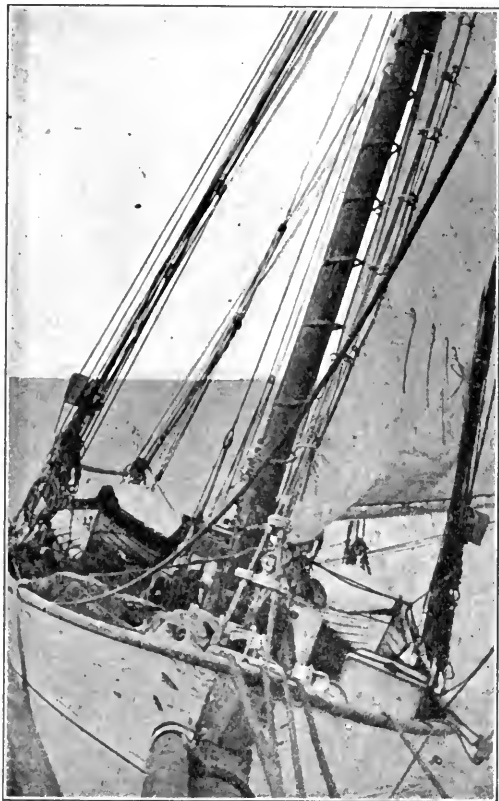
Possibly the proudest achievement of my life, my moment of highest living,

occurred when I was seventeen. I was in a three-masted schooner off the coast of Japan. We were in a typhoon. All hands had been on deck most of the night. I was called from my bunk at seven in the morning to take the wheel. Not a stitch of canvas was set. We were running before it under bare poles, yet the schooner fairly tore along. The seas were all of an eighth of a mile apart, and the wind snatched the whitecaps from their summits filling the air so thick with driving spray that it was impossible to see more than two waves at a time. The schooner was almost unmanageable, rolling her rail under to starboard and to port, veering and yawing anywhere between southeast and southwest, and threatening, when the huge seas lifted her quarter, to broach to. Had she broached to, she would ultimately have been reported lost with all hands and no tidings.

I took the wheel. The sailing-master watched me for a space. He was afraid of my youth, feared that I lacked the strength and the nerve. But when he saw me successfully wrestle the schooner through several bouts, he went below to breakfast. Had she broached to, not one of them would ever have reached the deck. For forty minutes I stood there alone at the wheel, in my grasp the wildly careering schooner and the lives of twenty-two men. Once we were pooped. I saw it coming, and, half-drowned, with tons of water crushing me, I checked the schooner's rush to broach to. At the end of the hour, sweating and played out, I was relieved. But I had done it! With my own hands I had done my trick at the wheel and guided a hundred tons of wood and iron through a few million tons of wind and waves.

My delight was in that I had done it—not in the fact that twenty-two men knew I had done it. Within the year over half of them were dead and gone, yet my pride in the thing performed was not diminished by half. I am willing to confess, however, that I do like a small audience. But it must be a very small audience, composed of those who love me and whom I love. When I then accomplish personal achievement, I have a feeling that I am justifying their

love of me. But this is quite apart from the delight of the achievement itself. This delight is peculiarly my own and does not depend upon witnesses. When I have done such thing, I am exalted. I glow all over. I am aware of a pride in myself that is mine, and mine alone. It is organic. Every fibre of me is thrilling with it. It is very natural. It is a mere matter of satisfaction at adjustment to environment. It is success.



The Tug Boats on Deck, left little Room
From Cruise of the Snark. Permission Macmillan Co., Publishers, N. Y.

Life that lives is life successful, and success is the breath of its nostrils. The achievement of a difficult feat is successful adjustment to a sternly exacting environment. The more difficult the feat, the greater satisfaction at its accomplishment.

The trip around the world means big moments of living. Bear with me a moment and look at it. Here am I, a little animal called a man—a bit of

vitalized matter, one hundred and sixty-five pounds of meat and blood, nerve, sinew, bones, and brain,—all of it soft and tender, susceptible to hurt, fallible, and frail. I strike a light back-handed blow on the nose of an obstreperous horse, and a bone in my hand is broken. I put my head under the water for five minutes, and I am drowned. I fall twenty feet through the air, and I am mashed. I am a creature of temperature. A few degrees one way, and my fingers and ears and toes blacken and drop off. A few degrees the other way, and

for me than I have for the grain of sand I crush under my foot. They have no concern at all for me. They do not know me. They are unconscious, unmerciful, and unmoral. They are the cyclones and the tornadoes, lightning flashes and cloud bursts, tide-rips and tidal waves, undertows and waterspouts, great whirls and sucks and eddies, earthquakes and volcanoes, surfs that thunder on rock-ribbed coasts and seas that leap aboard the largest crafts that float, crushing humans to pulp or licking them off into the sea and to death—and these insensate



The Dark Secrets of Navigation

From *Cruise of the Snark*. Permission Macmillan Co., Publishers N. Y.

my skin blisters and shrivels away from the raw, quivering flesh. A few additional degrees either way, and the life and the light in me go out. A drop of poison injected into my body from a snake, and I cease to move—forever I cease to move. A splinter of lead from a rifle enters my head, and I am wrapped around in the eternal darkness.

Fallible and frail, a bit of pulsating, jelly-like life—it is all I am. About me are the great natural forces—colossal menaces, Titans of destruction, unsentimental monsters that have less concern

monsters do not know that tiny sensitive creature, all nerves and weaknesses, whom men call Jack London, and who himself thinks he is all right and quite a superior being.

In the maze and conflict of these vast and draughty Titans, it is for me to thread my precarious way. The bit of life that is I will exult over them. The bit of life that is I, in so far as it succeeds in baffling them or in biting them to its service, will imagine that it is godlike. It is good to ride the tempest and feel godlike. I dare to assert that for a finite



Dream Harbor

From Cruise of the *Snark*. Permission Macmillan Co., Publishers N. Y.

speck of pulsating jelly to feel godlike is a far more glorious feeling than for a god to feel godlike.

Here is the sea, the wind, and the wave. Here are the seas, the winds, and the waves of all the world. Here is ferocious environment. And here is difficult adjustment, the achievement of which is delight to the small quivering vanity that is I. I like. I am so made. It is my own particular form of vanity, that is all.

There is also another side to the voyage of the *Snark*. Being alive, I want to see, and all the world is a bigger thing to see than one small town or valley. We have done little outlining of the voyage. Only one thing is definite, and that is that our first port of call will be Honolulu.

We were resolved that our craft should be staunch and strong. "Spare no money," said I to Roscoe. "Let everything on the *Snark* be of the best. Never mind what it costs; you see that she is made staunch and strong, and I'll go on writing and earning the money to pay for it."

And I did . . . as well as I could; for the *Snark* ate up money faster than I could earn it. In fact, every little while I had to borrow money with which to supplement my earnings. Now I borrowed one thousand dollars, now I borrowed two thousand dollars, and now I borrowed five thousand dollars. And all the time I went on working every day and sinking the earnings in the venture. I worked Sundays as well, and I took no holidays. But it was worth it. Every time I thought of the *Snark* I knew she was worth it.

It was planned that the *Snark* should sail on October 1, 1906. That she did not so sail was inconceivable and monstrous. There was no valid reason for her not sailing except that she was not ready to sail, and there was no conceivable reason why she was not ready. She was promised on November first, on November fifteenth, on December first; and yet she was never ready. On December first Charmian and I left the sweet, clean Sonoma country and came down to live in the stifling city—but not for long, oh, no, only for

two weeks, for we would sail on December fifteenth. And I guess we ought to know, for Roscoe said so, and it was on his advice that we came to the city to stop two weeks. Alas, the two weeks went by, four weeks went by, six weeks went by, eight weeks went by and we were farther away from sailing than ever. Explain it? Who?—me? I can't. It is the one thing in all my life that I have backed down on. There is no explaining it; if there were, I'd do it. I, who am an artisan of speech, confess my inability to explain why the *Snark* was not ready.

The *Snark* is a small boat. I have built barns and houses, and I know the peculiar trait such things have of running

pay day and bill-collection. Men pledged me their immortal souls that they would deliver a certain thing on a certain date; as a rule, after such pledging, they rarely exceeded being three months late in delivery. And so it went, and Charmian and I consoled each other by saying what a splendid boat the *Snark* was, so staunch and strong.

My friends began to make bets against the various sailing dates of the *Snark*. Mr. Wiget, who was left behind on our Sonoma ranch, was the first to cash his bet. He collected on New Year's Day, 1907. After that the bets came fast and furious. My friends surrounded me like a gang of harpies, making bets against every sailing date I set. And the time



Standing up and Lying Down

From Cruise of the *Snark*. Permission Macmillan Co., Publishers, N. Y.

past their estimated cost. The knowledge was mine, was already mine, when I estimated the probable cost of the building of the *Snark* at seven thousand dollars. Well, she cost thirty thousand. Now don't ask me, please. It is the truth. I signed the checks and I raised the money. Of course there is no explaining it. Inconceivable and monstrous is what it is.

Then there was the matter of delay. I dealt with forty-seven different kinds of union men and with one hundred and fifteen different firms. And not one union man and not one firm of all the union men and all the firms ever delivered anything at the time agreed upon, nor ever was on time for anything except

continued to go by. Finally, on Tuesday morning, April 23, 1907, we sailed through the Golden Gate headed for the Hawaiian Islands, twenty-one hundred sea-miles away as the gull flies. And the outcome was our justification. We arrived. And we arrived, furthermore, without any trouble; that is, without any trouble to amount to anything.

Twenty-seven days out from San Francisco we arrived at the island of Oahu, Territory of Hawaii. In the early morning we drifted around Diamond Head into full view of Honolulu. We could see the masts and funnels of the shipping in the harbor, and the hotels and bathers along the beach at Waikiki, the smoke rising from the dwelling

houses high up on the volcanic slopes of the Punch Bowl and Tantalus. The custom-house tug and port doctor's launch came charging at us. Strange faces were on our decks, strange voices were speaking and in the morning's newspapers thrust before our eyes we read that the *Snark* and all hands had been lost at sea, and that she had been a very unseaworthy craft anyway. And while we read this information the wireless message was being received by the congressional party on the summit of Haleakala announcing the safe arrival of the *Snark*.

It was the *Snark's* first landfall—and such a landfall! For twenty-seven days we had been on the deserted deep, and

and rolled so long that when we climbed out on the tiny wharf we kept on rocking and rolling. This, naturally, we attributed to the wharf. I spraddled along the wharf and nearly fell into the water. I glanced at Charmian, and the way she walked made me sad. The wharf had all the seeming of a ship's deck. It lifted, tilted, heaved, and sank; and since there were no hand-rails on it, it kept Charmian and me busy avoiding falling in.

At last, however, supported by our hosts, we negotiated the wharf and gained the land. But the land was no better. The very first thing it did was to tilt clear to its jagged, volcanic backbone, and I saw the clouds above it tilt, too.



The Sail was Impossible

From Cruise of the *Snark*. Permission Macmillan Co., Publishers, N. Y.

it was pretty hard to realize that there was so much life in the world. We were made dizzy by it. We could not take it in all at once. We were like awakened Rip Van Winkles, and it seemed to us we were dreaming. It was all so beautiful and strange that we could not accept it as real. On the chart this place is called Pearl Harbor, but we called it Dream Harbor.

A launch came off to us; in it were members of the Hawaiian Yacht Club, come to greet us and make us welcome, with true Hawaiian hospitality, to all they had. So we went ashore with them across a level flashing sea to the wonderful green land. We landed on a tiny wharf, and the dream became more insistent. Body and brain we had rocked

Next we came to a house of coolness, with great sweeping veranda, where lotus-eaters might dwell. Windows and doors were wide open to the breeze, and the song and fragrances blew lazily in and out. Everything was preternaturally cool. Here was no blazing down of a tropic sun upon an unshrinking sea. It was too good to be true. But it was not real. It was a dream-dwelling.

Luncheon was served on the lotus-eating veranda, and the dream threatened to dissolve. It shimmered and trembled like an iridescent bubble about to break. I was just glancing out at the green grass and stately trees when suddenly I felt the table move. The table, the greensward and the trees—all lifted

and tilted before my eyes, and heaved and sank down into the trough of a monstrous sea. I gripped my chair convulsively and held on. I had a feeling that I was holding on to the dream as well as the chair. Suddenly, however, a mysterious word of fear broke from the lips of the lotus-eaters. "Ah, ah"

saw the *Snark* at anchor, and I remembered that I had sailed in her from San Francisco to Hawaii, and that this was Pearl Harbor, and that even then I was acknowledging introductions and saying, in reply to the first question, "Yes, we had delightful weather all the way down".



In The Sweat of His Brow

From Cruise of the *Snark*. Permission Macmillan Co., Publishers, N. Y.

thought I, "now the dream goes glimmering." I clutched the chair desperately, resolved to drag back to the reality of the *Snark* some tangible vestige of this lotus-land. I felt the whole dream lurching and pulling to be gone. Just then the mysterious word of fear was repeated. It sounded like *Reporters*. I looked and saw three of them coming across the lawn. Oh, blessed reporters! Then the dream was indisputably real after all. I glanced out across the shining water and

The water that rolls in on Waikiki Beach is just the same as the water that laves the shores of all the Hawaiian Islands; and in ways, especially from the swimmer's standpoint, it is wonderful water. It is cool enough to be comfortable, while it is warm enough to permit a swimmer to stay in all day without experiencing a chill. I had watched the sunburnt Kanakas come riding in on the breakers, their pride in the feat showing in the carriage of their magnificent

bodies, so I, too, decided to tackle the royal sport of surf-riding. The second day I remained in the water four hours and resolved that on the morrow I'd come in standing up. But the resolution paved a distant place. On the morrow I was in bed. I was not sick, but I was very unhappy, and I was in bed. When describing the wonderful water of Hawaii I forgot to describe the wonderful sun of Hawaii. It is a tropic sun, and, furthermore, in the first part of June, it is an overhead sun. It is also an insidious, deceitful sun. For the first time in my life I was sunburned unawares. My arms, shoulders, and back had been burned many times in the past and were tough; but not so my legs. And for four hours I had exposed the tender backs of my legs, at right angles, to that perpendicular Hawaiian sun. It was not until after I had got ashore that I discovered the sun had touched me. Sunburn at first is merely warm; after that it grows intense and the blisters come out. Also, the joints, where the skin wrinkles, refuse to bend. That is why I spent the next day in bed. I couldn't walk. And that is why, today, I am writing this in bed. It is easier to than not to. But tomorrow, ah, tomorrow, I shall be out in that wonderful water, and I shall come in standing up. And if I fail tomorrow, I shall do it the next day, or the next. Upon one thing I am resolved: the *Snark* shall not sail from Honolulu until I, too, wing my heels with the swiftness of the sea, and become a sunburned, skin-peeling Mercury.

When the *Snark* sailed along the windward coast of Molokai, on her way to Honolulu, I looked at the chart, then pointed to a low-lying peninsula backed by a tremendous cliff varying from two to four thousand feet in height, and said: "The pit of hell, the most cursed place on earth." I should have been shocked, if, at that moment, I could have caught a vision of myself a month later, ashore in the most cursed place on earth and having a disgracefully good time along with eight hundred of the lepers who were likewise having a good time. Their good time was not disgraceful; but mine was, for in the midst of so much misery it was not meet for me to

have a good time. That is the way I felt about it, and my only excuse is that I couldn't help having a good time.

On the Fourth of July all the lepers gathered at the race-track for the sports and became as enthusiastic over the horse races as do others. When it came to the donkey race, everyone laughed uproariously at the fun, and any one in my place would have joined with them in having a good time. The Settlement has been written up repeatedly by sensationalists, and usually by sensationalists who have never laid eyes on it. Of course, leprosy is leprosy, and it is a terrible thing, but so much that is lurid has been written about Molokai that neither the lepers, nor those who devote their lives to them, have received a fair deal.

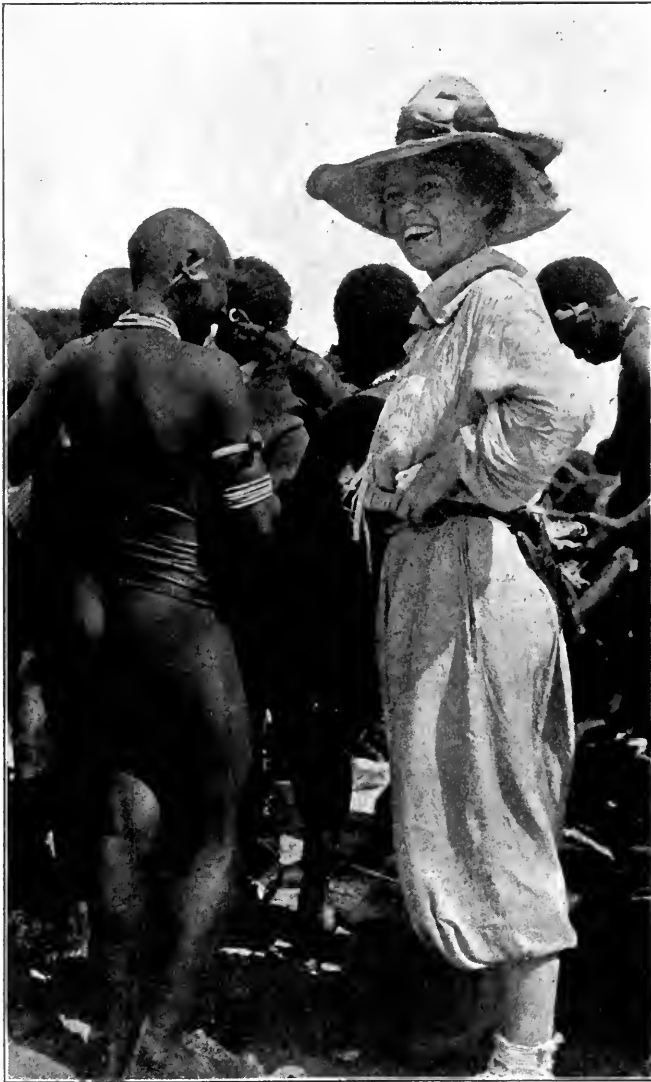
Major Lee, an American I met there said to me: "Give us a good breeze about how we live here. For heaven's sake write us up straight. Put your foot down on this chamber-of-horrors rot and all the rest of it. We don't like being misrepresented. We've got some feelings. Just tell the world how we really are in here." And man after man that I met in the Settlement, and woman after woman, in one way or another expressed the same sentiment. It was patent that they resented bitterly the sensational and untruthful way in which they have been exploited in the past.

In spite of the fact that they are afflicted by disease, the lepers form a happy colony, divided into two villages and numerous country and seaside homes, of nearly a thousand souls. They have six churches, a Young Men's Christian Association building, several assembly halls, a band stand, a race-track, baseball grounds, and shooting ranges, an athletic club, numerous glee clubs and two brass bands.

After visiting Haleakala, the house of the sun, on the island of Maui, we sailed from Hilo, Hawaii, on October 7, and arrived at Nuka-hiva, in the Marquesas, on December 6th. The distance was two thousand miles as the crow flies, while we actually travelled at least four thousand miles to accomplish it. With very meagre sailing directions we followed a course which probably

had never been traversed before. Naturally such a voyage was full of novelty and adventure, but we finally reached our destination. Sixty days from land to land, across a lonely sea above whose horizons never rise the straining sails of ships.

Next came the island of Tahiti. Here we again met the "Nature Man" whom I first encountered in San Francisco several years ago. His name was Ernest Darling. Twelve years before, he weighed but ninety pounds and was too weak to speak. The doctors had given



Charmian goes to Market

From Cruise of the Snark. Permission Macmillan Co., Publishers, N. Y.

We landed at Taiohae Bay, attended a feast given by a Hawaiian sailor at which fourteen hogs, roasted whole, were served to the whole village, and made a trip to the valley of Typee.

him up. He was a physical and mental wreck. He was sick and tired of medicine, and he was sick and tired of persons. The thought came to him that since he was going to die, he might as

well die in the open, away from all the bother and irritation. And behind this idea lurked a sneaking idea that perhaps he would not die after all if he only could escape from the heavy foods, the medicines, and the well-intentioned persons who made him frantic. As he regained his strength he made up his mind to live thenceforth his own life. If he lived like others, according to social conventions, he would surely die. To live, he must have a natural diet, the open air, and the blessed sunshine. From place to place he drifted until he came to Tahiti. He wears only a loin-cloth and a sleeveless fish-net shirt. His stripped weight is one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His health is perfect. His eyesight, that at one time was considered ruined, is excellent. The lungs that were practically destroyed by three attacks of pneumonia, have not only recovered, but they are stronger than ever before.

Later on the *Snark* was lying at anchor at Raiatea, just off the village of Uturoa. She had arrived the night before, after dark, and we were preparing to pay our first visit ashore. Early in the morning I had noticed a tiny outrigger canoe, with an impossible spritsail, skimming the surface of the lagoon. The canoe itself was coffin-shaped, a mere dugout, fourteen feet long, a scant twelve inches wide, and maybe twenty-four inches deep. It had no lines, except in so far that it was sharp at both ends. Its sides were perpendicular. Shorn of the outrigger, it would have capsized of itself inside a tenth of a second. It was the outrigger that kept it right side up.

I said that the sail was impossible. It was. It was one of those things, not that you have to see to believe, but that you cannot believe after you have seen it. The hoist of it and the length of its boom were sufficiently appalling; but, not content with that, its artificer had given it a tremendous head. So large was the head that no common sprit could carry the strain of it in an ordinary breeze. So a spar had been lashed to the canoe, projecting aft over the water.

To this had been made fast a sprit guy: thus, the foot of the sail was held by the main-sheet, and the peak by the guy to the sprit.

It was not a mere boat, not a mere canoe, but a sailing machine. And the man in it sailed it by his weight and his nerve—principally by the latter.

Before leaving Raiatea we had had a ride on this peculiar craft, been hospitably entertained by its owner and his wife, were overwhelmed with gifts of vegetables, fruits, chickens, etc., by the natives and had attended a stone-fishing expedition.

Many other islands did we visit and many a novel adventure did we experience. the cruise continued for two years and was then abandoned, not because it was completed or that we were tired of it, but on account of a peculiar malady that affected my hands and feet. I went into a hospital in Australia where I spent five weeks. The disease baffled the Australian specialists and as it did not mend, it was impossible for me to continue the voyage. The only way I could have continued it would have been by being lashed in my bunk, for in my helpless condition, unable to clutch with my hands, I could not have moved about on a small rolling boat. So back to California I came.

Since my return I have completely recovered. And I have found out what was the matter with me by reading Colonel Charles E. Woodruff's book entitled "Effects of Tropical Light on White Men." I was being torn to pieces by the ultra-violet rays just as many experimenters with X-ray have been torn to pieces.

A last word: the test of the voyage. It is easy enough for me or any man to say that it was enjoyable. But there is a better witness, the one woman who made it from beginning to end. In hospital when I broke the news to Charman that I must go back to California, the tears welled into her eyes. For two days she was wrecked and broken by the knowledge that the happy, happy voyage was abandoned.



FROM ALPINE SNOW TO SEMI-TROPICAL SEA

By
George Wharton James

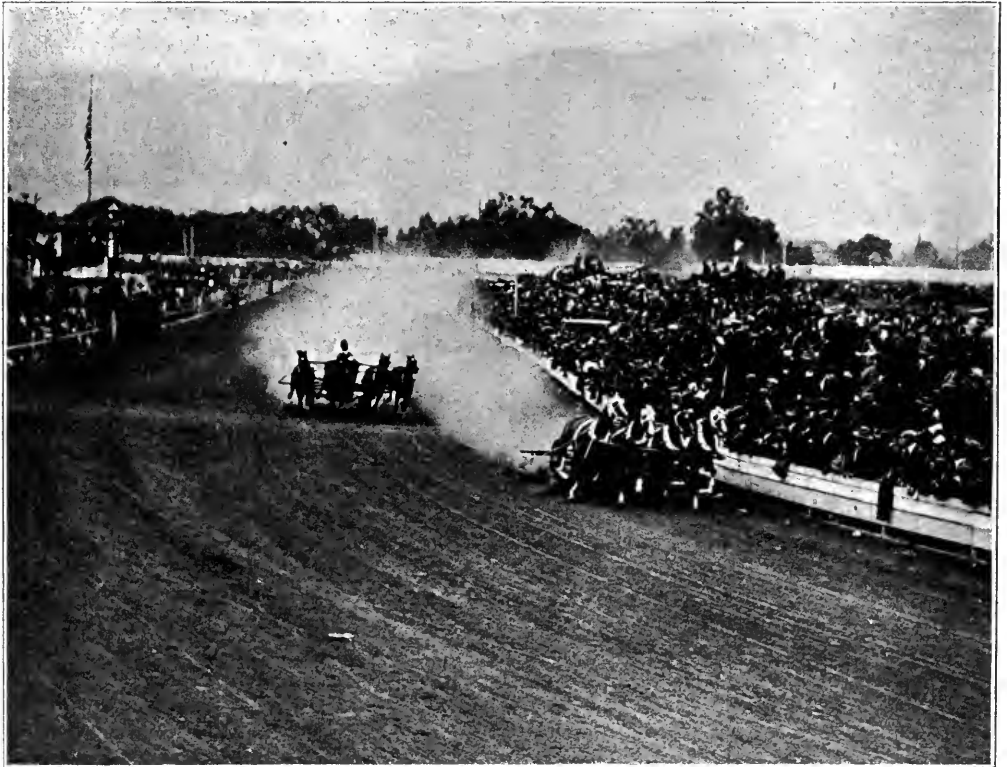


A NEW YEAR'S DAY JOURNEY IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

FOR TWENTY YEARS Pasadena has had a festival of flowers that has yearly added to her renown, not only because of what it is in itself but because of the circumstances and conditions under which

tallyhos, buggies, automobiles, wagons, fire-engines, etc, all of which are marched in procession before scores of thousands of delighted spectators.

Yet, overshadowing the city on the North, apparently so close that one



Chariot Races. An Exciting Point, New Year's Day, Tournament of Roses, Pasadena.

it is held. Elsewhere in another article in these pages I have dilated briefly upon the climatic charms of Pasadena. In midwinter, on New Year's Day, the people give a concrete lesson to the world at large as to what these charms are. The gardens are almost as full of flowers as in any other part of the year, hence it is no figure of speech to say that millions upon millions of flowers are used in the decoration of floats, carriages,

could walk to their heights in an hour's time, are the slopes and summits of the great Sierra Madre range of mountains, on which, in the winter, snow falls in Alpine abundance, and pines, firs, spruces and cottonwoods are laden with their burden of pristine whiteness.

On the other hand, to the South, lies the pearlyfaced Pacific Ocean, whose winter waters are tempered by the warm currents from the far south, giving to



Orange Grove Boulevard: One of the Finest in the World

them a temperature suitable for mid-winter bathing, of which hundreds of people daily take advantage.

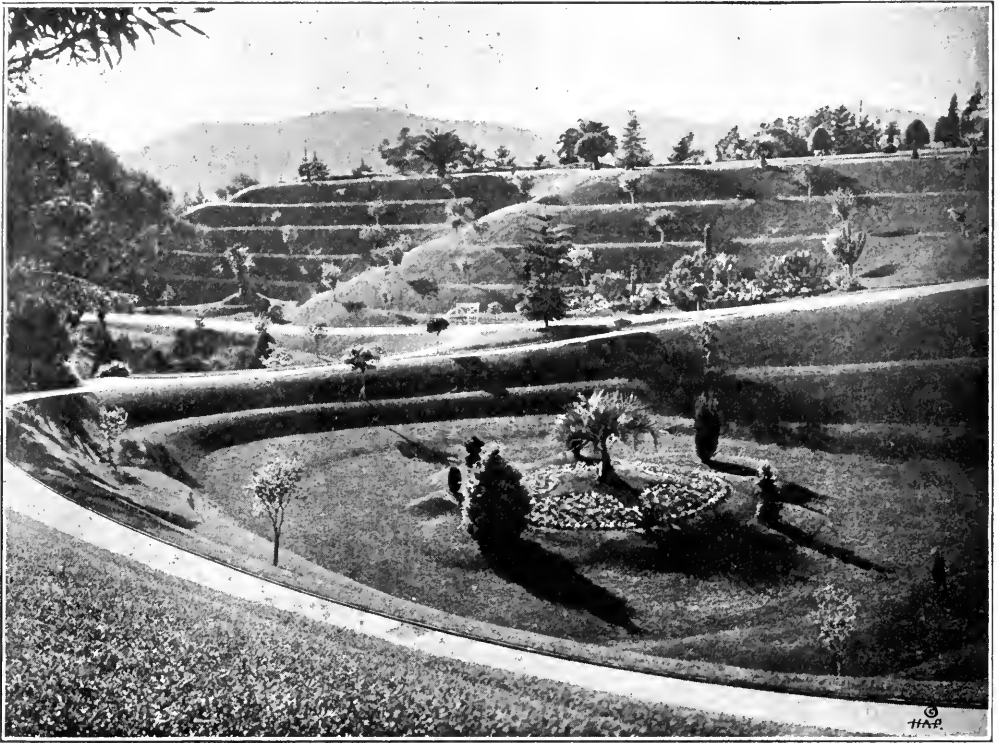
Realizing these marvelously diverse conditions in such close proximity led me, some twenty years ago to essay a new experience in mixed climates, which I have repeated on several other and later New Year's Days. Indeed I have made the trip so often, sometimes in one order, and sometimes in another, that in the following narration I may mix up the incidents of different New Year's Days Experiences. But of the intrinsic truth of my statements there need be no question.

Starting in my own garden in Pasadena, the New Year's morning was bright, sunshiny and delightful. There was enough of sparkle in the sunladen air to let one know that the mountains had their winter covering of snow. Here, the yards and gardens were full of flowers from roses to heliotrope, bouganvillea to cannas, with here and there patches of Burbank's creations, Shasta Daisies and Amaryllis. The humming birds flitted to and fro in delicious aban-

don to the delight of the morning and the attraction of the honey laden blossoms. Bees hummed and droned along, laden with honey, or out in search for more, while birds sang their merriest and happiest song, the songs of the glad New Year. Did you ever hear a California mocking bird sing his New Year song? If not, you don't know what a perfect abandon of joy is. Listen to that fellow on my neighbor's chimney. Floods of golden melody are poured forth with a Niagara-like prodigality. Flute-like strains of clearest song, are followed by dashes and quirks, snatches and suggestions of half recognized themes, and again, and again, like Browning's wise thrush

*"He sings each song twice over
Lest you should think he cannot recapture
That first, fine careless rapture."*

Then, as if to startle you, he makes a sudden leap from the chimney-top to the summit of the near-by telephone pole. It is a leap and a dive and an upward sweep all in one. It almost takes away your breath to see him. But does that startle you? He laughs



A View of the Flowers, Busch's Sunken Gardens

at your fear, and to make clear to you how joyous he feels and how easy it is for him, he bursts forth into loudest song while he leaps, flies and sweeps. Song and flight are combined—the one the perfection of bird song, the other the perfection of bird flight.

The trees that line the streets are alive with other birds, all joining in the morning chorus. The trees themselves are in their finest dress of living green. The winter rains have washed them free from all dust, the winds have carried away all dead leaves, and they are each and all, clusters of leafy attraction and glory. The orange and lemon orchards further on are great patches of deep sea green transferred to land, on and in which float golden globes of greater benefit to mankind than the fabled apples of the Hesperides, while the green sea is thrashed into whitest foam caused by the waxen blossoms which already have begun to appear.

We take a Mount Lowe car passing northward, for we see the slopes of Echo Mountain and the heights beyond covered with snow. We are bound to have

the experience of winter sports on this glorious winter morning. On we speed the powerful cars propelled by electricity seeming to partake of the exuberance of the golden day. Up we go, higher and higher, passing grove after grove, orchard after orchard, as well as the lawn and flower surrounded homes of the wealthy and cultured citizens of Altadena.

At length we reach the foot of the Great Cable Incline. Here we transfer to the cars that ascend that remarkable piece of engineering. The grade is fifty-eight per cent., and increases to sixty-four per cent and finally drops to 48 per cent as we near the top. This incline is about 1500 feet in length and takes us from Rubio Canyon, at an elevation of 2,200 feet, to Echo Mountain, 3,500 feet. One car ascends, while another descends; they are each attached to an endless cable, which is operated by electricity, the whole machinery so guarded that even were the operator to be suddenly slain or forcibly removed, the wheels would stop of their own motion where the cars reach the landing



A Pasadena Bungalow

stations. Though there are two cars there are but three rails, and the cars pass each other midway up the Incline without switch or switchman. The turn-out was one of Professor Lowe's happy inventions, that made this easy operation of two cars on three rails possible.

As we have ascended we have run into the snow. At about 3,000 feet the pure white covering is found. Everything is changed. From semi-tropical flower gardens we are now in Alpine snow, or in the region where snow seems to reign supreme. When our car lands us at Echo Mountain we cannot restrain our youthful exuberance, but dashing out, we pick up handfuls of the snow, and begin to snowball our companions as in our boyhood's days. Half an hour of this exciting and exhilarating occupation and we are warmed through and through, and as there are several children in the throng we unite with them in building a snow man. Then we have great fun by taking him on the porch, and setting before him a table upon which is spread a variety of summerland delicacies—ripe peaches, plums, grapes and oranges, luscious strawberries and raspberries.

While we are thus busy other youngsters have erected a snow fortress and when we leave the porch we are assailed as enemies and are bombarded with snow-balls. In self-defence we make a counter assault upon the fort, rush upon it and destroy the battlements and capture the enemy, whom we rush away to newer scenes on sleighs which are harnessed to the trained mules of the mountain trails.

The gong rings and in two minutes we are all on the car which is going to ascend still higher into the snow. The track has been cleared, everything is ready, and off we go, up to the Alpine Division. In winter time this is well named. As we round the capes and heads and enter the canyons on the northern slopes of the range we find the snow getting deeper and deeper. Great Bear Canyon is one wild level of snow and so is the grand canyon. High up in the clear blue sky are the three crests of Mt. Lowe, while beyond are Mounts Markham, Wilson, Harvard and Observatory Peak—all covered with snow. The Carnegie Observatory on Mt. Wilson looms up clearly outlined against the sky and we can picture the astronomers there enjoying their breakfasts



One of the Magnificent Oak Knoll Homes in Pasadena

after the appetite-creating work of observing all night in the cold observatory. What wonders did they see in the starry vault on that sparkling night of New Year's? What memories did they have of the astronomers of old who had no telescopes, but whose watchings of the heavens was done from the fields while they cared for their flocks of sheep.

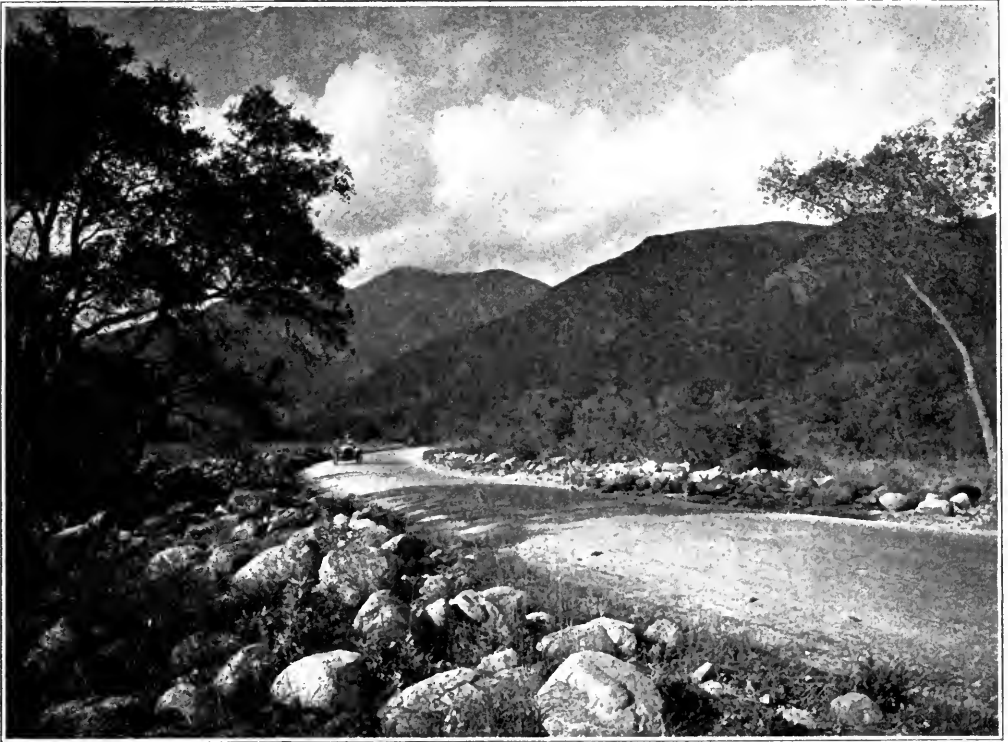
While we think of these things the car has risen as high as Alpine Tavern, and here we mount mules or horses and ride out on the trail to Sunset Point, where a wonderful view is spread out before us. Winter all around, on the Mountain. Snow, snow, snow, everywhere. Then let the eye drop down into the valley—the gorgeous valley of the San Gabriel. There is not a sign of winter there. All is verdant, bright, flowery, sunshiny. Immediately at our feet is beautiful Altadena—the higher Pasadena—proud to be associated in name and boundaries with its older neighbor. A little further down is the proud and peerless Pasadena, every street clearly outlined in this pellucid atmosphere. Yonder mass of buildings is Hotel Green, there is the Maryland, a little further along the tower of the Presbyterian Church and the massive block of the New High School. On the commanding eminence further south

is the Raymond Hotel, while not far away on Oak Knoll is the Wentworth, soon to be completed and in successful operation.

In the Valley are towns, and villages galore. There is San Gabriel with its old Franciscan Mission, yonder Los Angeles, and then by the ocean are the various cities of the sea. What a wonderful outlook it is, and how extra wonderful at this season. Alpine snow, icicles, and winter all around, while beyond is a blooming garden of Eden, where summer lingers all the year.

But now we must return to Pasadena. In forty minutes from the time of our leaving the snow-covered Alpine tavern we are on the streets of Pasadena, with waiting thousands, lined up ready for the parade of the famous Tournament of Roses.

Exactly at the appointed time the procession begins to move. There is nothing exciting, warlike, or martial about it, for it is composed of nothing but vehicles covered with flowers, and yet, strange to say, tears often flood the eyes and sobs lift the breasts of those who gaze. It is a spectacle that quickens the emotions, that stirs the soul, for flowers are thoughts of God made manifest in all their perfection and beauty and, somehow, when one sees so many of



A Section of the 307 Miles of Good Roads of Which Pasadena is the Hub

them at a time their exquisite glory seems to give one a foreshadowing of the beauty of the Divine. To merely enumerate the various exhibits of this procession would consume more space than we here have at our disposal. Floats, four-in-hand, electric runabouts, automobiles, buggies, bicycles, all smothered in flowers so that the original appearance of the vehicle is completely lost, follow one another in rapid succession until there is over a mile of these beautiful floral displays. The perfume of millions of flowers permeate the atmosphere and lend its aid to produce the pleasant intoxication one always feels in the presence of this gorgeous pageant.

But the parade is only a part of the day's enjoyment. With the crowd we adjourn to "Tournament Park," where every preparation has been made for those sports with horses that mankind has always delighted in from the dawn of history. There are "bronco busting" a stage hold-up and the capture of the bandits, and, most exciting of all, genuine four-horse chariot races. Since *Ben Hur* first made its appearance we

have become familiar with the perfunctory chariot races of the wild west shows and circuses, but here the best bred horses of California, put in training for months, are run with as much of human passion and deep-seated emotion as entered into the race so vividly described by the warrior novelist.

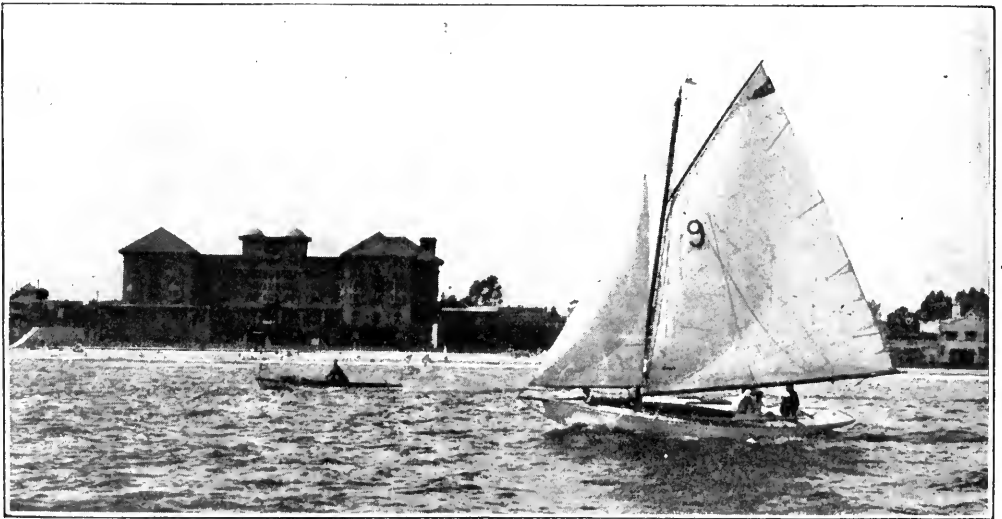
The excitement of the Tournament Park over, it is soothing to drive around the avenues of Pasadena and see whether all the flowers of the various gardens have been used in the day's display. To one's amazement there seem to be as many as on the day before, though millions must have been used in the decorations of the many vehicles in the procession. Roses are there. Deep purple, all the shades of reds and delicate yellows to pure white. Their fragrance and beauty entered into our hearts and brains as they have ever done since the Divine Inventor placed them on his lawns throughout the earth. No one but God—all mighty, all wise, and all loving—could have invented the roses, for they fit every mood of every kindred and tongue upon the earth

—young men and maidens, old men and babes are alike joyed by their sweetness and touched by their exquisite loveliness. Other flowers, in addition to the roses, distill their sweetest fragrance and fill the eye with beauty fit for the contemplation of the angels of God. Immense fields and hedges of calla lilies; gorgeous poinsettias flaunting their red brilliancy in the face of the searching sunlight; bowers of geraniums; beds of sweetly nestling violets; arbors of delicately flowering heliotrope; gardens made radiant and gorgeous with stately fleur de lis, fantastically brilliant flowers of paradise, and set off, or toned down, by the soft, delicate whiteness of the sweet alyssum, or the graceful marguerites.

Are we wearied with our day's experiences? No! They are not yet complete. A suitable conclusion can only be had down by the Pacific Ocean, so we whirl away in an electric car through South Pasadena to Los Angeles and thence to Long Beach. It is now 4:30. The sun is still strong in the Western heavens. Hastily donning our bathing suits we are soon in the ocean itself. We dive head foremost into the first big rolling breakers and, thoroughly submerged in water, are warmer than when we sat on the outside of the car riding swiftly through the air. Swimming

in a semi-tropical ocean on New Year's Day is both novel and delightful. What about the deep snow of the mountain this morning? What about the snowman, the snow-balling, the storming of the snow fortress, the sleigh-riding, the tobogganning? All, all are forgotten in the newer, later pleasure. We plunge and swim and dive for half an hour or an hour, until the thought enters our minds that it must be nearly time for dinner. Certainly the dining room of the stately Hotel Virginia never seems more alluring and attractive than it does after such experiences have sharpened the appetite. Our orders are promptly served, and the orchestra discourses sweet music while we discuss the food prepared as only a master chef can prepare it.

And when our hunger has been fully satisfied, as we sit sipping our after-dinner coffee, comfortable in mind and body, we recall the wonderful experiences of the day—Pasadena's gardens, flowers, bees, and humming birds—Mount Lowe's snows and winter delights—the Tournament of Roses and its attendant surprises—and finally our swim in the Pacific Ocean, and this delicious dinner at Hotel Virginia. Where else in the world can such a New Year Day's experiences be duplicated?



Virginia Hotel, Long Beach

THE ESCAPE



A Xmas
Story

By Matilda Spaulding

THEY MOVED down to the end of the balcony pew to make room for a shabby man with a discontented look. His manner gave the impression of his having dodged into the Cathedral that morning not to hear the Children's Christmas Concert but for shelter and warmth.

He slouched back unresponsive till a small boy, lugging a squat violin much too large for him, ascended the platform followed by a beautiful fair-haired woman in a trailing dress. There was a general stir of interest and a twisting of heads.

The chief thought in the shabby man's mind was that this was the saddest looking kid he ever saw. Then he sat up, strangely stirred. . . . As the sturdy little musician faced about, unafraid, almost defiantly, over the odd-shaped instrument, he was so like—so like—it was the replica of his own face, of long ago.

That last drink, after years of enforced abstinence, was one too many. . . .

A second look disclosed the same wide high forehead, the odd trick of the hair over the left temple, the narrow chin, the wide shoulders, the slender hands. It was the face of his little son, if he had had a son.

But just then the boy drew bow and flung out across the pine-scented space a full round tone, flowing into an old Christmas melody. The man could almost but not quite recall the words. The delighted audience drank in the resounding notes with a sympathy, an ecstasy, that Farnum sensed but could not grasp. It was a pretty tune, yes, but why was the poor kid so droopy about it? He looked old, and as if the salt of his life held no savor. Did he never laugh or holler like other little fellers? Didn't his folks take care of

him? Was the lady in the trailing silk dress his mother?

He was about to turn his attention to her when there was a pause and the congregation drew breath again. Then the bow was lifted and to his surprise and delight a hidden chorus of trained children's voices softly resumed the melody, every word distinct, but leaving the violin tone-room:

*"When shepherds watched their flocks by
night,
All seated on the ground—"*

Ah, that was the song, the very words! He could shut his eyes and see his grown-up sister with her plain face and plainer dress, singing it with the little flock at the organ, while he, being the oldest, held the lamp. He shuffled uneasily at the memory.

They were beginning another verse: *"The Heavenly Babe you there shall find—"*

It was an irritating note. He scowled. "A Heavenly Babe—" babies weren't heavenly. They were nuisances. They spoiled life. They cheated one of rest and pleasure. They cost money and brought misery and sickness. Didn't he know? Hadn't he been there?

They were singing now about glory, and peace, and good will that would never cease. Bosh! He kicked savagely at the seat in front. There wasn't any peace. This was too much. He had had enough. He would go out into the quiet night, away from this fretful mass, with its heated air, its songs of peace, its sea of faces. He was tired of having to be with people. He shuffled to rise but his seatmate thrust a compelling elbow in his side and muttered, "Keep still, can't you!" and he slouched back obediently without a second thought for resentment.

The song was finished. He became

aware that the sad-faced boy was bowing, that the audience had risen in lieu of applause. One would think that that would cheer him, and he must look pleased. But the big dark eyes turned to the beautiful lady in the lovely dress, and the mouth still drooped.

But she smiled. Ah, yes, she looked as if she were made of smiles and happiness and peace, and most of all, good will without end. She bowed, too, and said something to him. Then the little boy, with a dramatic gesture, raised his violin in salute and waved the bow at them. Farnum moved about in irritation. Would they never have enough? Could they not be done?

The two descended the few steps and were received by an imposing personage who escorted them to their place beside him. All very nice, yes, and proper. Suddenly she put up both hands to her hair. . . . that gesture, the turn of the wrist . . . could that be Alice Farnum, once his Alice? And the boy, so like himself . . . A thousand troubled memories came tumbling out of the buried past.

He was going to see about it. There was a grave risk, and his time was limited, but if it was Alice she would hardly dare give him away. But, he reflected, it was partly to find what had become of her and the baby, and the one that was to be, that he had suddenly decided to escape. He would make the most of his time, anyway.

"Who is that woman, that played for the kid?" he asked his neighbor.

"Where'd you come from, that you don't know her, and the kid too?" Farnum started. The scornful tongue wagged on: "That's Barton Vance's wife, that owns half this town. Don't ask me where he found her, for nobody but God knows, and that line ain't working just at present. But ain't she a beaut! Good too!" He nodded his head in admiration. "Say, pard," he went on, "what strange parts did you come from that you never—" but Farnum slipped round the corner of the pew and tip-toed to the lower floor and the street.

Barton Vance's house should not be hard to find, and after some grub, and another drink to straighten out the tangle

in his soul, he would locate it—perhaps have some fun. They all would then have returned.

The shabby man strolled through the semi-topic shrubbery, glanced circumspectly about, and stepped noiselessly across the wide veranda. The pillars, broad and covered with sturdy vines, seemed to have been planned for climbing. . . . The room, a private sitting room, through the long cross-barred windows, was richly furnished and full of more comforts than Farnum had been aware the world afforded. Over the carved back of a graceful rocker gleamed the golden coils of a woman's hair. The toe of a bronze slipper and a fold of a pale blue gown showed beside.

He inspected the hinges: the catch belonging to that sort opened—from the outside—by a quick thrust. Not for amusement had he once made an exhaustive study of commercial hardware.

His reception and its consequences were a gamble. Women of refinement seldom yelled; they waited and used their wits, gambling on something more effective than a hullabaloo among the servants. He would gamble, too. Taking out a coin—necessarily a small one—he tossed it in his hand. "In" won.

The woman heard a slight jar behind her: the wind was rising, probably. There was a puff of wintry air and to her quickening senses it seemed as if some one inhaled suddenly. Clearing her lap of kitten and embroidery she rose wonderingly.

The room with its long row of sunlit windows bordered by trailing vines, the soft melting tints of rugs and walls, the wealth of rich browns in wood and upholstery, formed a perfect background as for her portrait. The exquisite tint of her face, the blue of her eyes and gown, were the only touches of live color in the room. She was lovely beyond words, with a life and force and a spiritual emanation that awed him. He could not approach her, he dared not. Could this be the haggard, inexperienced creature he had had, and abandoned?

He winced under her scrutiny as in rising she leaned heavily on the chair. His eyes shifted uneasily to the mammoth piano in the corner and the familiar squat violin on a low stand. Oh, it

was Alice all right—his bitter thought nerved him to step nearer and eye her narrowly. Yes it was *ber*—there was the little white scar over the right eye: “I done that!” he thought with sudden elation.

At last she straightened. “Oh, it’s you,” she murmured. “I thought you were—” her voice thinned to silence.

“Yes, my dear, that’s what they all thought, but I like to fool ’em once in a while. You see I thought it was time I was outside awhile.”

“How—did you get in?”

“Up the post. Did you expect me to ring the front door bell? You’ve got an elegant place, Alice, and you look fine yourself. Will you tell me about it?”

A shadow fell over her face and she hesitated.

“I haven’t got long to stay,” he urged. “They’ll miss me pretty soon and be after me. These duds are worlds better than the old stripes, but anybody that’s seen us at the pen knows the kind. But I had to know about you.”

“It is simple enough,” she said softly. “After you were taken life had to go on, and I obtained permission to sell lunches in a large office building. Yes, at first I carried a hamper, then they seemed to find the lunches so satisfactory that they—he—sent a carriage for me, though only a strange serving woman, and gave me a warm little corner to serve them in. Oh, such kindness is not usual, I know. Then one day the lunches ceased, and the carriage with its kindly owner took me to a church.

. . . . I suppose the divorce was a bit hurried, but you had received a life sentence, and my need was very great.”

His susceptible mouth twitched, but his vocabulary was short of words of sympathy. Behind a brass fire screen the pine logs softly sputtered.

“And—and—the kid was a boy?”

“Yes, a splendid boy. . . . We think he is going to be an unusually fine musician.” She looked toward the piano. “He has the best training that money and care can obtain.”

“Better than I could have given him!” Farnum exclaimed bitterly. “Do you realize Alice, that you and the kids missed a lot of misery when I was jerked out

of your life? What a difference between this, and what your life would have been with me!”

His face grew troubled and she spoke more to herself than to him. “I could not know it then, and things seemed terribly hard, but it cannot be denied that my escape from those probabilities was a providence.”

He flushed under the stroke. She continued with considerable sternness: “And now that you have accomplished your errand what do you propose to do?” Always erratic, moral only by moods, his wavering desires would render him an easy prey to mischief and mischief makers.

“Oh, go back, by and by. They will catch me sooner or later.”

“How could you get out?”

“The boys are going to have a tree, and the Warden gave me leave—his manner changed swiftly. The Warden, indeed, with his just, but kindly eyes, who gave one a square deal, and trusted a fellow to do his best; who let one earn by good behavior the right to wear regular clothes instead of the blasting stripes! And he, Farnum, one of the few “honor” men, had weakly forgotten and taken base advantage of his precious, hard-won privileges and calmly walked off. And the tree, that he was to help trim and the boys were getting to look up to him!

“What is the matter?” she asked, shuddering at the easy tears. She hated crying, especially in a man, over his frailties.

Between sobs he told her, of the dinner that night, and the speeches, and the tree with its motly gifts. Much of his daily life he unconsciously wove into the recital, of the coarseness and brutality of many of his companions, and of the desperate struggles some of them made against criminal weakness: of the Warden and the splendid fight for his men with the skeptical Prison Board.

The jumble was unnerving her who for many golden years had been sheltered and tended with loving care. Also the time was drawing near for the return of the children from their holiday frolic, and they must not meet their—father. He solved this difficulty by suddenly crying out:

"I must go back, right away, and I must go by myself! I wish I could let him know I'm coming—" his wild eyes spied the telephone. "Will you—could you—" his agony of remorse choked his speech.

"You can tell them yourself," she said quickly. "I will get the number, and you be deciding what you will say."

"But—" she lifted a silencing hand. After a delay, the system being busy with messages of gayety and good will, she handed him the receiver and stepped back, wondering.

What was poured into that telephone that day could be interpreted only by the man versed in dealing bravely with lives gone wrong.

When at last Farnum turned he beheld a marvel. She had emptied the wood basket, a thing of beauty in itself—(did it ever remind her of her lowly hamper days?) and into its capacious depths she was impetuously thrusting the small objects in the room: finely bound books; exquisite pictures; dainty china protected by doilies and silken cushions; trinkets and ornaments of brass and carved wood, worth a small fortune!

"For the tree," she said softly.

"But—but what will those ginks do with those elegant things? Most of them never saw such costly gimcracks. You hadn't ought to do it."

"Just try, and see what they will do. You seem yourself to have risen toward the high standard of the Warden by volunteering to return. That is fine in itself." She dropped in a little engraving of a ship weathering a storm, framed in inlaid ebony. She touched a saffron Japanese jar. "What do we, outside, have pretty things for?" Then she hesitated, a question in her eyes.

"This for me," he answered, "with the

needle still in it, just as you laid it down." She rolled it up and slipped it into his pocket.

"What was it for?" he asked, letting his hand rest on the soft tangle wonderingly.

She hesitated in some confusion. Was it wise to rouse his interest concerning the child she was unwilling that he should see? The lovely daughter he had despised as a wailing infant—she took the chance.

"It was—for the girl, a collar, for her coat. But I can easily make another—" she glanced toward the tall clock solemnly ticking in the corner. Her manner urged him to the door. "I will let you out myself, otherwise you would not be allowed to leave the house."

Carrying the basket, he trudged after her, abashed before her very servants, who retired at her gesture, though reluctantly.

"You can take the Inter-urban," she said, "at the corner and arrive in two hours. . . . Have you money to pay your fare?"

"You bet I have!" he exclaimed proudly. "When there's work we yarders get twenty-five cents a day, to spend as we like. I haven't much left but it will take me that far."

At the door they shook hands, a trifle awkwardly. Then realizing suddenly that this was a final parting he bent quickly and kissed her shining hair, his highest tribute. The ready tears made him stumble down the steps and along the sunny flower-bordered walks.

She watched him shuffling to the Avenue, and with a heart full of many sorts of gratitude, saw Honor Convict Number 517 swing bravely aboard the car with the other parcel-laden passengers for his—home.



The HISTORICAL ELEMENTS of CALIFORNIA LITERATURE.

By George Wharton James, Litt. D.

This is the sixth article in a series by the Editor dealing with California Literature. The first article appeared in the June issue of OUT WEST and was entitled, "The Spirit of California Literature." When completed the series will afford a historical and analytical survey of the subject that should be useful to all students and lovers of California.

THE EFFECT OF CALIFORNIA'S ISOLATION UPON LITERATURE

ENVIRONMENT affects mankind. Literature is but the crystallized thought, and the record of the acts of mankind. Hence whatever affects mankind necessarily affects literature. This is the reason, therefore, for this discussion as to the influence of California's isolated condition upon literature.

Isolation has always bred and fostered individualism. One phase of the great system of Hindoo religion is the power to isolate oneself from the general thought of the mass of the people. Neophytes are taught the power of self concentration, of withdrawal from the mass, of personal isolation. From the earliest ages and with the most primitive peoples this fact has been recognized as axiomatic and fundamental. Whenever the North American Indian, or the Negro of darkest Africa, or the Shaman of the tropics, wished to develop unusual powers, he isolated himself from his fellows and in solitude waited for the "gift of the gods" to come upon him.

To this day every candidate for the honors and emoluments of Shamanism retires to the quiet of the forest, to the highest peaks of the towering mountains, to the secret recesses of deepest canyons, or to the remotest solitudes of desolate desert, there to receive the gifts, after fasting and prayer that shall entitle him to be called a medicine man,—to give him the power to work good or evil and to control the material and spiritual destinies of his people.

Mohamet spent long and weary months in the solitary places of the desert before he became the daring prophet of Allah; the Hebrews were forty years wandering through the wilderness developing that racial solidarity that has made them peculiar and distinct for four thousand years; Elijah, the prophet of the living God, retired to solitude to gain the rugged strength of body, mind and soul, that were essential for his fight with the prophets of the false god, Baal and his followers in high places; Jesus spent forty days in the wilderness in solitude before he came for his final struggle with the powers of darkness that resulted in his crucifixion; and with men and peoples the law has ever been operative, viz: that isolation, solitude, separation have been essential to the development of individual and spiritual power.

Edwin Markham has clearly manifested, perhaps unconsciously to himself, a wonderful proof of this fact. How came he to write his daring poem, "The Man with the Hoe?" No ordinary city-dweller, born and bred to conformity with the accepted standards of "place," and "caste," could ever have written that stirring protest against man's inhumanity to his poorer and dependent brother. No! it required solitude and isolation to produce the thought, and to give the soul of its conceiver strength and courage to express it. In the mountains of Mendocius County, watching his sheep, and longing for the wings

of the eagle to enable him to soar into the empyrean, Markham studied his three books—and then reasoned out the native rights of man. Here was no fog of precedent, no mist of God-ordained "station in life," no confusion of terms as to the "brotherhood of man" and "fatherhood of God." If these terms meant anything, they meant everything to this simple-hearted, isolated, solitary lad working out the problems of life free from the glamour of position, the sordidness of self-seeking and the distortion of money-madness. And he came to the inevitable conclusion that the accepted standards of mankind were wrong; that neither law, nor custom, nor the reasoning of judges, priests or kings could make right the chaining, by one class of men, of another class to the "wheel of labor" so that the swing of Pleiades, the blush of dawn, the color of the rose, the charms of poetry, the philosophy of Plato, meant nothing to them. Bowed down by the weight of centuries there was no upward looking of the eye, no fearless and joyous study of the heavens or searching of the stars. Then came his forceful protest, wrung from his simple soul by the inexorable logic of pure facts, faced freely in the clear light of the solitude of mountain heights; a protest that will yet be the death-knell of all unbrotherliness, all caste, all slavery:

*"O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?"*

Joaquin Miller's poetry is largely tinged with this element of solitude, of isolation from the world's accepted standards of thought and morals. His early life on the frontier of Indiana, on the Oregon trail, in the solitary places of new settlements by the Pacific Shore, in the California mining camps of the days of '49, among the Indians, carrying mail between Oregon and California, riding pony express in Idaho, in the mining camps of Montana, writing peace-editorials among a people eager for war with the South—who cannot see the soul-isolation, generally combined with

the physical isolation of such a life as his? Then imagine this free born Western eagle, intolerant of any restraint, suddenly thrust into the heart of English literary society, meeting the Rossettis, the Stanleys, Dean French, Browning, Tennyson, Forster, Carlyle, Morley and a host of mental giants of their calibre and training. It is evident that even in his most genial and melting moods he must have been conscious of his difference, his irremediable isolation, his solitariness, his aloneness. Thus in London, in Venice, in Rome, in Florence, in Berlin, in New York, in Washington, he lived, in reality, the solitary life, though he seemed to mix with his fellows; until, at last, weary of the falsity of his outward seeming, he resolutely returned to his native freedom, and established for himself a home on "The Heights" above San Francisco Bay,—where, as he once said to me with tears in his eyes, away from the crowd, he could calmly listen to the voice of God speaking to his soul.

The result of this isolation has been that he has written more individualistic poetry of high character than any other American poet, and much of it has been of direct benefit to mankind. Thinking in solitude, he learned to look at war with a direct eye; and, searching it through and through, found there was no basis for supremacy over his fellows. Hence, his voice has ever been heard in loud and emphatic, as well as effective, protest against the hideousness of war. In the early stages of Cuba's struggle for freedom, nearly twenty years before the blowing up of the *Maine* gave a battle cry to the United States and aroused their pride, he saw the justice of their struggle and prophesied their day of freedom. His *Cuba Libre* is one of the most remarkable pieces of prophetic literature of modern times; and, both in its vigor and power, its strength of imagery and clarity of vision, is not unworthy a place by the side of some of the prophecies of the Bible.

Cuba Libre

*"Comes a cry from Cuban water—
From the warm, dusk Antilles—
From the lost Atlanta's daughter,
Drowned in blood as drowned in seas;
Comes a cry of purpled anguish—
See her struggles, hear her cries!"*

*Shall she live, or shall she languish?
Shall she sink, or shall she rise?*

*"She shall rise, by all that's holy!
She shall live and she shall last;
Rise as we, when crushed and lowly
From the blackness of the past.
Bid her strike! Lo, it is written
Blood for blood and life for life.
Bid her smite, as she is smitten;
Stars and stripes were born of strife.*

*"Once we flashed her lights of freedom,
Lights that dazzled her dark eyes
Till she could but yearning heed them,
Reach her hands and try to rise.
Then they stabbed her, choked her, drowned her,
Till we scarce could bear a note.
Ah! these rusling chains that bound her!
Oh! those robbers at her throat!*

*"And the kind who forged these fetters?
Ask five hundred years for news.
Stake and thumbscrew for their betters?
Inquisitions! Banished Jews!
Chains and slavery! What reminder
Of one red man in that land?
Why, these very chains that bind her
Bound Columbus, foot and hand!*

*"She shall rise as rose Columbus,
From his chains, from shame and wrong—
Rise as Morning, matchless, wondrous—
Rise as some rich morning song—
Rise and ringing song and story,
Valor, Love personified.
Stars and stripes espouse her glory,
Love and Liberty allied."*

Then, again, in his daring Miller proves his debt to solitude and isolation. Though England has always been most appreciative of his poetry and has bought more of his books than even his own America, he did not hesitate to rebuke her in strongest language when she undertook the destruction of the freedom of the Boers. Here is one of his stanzas, which shows how little of the self-seeking, the truckling, the conforming, his isolated life has gendered within him.

*"Great England's Gold! how staunch she fares,
Fame's wine-cup pressing her proud lips—
Her checker-board of battle squares
Rimmed round by steel-built battle-ships!
And yet meanwhile ten thousand miles
She seeks ye out. Well, welcome her!
Give her such welcome with such will
As Boston gave in battle's whirl
That red, dread day at Bunker Hill."*

This same daring has been displayed again and again in his own California, two examples of which alone must suffice for illustration. One of the worst-hated and much-abused men of the state was Collis P. Huntington, the railway

King; not because he was the chief creator of the great railway system that he controlled, but because his company for years had dominated the politics of the state in its own interests and regardless of the welfare of the people. The poet, with his far-sighted vision, saw that this political domination was but temporary; that as soon as the people were ready it would be but the work of one or two elections to throw off this yoke, but that the benefit of the railway builder's work would last for all time. It had opened up the country; made development possible; given an outlet to the crowded and landless thousands of Europe and the East to establish homes in a land of beauty, delight and fertility; made possible the restoration to health of thousands of almost hopeless invalids by giving them an equable climate to remove to, where they could live out of doors practically all the year; had done the same for hundreds of thousands of children, giving the stimulus of the open-air life, and the constant inspiration of scenery more varied and uplifting than that of Greece; had also opened a gateway for our commerce to the continents of the Orient and the islands of the Western Sea. Hence he dared the immediate effect of public opinion on the Pacific Coast by dedicating the first complete edition of his works to Collis P. Huntington in the following words

*"To Collis P. Huntington,
Who was first to lead the steel shod cavalry
of conquest through the Sierras to the Sea of
Seas, and who has done the greater West and
South more enduring good than any other living
man, I dedicate this final revision of my complete
poems."*

Joaquin Miller."

Again, he showed the same spirit when California was hysterical over the exclusion of the Japanese. Resolutions were introduced into the legislature and a note of defiance rang through the whole state when President Roosevelt advised caution and care in such a matter of international interest. With a fearlessness that was little short of sublime Joaquin Miller called upon the people of San Francisco and California to demonstrate the reality of their professed belief in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and

denounced their hypocrisy and pretense in unmeasured terms. Could words like these have come from the "conservative," "safe," "sane," city-dweller whose first consideration is "to see on which side his bread is buttered"?

*"Nay, not forget, now that you rise
Triumphant, strong as Abram's song,
How that you lied the lie of lies
And wrought the Nipponese such wrong,
Then sent your convict chief to plead
The President expel them hence.
Ah me, what black, rank insolence!
What rank, black infamy indeed!
Because their ways, their hands were clean,
You feared the difference between,
Feared they might surely be preferred
Above your bowling, convict herd!*

*"Their sober, sane life put to shame
Your noisome, drunken penal band
That howled in Labor's sacred name,
Nor wrought, nor even lifted hand,
Save but to stone and mock and moil
Their betters who but asked to toil.
You harvest-fields cried out as when
Your country cries for fighting men,
And yet your hordes, by force and fraud,
Forbade this first, last law of God!
And you? You sat supinely by
And gathered gold, nor reckoned why!"*

I have been thus prolix in these introductory remarks that the importance of the theme might have its full weight with the reader. Let us now study the facts of California's isolation and endeavor to trace the influence of this isolation further upon literature.

The earlier explorers deemed California for long years an island, and it is so charted on the earlier maps. Up to as late as the beginning of the eighteenth century all geographers believed that California was separated from the mainland by the mythical Straits of Amain, and it was not until, by the order of the Viceroy Reveilla Gigedo late in the seventeenth century, the mouth of the Columbia river was discovered, the river itself explored, and the myth of the Straits exploded, the world at large woke up to the fact that California was in reality a part and parcel of the great continent of North America and nearly joined—at the Bering Straits—to the continents of Asia and Europe. Yet even then its isolation was not broken. For untold centuries America had been hidden in the hollow of God's hand, waiting until He was ready to disclose it. Columbus was his instru-

ment. How far away and isolated it seemed to the world at large is graphically set forth by Joaquin Miller in his memorable and deathless poem:

COLUMBUS

*"Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: 'Now we must pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak! What shall I say?'
'Why say, "Sail on! sail on! sail on!"'*

*"My men grow mutinous day by day,
My men grow ghastly wan and weak.
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek,
'What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?'
'Why, you shall say at break of day,
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"'*

*"They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
'Why now, not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone,
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say'—
He said: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"*

*"They sailed—they sailed. Then spake the mate:
'This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?'
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"*

*"Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew; a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: 'On sail on!'"*

But the explorer accepted his own counsel and

Sailed on, and on, and on, and on

until at last the light of the beacon fires of the Indians grew and "A starlit flag unfurled," and "He gained a world."

It was not until Mexico had been conquered and partially colonized by Spaniards, Pizarro had marched into Peru, Balboa had crossed the Isthmus and stood on that peak in Darien and discovered the South Sea (the Pacific Ocean) that California was first aroused from its sleep of isolation to the white race. Alarcon and Ulloa rode on the

waters of its gulf, Melchior Diaz went up the Colorado River and burnt his sandals on the sandy wastes of the Colorado Desert, Cabrillo sailed its coast, entered San Diego Bay, rested on its Channel Islands and though he died and was buried on the Island of San Miguel his ships went as far north as Cape Mendocino before the contrary winds drove them back to the ports of Mexico again. Then for sixty years the white man's voice was unheard in the isolated land by the Pacific. The sailors on the galleons that crossed the ocean to the profitable trading-grounds of the Philippine Islands, once in a while, after being driven by storms out of their course, may have sighted the snowy summits of the Sierras, or the giant peaks of Hood, St. Helens, Takoma, Shasta, Tyndall or Whitney—though these names were as yet hidden in the silent womb of Time,—but the land itself was unvisited, untrodden and unknown, until Vizcaino, reading the accounts of Ferralo, Cabrillo's pilot, and the diaries of Alarcon and Ulloa begged the King of Spain graciously to allow him the privilege of again exploring the new land. In due time the royal permission was given provided Vizcaino bore all the expenses, and he with about 200 men and three ships sailed from Acapulco, in May 1602, for the north. They entered the Bay of San Diego on the day of that Saint and therefore changed the name given by Cabrillo to that by which it is still known—a course of procedure which they followed all the way up the coast, so that the names are not those of the original discoverer, but of his successor of a hundred and sixty years later.

But the "fullness of time" had not yet come, and after Vizcaino California was again left to its solitude for 60 years until Charles the Third of Spain began to wake up to the fact that others had keen eyes for fertile and beautiful lands on the shores of the Pacific. The land-hungry English, and the equally hungry but less adventurous Russians were reaching eager hands towards this quiet land of the Sunset Sea, and Charles determined that he must forestall them both by taking actual and real possession by mission establishments, colonies

and forts. This determination ushered in the epoch of Franciscan Missionization, followed in time by Mexican supremacy, American seizure, the discovery of gold and the influx of the world.

How did "the world" come, and how did it find California? It came in a thousand and one ways, by a score of pathways,—all of which have been more or less dwelt upon in earlier chapters—but each and all found it a far-away land, a set-apart land, an isolated land. Whether they attempted to enter by the East, the North, the West, or the South the conditions were practically the same—the isolation was sure, the barriers great and secure. On the Pacific side the great ocean spread its vast expanse—thousands of miles, with but the comparatively small islands of Hawaii as stepping stones between. On the Eastern side the vast plains of Iowa, Nebraska, Illinois and the Middle West, with the giant peaks and ridges of the Rocky Mountains, and then the sandy, alkali, treacherous, waterless deserts of Utah, Wyoming, New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada, and finally the vast heights—snow and glacier clad—of the Sierra Nevada each claimed their toll of labor, strength, despair and death from those who defied their protecting power over the Sunset Land of their desire.

On the South the vast Sonorian desert stretched forth its hot, feverful and blasting hand arresting those who would use her as a gateway, and to those who would cross by Nicaragua or Panama the jungle-fever, yellow-fever, and kindred ills held up their skeleton hands of dread in warning.

On the North there were vast plains and deserts, and the Canadian Rockies, with their glacier-strewn slopes and avalanche-swept valleys, their icy and fordless rivers and their fierce months of death-dealing storms, all to be passed before the stately Siskiyou could be scaled and an entrance forced by that guarded gateway.

Even to those brave and dauntless sons of the Sea, who scoffed at danger, and laughed at perils, but who refused to take the plodding and weary steps over the deserts and mountains, the sea itself refused to be kind where California was concerned. Many a gallant

vessel had to battle for mere existence when rounding Cape Horn; and many a poor sailor found a watery grave tossed from the yards, or swept from slippery decks by fierce-blowing winds, or dashed to death by mountain waves of irresistible power, when he had hoped to reach the promised land of his heart's desire.

Hence it will be seen that California was essentially a secluded, an isolated land, even after Fremont and Sloat, and the Gold Discovery and its wild romance had made it the desired of all nations. And so it remained for over twenty years, from the discovery of gold in January, 1848, to the opening of the Central Pacific Railway in May, 1869. Twenty years of special isolation even after thousands had flocked into its borders; twenty years for the special purpose of allowing a full and perfect opportunity for the development of its pioneer spirit. In this twenty years the discipline of hardship was having its opportunity to do its perfect work; the exercise of simple-heartedness was gaining its blessed chance of rendering men and women more humane and sympathetic; strength and vigor were being developed by horseback riding or walking to and fro, and the lack of many of the enervating luxuries that came in with easier and cheaper modes of transportation; bravery and courage were developed, as well as independence of thought, carelessness of precedence and inventiveness because the influx of people controlled by Eastern standards had not yet begun.

While by many it will be regarded as in indefensible heresy I freely confess to a deep regret that the railway came into California as early as it did. I have endeavored to show how its very isolation in the early days was conducive to the highest good in making the pioneers not only self-reliant, but in free-

ing them from the crystallized, fixed, conventional, bound thought and acts of the older communities. Here, under new conditions, the pioneers were laying the foundations of a new civilization, in which the noble and good things in the life of the simple-hearted and primitive man counted for more than the complexities and conventionalities of the super-civilized and academic man. Truth was valued more than politeness; honor more than monetary success, brotherliness more than wealth, virtue more than display, practice more than theory, the man of action more than the man of words, justice more than law, knowledge more than college standing and degrees, humanity more than ability, life more than profession.

Granted that some of the pioneer ideals seemed provincial—they were at least noble and basic, without which the broadest culture must fail. While placing what, to them, seemed to be a true estimate upon the academic, upon the crystallized forms of law, medicine, theology and social custom, the pioneers relentlessly demanded that these things prove their right to their allegiance. They accepted nothing because somebody else accepted it. They proved everything down to the last analysis. It was nothing to them that other people and communities valued and honored legal formalism, that others bowed down unquestioning to the dictum of the medico, that the world responded to the demands of the church, and that society unhesitatingly followed what "the leaders" said was "due form." Life was placed upon a rational basis, and no man could lord it over his fellows because a college parchment said he was wiser than others. He had to show his power, actually exercise it, before his right was acknowledged.

(Continued in January.)



SANTA CLAUS



By Fannie Harley

DEAR OLD SANTA CLAUS! What is this I hear? Is it his death knell? Is it his requiem being chanted in the chapel of the United States? No! no! Say it is not so or my tears will gush full and fast and Christmas will be no Christmas to me.

Someone suggested, and a suggestion may sometimes call forth a host of followers, that Santa Claus become a thing of the past because he is only a myth, and in his stead be put someone who was, indeed, a real personage,—Benjamin Franklin, for instance.

No one can ever take the place of Santa Claus, Santa Claus, the joy of our childhood, the consolation of our after years. The name is a corruption of Sankt Nikolaus, the patron saint of boys and girls. Sankt Nikolaus, was the Bishop of Myra and died in the year 326 A. D. December 6th is Sankt Nikolaus Day and the custom was, on the eve of that day, to celebrate with song and story and music while someone dressed in the garb of a bishop dispensed small gifts among all “good” boys and girls. This custom is still retained in Holland and watch-fires around which the happy children frolic may be seen burning late into the night. Here it was that the name was corrupted into Santa Klaus; but whether it be Santa Claus, Santa Klaus, Sankt Nikolaus, St. Nicholas, or Kriss Kringle the jolly little man beloved by young and old, rich and poor, in all Christian lands cannot be dispensed with. He is a part of us.

Sankt Nikolaus, originally, had nothing to do with Christmas, but gradually the identity of the Saint being lost it became the custom to bestow gifts upon each other at Christmas time and Santa Claus was supposed to be the bestower. It is safe to say that the youngster, when asked what Christmas is, will reply, “The day Santa Claus

brings us presents,” rather than, “It is the birthday of Jesus Christ, the Saviour.”

Instead of doing away with Santa Claus teach the children who this Sankt Nikolaus was, and teach them what Christmas is. One great omission of the American people is in not teaching the children the significance of our holidays and festivals. As Christmas means to the majority of children bonbons and presents; so the Fourth of July means fire-crackers; Easter, colored eggs; and Thanksgiving Day, a feast of stuffed turkey and cranberry sauce.

Santa Claus is generally known as a make-believe person who comes on Christmas with reindeer and sleigh laden with all sorts of toys and gifts, candies and fruits; but Santa Claus is more than that. The jolly old man with his—

*“—round little face
And round little belly
That shakes when he laughs
Like a bowl full of jelly.”*

symbolizes the most beautiful things in life—LOVE and FRIENDSHIP. No more is Santa Claus a myth than is Uncle Sam a myth. Shall we throw away our dear, lanky, long-legged Yankee and ever and anon represent the United States by a map divided into forty-eight states, and some additional territorial and colonial possessions? Sentiment is the only thing that makes life worth living,—take that out of it and the barren prosaic world of facts and figures would be unendurable. If the lamb symbolizes meekness; the lion courage; the owl wisdom; scales justice; the sword power; the olive peace; and the laurel honor; why is Santa Claus not emblematic of love and friendship? An emblem is a visible sign of an idea—one thing symbolizing and suggesting another.

How ridiculous, then, would it be to celebrate Children's Day with teachings of Benjamin Franklin or any other historical character. The pages of history are full of noble men, brilliant men, brave men, but they are MEN—and the children will learn about them in their histories at school. Why then should the holiness of the Yuletide be detracted from by the preaching of historical facts and the extolling of praiseworthy characters?

If Santa Claus were gone the sun would stop shining; the flowers would cease to blow; the birds would hide their heads under their tiny wings; and the world would be full of heart-broken, unsatisfied children. There would be a void in all our lives that could not be filled. Throw the biographies and autobiographies of Benjamin Franklin into

the waste-basket;—this is no time for him. Get out the sugar plums and hobby-horses, and drums! Let us join hands and circle 'round the Christmas tree while we sing of old St. Nick and his tiny reindeer sleigh laden with miniature automobiles and aeroplanes. Can't you hear the patter of hoofs on the roof? Don't you know the chimney must be broad? What do we know about history and dates at this time of the year? We are not of the "earth earthy." We are simply flying through the air on the wings of joy because Santa Claus is coming and we know that we love our friends and that our friends love us.

How splendid it is that Santa Claus, the symbol of love and friendship should be thus remembered on this most beautiful of days, the birthday of the Son of Peace.



Peace, Be Still!

By Emma Playter Seabury

*Be calm, immovable in self-control,
So steady are the rhythmic beats of peace,
They thrill and echo through the waiting soul,
Until life's jangling notes of discord cease.*



"Oh, Father, Forgive."

*His fundamental thought has been
No wrong in him could be:
If he or I were wrong, he knew
No wrong in him could be.*

*I differed sore from him, and so
There is no good in me;
With all his little self he judged
There is no good in me.*

The POINTING PENCIL



By Martha Martin Newkirk

THE POINT OF VIEW

ONE WHO IS REALLY broad-minded can sometimes see things from several points of view, but a narrow-minded person cannot budge from his own particular spot. If he is standing on the north side of a large old oak, he says the oak bark is all moss-covered. If he happens to stand at the south side of the same tree he claims there is no moss in the forest. As an illustration—one day when I visited the Art Institute in Chicago, the large still-life class were making paintings of a watermelon. A huge slice had been cut from the melon, showing the luscious pink flesh, jeweled with various shades of ripening seed. The girl at the farthest right was painting the end of the melon which had been plucked from the vine and a remnant of the stem stood up like a little curly pig-tail. The girl in the middle had a full front view. The melon on her canvas showed the wavy white lines that seem to “water” the sides of the melon; while at the farthest left the blossom end of the fruit was distinctly seen, and the little curly pig-tail invisible. Between these were all the little differences of view made by the location of the artist.

The art lesson was an object lesson as well. Suppose the teacher had insisted on all the studies being exactly alike. That is what some theologians seem to require—that everyone shall see exactly from their particular stand-points. Even the historian, who should be calm, unbiased and judicial, is often warped by his own notions. I suppose it is not possible to exactly put yourself in the other man's place, but it is possible to cultivate fairness; and that means looking judicially, seeing all sides.

THE MOST POPULAR BIRD

The stork is partial to some families. He doesn't care a fig what cranks may say about “race suicide”. This family bird brings an average of boys and girls, so that the world over.”—

“When ilka one sings o' his mate.” there are mates enough to go around. Society does not always have enough men for dancing and cards, but that speaks for the fascination of *business*. Lumber and mining and other camps are full of men, and “not a piece of calico” to be seen. These are exceptions. The rule is that “Jack and Jill” will be together whether going up hill or through the valley. And while some people on the boulevards or elsewhere, may determine on race suicide, Jack and Jill read from the Good Book. “Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave unto his wife.” And with pure hearts full of love and happiness, they build a home. There the dear Stork brings a little pink bundle to the cradle. Over it Jack and Jill learn the old sweet lessons of sacrifice and noble dignity of parenthood. Thin-chested, spindle-legged men and doll-faced women there may be who sneer at the pink bundle and the cradle. Let them. What matter? The world goes on just the same. And life and love and sweet homes are heaven blessed.

A great editor was met on the street by an irate subscriber to the noble paper of which the great editor was head.

Irate subscriber—I've stopped your paper.

Great Editor—Stopped my paper?

Surely nothing so bad as that. Step around the corner with me and let us see."

The two went to the colossal building. They met dray loads of fresh papers coming from the door. They saw writers at desks and quick fingers touching typewriters. They saw the press room busy with flying machinery, and heard the roar and crash from the forms. After taking the irate subscriber through the work rooms, from one division of the paper to another, the great editor said,

"You see you are mistaken. You haven't stopped my paper. You mean you've stopped your subscription, and *that's of no importance whatever*. Good day sir."

Race suicide, indeed! a mere cricket chirping on a dead branch. While in South Dakota and all the states and territories from ocean to ocean in every land and clime will cradles be rocked and glad fathers and mothers will echo the old words of thankfulness, "Unto us a child is born."

To the West!

(From Wisconsin)

By Olive G. Owen

*From Land of Pine, and cozy' winding streams,—
Low, wooded hills, and peaceful, quiet rest;
We send a hearty greeting, warm and true,
To thee, O mighty empire of the West!*

*Brave land of Fortune, and of daring Deeds;
Of Faith, of Hope, and throbbing, pulsing Life,—
Thy jame hath traveled to the world's far ends;
Though not by rolling drum and martial fife.*

*Peace! is the garland resting on thy brow,
Thy vim and nerve have greater battles won:
Thy ocean fleets,—the treasures of thy soil,
Proclaim to Man the rising of thy Sun!*

Quit Your Worrying

By the Editor

(This is the fifth of a Series of Articles which will deal with this important subject in a sane, practical and forceful manner. Worry is the bane of many an existence. It is a robber of peace, comfort and rest. It brings misery to wives and husbands, children and parents. It is an ignoble state to be in. A sign of mental inadequacy, a proof that the "worrier" has no ideals or that he has no real living belief in himself, his ideals or his God. To help the readers of **OUT WEST** to quit worrying by finding out what life is worth and getting the full value of that worth is the aim of this series.)

THE WORRY OF THE SQUIRREL CAGE.

REFERENCE HAS already been made to *The Squirrel Cage*, by Dorothy Canfield. Better than any book I have read for a long time it reveals the causes of much of the worry that curses our modern so-called civilized life. These causes are complex and various. They include *vanity, undue attention to what our neighbors think of us, a false appreciation of the values of things*, and they may all be summed up into what I propose to call—with due acknowledgment to Mrs. Canfield—*the worry of the Squirrel Cage*.

I will let the author express her own meaning of this latter term. If the story leading up seems to be long please seek to read it in the light of this expression:

"When Mr. and Mrs. Emery, directly after their wedding in a small Central New York village, had gone West to Ohio they had spent their tiny capital in building a small story-and-a-half cottage, ornamented with the jig-saw work and fancy turning popular in 1872, and this had been the nucleus of their present rambling, picturesque, many-roomed home. Every step in the long series of changes which had led from its first state to its last had a profound and gratifying significance for the Emerys and its final condition, prosperous, modern, sophisticated, with the right kind of wood work in every room that showed, with the latest, most unobtrusively artistic effects in decoration, represented their culminating well-earned position in the inner circle of the best society of Endbury.

"Moreover, they felt that just as the house had been attained with effort, self-denial and careful calculations, yet still without incurring debt, so their

social position had been secured by unremitting diligence and care, but with no loss of self-respect or even of dignity. They were honestly proud of both their house and of their list of acquaintances and saw no reason to regard them as less worthy achievements of an industrious life than their four creditable grown-up children or Judge Emery's honorable reputation at the bar.

"The two older children, George and Marietta, could remember those early struggling days with as fresh an emotion as that of their parents. Indeed, Marietta, now a competent, sharp-eyed matron of thirty-two, could not see the most innocuous colored lithograph without an uncontrollable wave of bitterness, so present to her mind was the period when they painfully groped their way out of chromos."

"The particular Mrs. Hollister who, at the time the Emerys began to pierce the upper crust, was the leader of Endbury society, had discarded chromos as much as five years before. Mrs. Emery and Marietta, newly admitted to the honor of her acquaintance, wondered to themselves at the cold monotony of her black and white engravings. The artlessness of this wonder struck shame to their hearts when they chanced to learn that the lady had repaid it with a worldly-wise amusement at their own highly-colored waterfalls and snow-capped mountain-peaks. Marietta could recall as piercingly as if it were yesterday, in how crestfallen a chagrin she and her mother had gazed at their parlor after this incident, their disillusioned eyes open for the first time to the futility of its claim to sophistication. As for the incident that had led to the permanent retiring from their table of the monumental salt-and-pep-

per 'caster' which had been one of their most prized wedding presents, the Emerys refused to allow themselves to remember it, so intolerably did it spell humiliation."

In these quotations the reader has the key to the situation—worry to become as good as one's neighbors, if not better. *This is the worry of the squirrel cage.*

Lydia is Mrs. Emery's baby girl, her pet, her passionate delight. She has been away to a fine school. She knows nothing of the ancient struggles to attain position and a high place in society. Those struggles were practically over before she appeared on the scene.

On the occasion of her final home-coming her mother makes great preparations to please her, yet the worry and the anxiety, are revealed in her conversation with her older daughter: "Oh, Marietta, how *do* you suppose the house will seem to Lydia after she has seen so much? I hope she won't be disappointed. I've done so much to it this last year, perhaps she won't like it. And oh, I *was* so tried because we weren't able to get the new sideboard put up in the dining-room yesterday!"

'Really, Mother, you must draw the line about Lydia. She's only human. I guess if the house is good enough for you and father it is good enough for her.'

"That's just it, Marietta—that's just what came over me! *Is* what's good enough for us good enough for Lydia? Won't anything, even the best, in Endbury be a come-down for her?"

The attainments of Mrs. Emery both as to wealth and social position, however, were not reached by her daughter Marietta and her husband, but in the determination to make it appear as if they were, Marietta thus exposes her own life of worry in a talk with her father: "Keeping up a two-maid and a man establishment on a one-maid income, and mostly not being able to hire the one maid. There aren't *any* girls to be had lately. It means that I have to be the other maid and the man all of the time, and all three, part of the time.' She was starting down the step, but paused as though she could not resist the relief that came from expression. 'And the cost of living—the necessities are bad enough, but the other things—

the things you have to have not to be out of everything! I lie awake nights. I think of it in church. I can't think of anything else but the way the expenses mount up. Everybody's getting so reckless and extravagant and I *won't* go in debt! I'll come to it, though. Everybody else does. We're the only people that haven't oriental rugs now. Why, the Gilberts—and everybody knows how much they still owe Dr. Melton for Ellen's appendicitis, and their grocer told Ralph they owe him several hundred dollars,—well, they have just got an oriental rug that they paid a hundred and sixty dollars for. Mrs. Gilbert said they 'just *had* to have it, and you can always have what you have to have.' It makes me sick! Our parlor looks so common! And the last dinner party we gave cost—'"

Another phase of the *squirrel cage* worry is expressed in this terse paragraph: "Father keeps talking about getting one of those player-pianos, but Mother says they are so new you can't tell what they are going to be. She says they may get to be too common."

Bye and bye it comes Lydia's turn to decide what place she and her new husband are to take in Endbury society, and here is what one frank, sensible man says about it: "It may be all right for Marietta Mortimer to kill herself body and soul by inches to keep what bores her to death to have—a social position in Endbury's two-for-a-cent society, but, for the Lord's sake, why do they make such a howling and yelling just at the time when Lydia's got the tragically important question to decide as to whether that's what *she* wants? It's like expecting her to do a problem in calculus in the midst of an earthquake."

And the following chapter is a graphic presentation as to how Lydia made her choice "in perfect freedom"—oh, the frightful sarcasm of the phrase—during the excitement of the wedding preparations and under the pressure of expensive gifts and the ideas of over-enthusiastic "society" friends.

Lydia now began her own "squirrel-cage" existence. Even her husband urges her into extravagance in spite of her protest by saying, "Nothing's too

good for you. And besides, it's an asset. The mortgage won't be so very large. And if we're in it, we'll just have to live up to it. It'll be a stimulus."

One of the sane characters of the book is dear, lovable, gruff Dr. Melton, who is Lydia's godfather, and her final awakening is largely due to him. One day he finds Lydia's mother upstairs sick-a-bed, and thus breaks forth to his godchild: "About your mother—I know without going upstairs that she is floored with one or another manifestation of the great disease of *social-ambitionitis*. But calm yourself. It's not so bad as it seems when you've got the right doctor. I've practiced for thirty years among Endbury ladies. They can't spring anything new on me. I've taken your mother through doily fever induced by the change from table-cloths to bare tops, through portiere inflammation, through afternoon tea distemper, through *art-nouveau* prostration and mission furniture palsy, not to speak of a horrible attack of acute insanity over the necessity of having her maids wear caps. I think you can trust me, whatever dodge the old malady is working on her."

And later in speaking of Lydia's sister he affirms: "Your sister Marietta is not a very happy woman. She has too many of your father's brains for the life she's been shunted into. She might be damming up a big river with a finely constructed concrete dam, and what she is giving all her strength to is trying to hold back a muddy little trickle with her bare hands. The achievement of her life is to give on a two-thousand-a-year income the appearance of having five thousand like your father. She does it; she's a remarkably forceful woman, but it frets her. She ought to be in better business, and she knows it, though she won't admit it."

Oh, the pity of it, the woe of it, the horror of it, for it is one of the curses of our present day society and is one of the causes of many a man's and woman's physical and mental ruin. In the words of our author elsewhere: "They are killing themselves to get what they really don't want and don't need, and are starving for things they could easily have by just putting out their hands.

Where life's struggle is reduced to this kind of thing there is little compensation, hence we are not surprised to read that: "Judge Emery was in the state in which of late the end of the day's work found him—overwhelmingly fatigued. He had not an ounce of superfluous energy to answer his wife's tocsin," while she "was almost crying with nervous exhaustion. That Lydia's course ran smooth through a thousand complications was not accomplished without an incalculable expenditure of nervous force on her mother's part. Dr. Melton had several times of late predicted that he would have his old patient back under his care again. Judge Emery, remembering this prophecy, was now moved by his wife's pale agitation to a heart-sickening mixture of apprehension for her and of recollection of his own extreme discomfort whenever she was sick."

Yet in spite of this intense tension she was unable to stop—felt she must go on, until finally, a break-down intervened and she was compelled to lay by.

On another page a friend tells of his great-aunt's experience: "She told me that all through her childhood her family was saving and pulling together to build a fine big house. They worked along for years until, when she was a young lady, they finally accomplished it; built a big three-story house that was the admiration of the countryside. Then they moved in. And it took the women-folks every minute of their time, and more, to keep it clean and in order; it cost as much to keep it up, heated, furnished, repaired, painted, and everything the way a fine house should be, as their entire living used to cost. The fine big grounds they had laid out to go with the mansion took so much time to—"

Finally Lydia herself becomes awakened, startled as she sees what everybody is trying to make her life become and she bursts out to her sister: "'I'm just frightened of—everything—what everybody expects me to do, and to go on doing all my life, and never have any time but to just hurry faster and faster, so there'll be more things to hurry about, and never talk about anything but

things!" She began to tremble and look white, and stopped with a desperate effort to control herself, though she burst out at the sight of Mrs. Mortimer's face of despairing bewilderment, 'Oh, don't tell me you don't see at all what I mean. I can't say it! But you *must* understand. Can't we somehow all stop—*now!* And start over again! You get muslin curtains and not mend your lace ones, and Mother stop fussing about whom to invite to that party—that's going to cost more than he can afford, Father says—it makes me *sick* to be costing him so much. And not fuss about having clothes just so—and Paul have our house built little and plain, so it won't be so much work to take care of it and keep it clean. I would so much rather look after it myself than to have him kill himself making money so I can hire maids that you *can't*—you say yourself you can't—and never having any time to see him. Perhaps if *we* did, other people might, and we'd all have more time to like things that make us nicer to like—"

And when her sister tried to comfort her she continued: "You *do* see what I mean! You see how dreadful it is to look forward to just that—being so desperately troubled over things that don't really matter—and—and perhaps having children, and bringing them to the same thing—when there must be so many things that do matter!"

Then, to show how perfectly her sister understood, the author makes that wise and perceptive woman exclaim: "Mercy! Dr. Melton's right! She's perfectly wild with nerves! We must get her married as soon as ever we can!"

Lydia gives a reception. Here is part of the description: "Standing as they were, tighly pressed in between a number of different groups, their ears were assaulted by a disjointed mass of stentorian conversation that gave a singular illusion as if it all came from one inconceivably voluble source, the individuality of the voices being lost in the screaming enunciation which, as Mrs. Sandworth had pointed out, was a prerequisite of self-expression under the circumstances.

"They heard: '*For over a month and*

the sleeves were too see you again at Mrs. Elliott's I'm pouring there from four I've got to dismiss one with plum-colored bows all along five dollars a week and the washing out, and still impossible! I was there myself all the time and they neither of thirty-five cents a pound for the most ordinary ferns and red carnations was all they had, and we thought it rather skimpy under the brought up in one big braid and caught down with at the Peterson's they were pink and white with—'

"*'Oh, no, Madeleine! that was at the Burlingame's.'* Mrs. Sandworth took a running jump into the din and sank from her brother's sight, vociferating: '*The Petersons had them of old-gold, don't you remember, with little—'*

"The doctor, worming his way desperately through the masses of femininity, and resisting all attempts to engage him in the local fray, emerged at length into the darkened hall where the air was, as he told himself in a frenzied flight of imagination, less like a combination of a menagerie and a perfume shop. Here, in a quiet corner, sat Lydia's father, alone. He held in one hand a large platter piled high with wafer-like sandwiches, which he was consuming at a Gargantuan rate, and as he ate he smiled to himself.

"*'Well, Mr. Ogre,'* said the doctor, sitting down beside him with a gasp of relief; '*let a wave-worn mariner into your den, will you?*'

"*'Provided with an auditor, Judge Emery's smile broke into an open laugh. He waved the platter toward the uproar in the next rooms: 'A boiler factory ain't in it with woman, lovely woman, is it?'* he put it to his friend.

"*'Gracious powers! There's nothing to laugh at in that exhibition!'* the doctor reproved him, with an acrimonious savagery. '*I don't know which makes me sicker; to stay in there and listen to them, or come out here and find you thinking they're funny!'*

"*'They are funny!'* insisted the Judge tranquilly. '*I stood by the door and listened to the scraps of talk I could catch, till I thought I should have a fit. I never heard anything funnier on the stage.'*

"*'Looky here, Nat,'* the doctor stared

up at him angrily, 'they're not monkeys in a zoo, to be looked at only on holidays and then laughed at! They're the other half of a whole that we're half of, and don't you forget it! Why in the world should you think it funny for them to do this tomfool trick all winter and have nervous prostration all summer to pay for it? You'd look up a *man* as a dangerous lunatic if he spent his life so. What they're like, and what they do with their time and strength concerns us enough sight more than what the tariff is, let me tell you.'

"'I admit that what your wife is like concerns you a whole lot!' The Judge laughed good-naturedly in the face of the little old bachelor. 'Don't commence jumping on the American woman no! I won't stand it! She's the noblest of her sex!'

"'Do you know why I am bald?' said Dr. Melton, running his hand over his shining dome.

"'If I did, I wouldn't admit it,' the Judge put up a cautious guard, 'because I foresee that whatever I say will be used as evidence against me.'

"'I've torn out all my hair in desperation at hearing such men as you claim to admire and respect and wish to advance the American woman. You don't give enough thought to her—real thought—from one year's end to another to know whether you think she has an immortal soul or not!'

Later Lydia's husband insists that they give a dinner. "It was to be a large dinner—large, that is, for Endbury—of twenty covers, and Lydia had never prepared a table for so many guests." The number of objects necessary for the conventional setting of a dinner table appalled her. She was so tired, and her attention was so fixed on the complicated processes going on uncertainly in the kitchen, that her brain reeled over the vast quantity of knives and forks and plates and glasses needed to convey food to twenty mouths on a festal occasion. They persistently eluded her attempts to marshal them into order. She discovered that she had put forks for the soup—that in some inexplicable way at the plate destined for an important guest there was a large kitchen spoon of iron, a

wild sort of whimsical humor rose in her from the ferment of utter fatigue and anxiety. When Paul came in, looking very grave, she told him with a wavering laugh, 'If I tried as hard for ten minutes to go to Heaven as I've tried all day to have this dinner right, I'd certainly have a front seat in the angel choir. If anybody here tonight is not satisfied, it'll be because he's harder to please than St. Peter himself.'

During the evening "Lydia seemed to herself to be in an endless bad dream. The exhausting efforts of the day had reduced her to a sort of coma of fatigue through which she felt but dully the successive stabs of the ill-served unsuccessful dinner. At times, the table, the guests, the room itself, wavered before her, and she clutched at her chair to keep her balance. She did not know that she was laughing and talking gaily and eating nothing. She was only conscious of an intense longing for the end of things, and darkness and quiet."

When it was all over and her husband was compelled to recognize that it had been a failure his mental attitude is thus expressed: "He had determined to preserve at all costs the appearance of the indulgent, non-critical, over-patient husband that he intensely felt himself to be. No force, he thought grimly, shutting his jaws hard, should drag from him a word of his real sentiments. Fanned by the wind of this virtuous resolution, his sentiments grew hotter and hotter as he walked about, locking doors and windows, and reviewing bitterly the events of the evening. If he was to restrain himself from saying anything, he would at least allow himself the privilege of feeling all that was possible to a man deeply injured."

And that night Lydia felt for the "first time the quickening to life of her child. And during all that day, until then, she had forgotten that she was to know motherhood." Can words more forcefully depict the *worry of the squirrel-cage* than this—that an unnecessary dinner, given in unnecessary style, at unnecessary expense, to visitors to whom it was unnecessary should have driven from her thought, and doubtless seriously injured, the new life that she was so soon to give to the world?

Oh, men and women of divine descent and divine heritage, quit your squirrel-cage stage of existence. Is life to be one mere whirling around of the cage of useless toil or pleasure, of mere imagining that you are doing something? Work with an object. Know your object, that it is worthy the highest endeavor of a human being, and then pursue it with a divine enthusiasm that no obstacle can daunt, an ardor that no weariness can quench. Then it is you will begin to live. There is no life in worry. Worry is a waste of life. If you are a worrier, that is a proof you (in so far as you worry) do not appreciate the value of your own life, for a worthy object, a divine enthusiasm, a noble ardor are in themselves the best possible preventives against worry. They dignify life above worry. Worry is undignified, petty, paltry. Where you know you have something to do worth doing, you are conscious of the Divine Benediction, and who can worry when the smile of God rests upon him? This is a truism almost to triteness, and yet how few fully realize it. It is the unworthy potters with life, the dabblers in life-stuff, those who blind themselves to their high estate, those who are unsure of their footing who worry. The true aristocrat is never worried about his position; the orator convinced of the truth of his message worries not as to how it will be received; the machinist sure of his plans hesitates not in the construction of his machinery; the architect assured of his accuracy pushes on his builders without hesitancy or question, fear or alarm; the engineer knowing his engine and his destination has no heart quiver as he handles the lever. It is

the doubter, the unsure, the aimless, the dabbler, the frivolous, the dilettante, the uncertain that worry. How nobly Browning sets this forth in his Epilogue:

*"What had I on earth to do
With the slobful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivell
—Being—Who?"*

*"One who never turned his back but marched breast
forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong
would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake."*

*"No, at noonday in the bustle of man's worktime
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should
be,
'Stirve and thrive!' cry 'Speed,—fight on, fare
ever
There as here!'"*

And this is not "mere poetry." Or rather it is because it is "mere poetry" that it is *real life*. Browning had nearly seventy years of it. He knew. Where there are those to whom "God has whispered in the ear," there is no uncertainty, no worry. The musician who knows his instrument, knows his music, knows his key, and knows his time to play never hesitates, never falters, never worries. With tone clear, pure, strong and certain, he sends forth his melodies or harmonies into the air. Cannot you, in your daily life, be a true and sure musician? Cannot you be *certain*—absolutely, definitely certain—of your right to play the time of life in the way you have it marked out before you, and then go ahead and play! Play, in God's name, as God's and man's music-maker.

**"The light is with us! Read and lead!
The larger book, the loftier deed."**

Joaquin Miller.



Pasadena

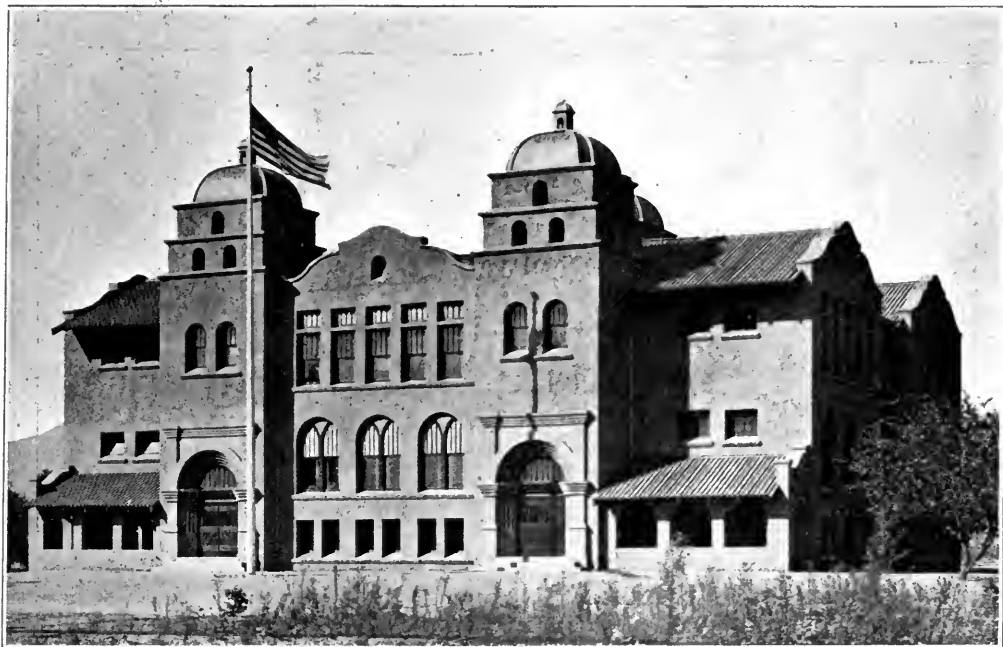
the City Of

Beautiful Homes

By George Wharton James

EVERY CITY in stating its own claims is deemed extravagant and absurd by other cities, yet there is one claim I make for Pasadena that cannot be controverted successfully, I believe. It is that in all the civilized world there is not, in proportion to population, another city that can compare with it in the number and

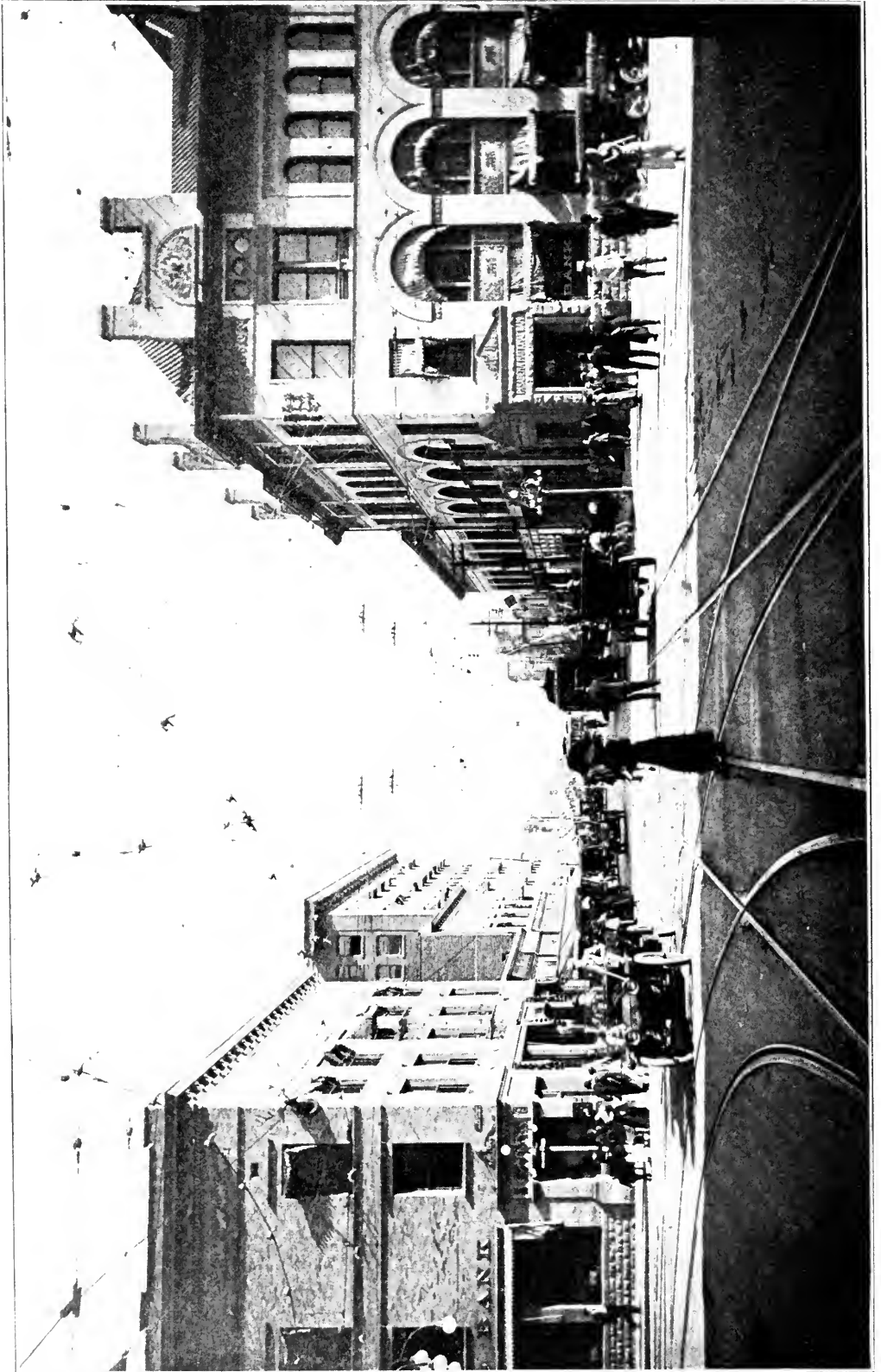
exquisite lawns and gorgeous flower-beds, as in Pasadena. *Homes* make Pasadena famous the world over. People travel over all the continents and cross all the seven seas and yet make Pasadena their Mecca because of its *homes*. An equable climate is a great asset for any city; suitable location is another; good business is another; a healthily growing back-



Madison School, one of Pasadena's Twenty-nine Public School Buildings

beauty of its *homes*. It is essentially a home city. Take any of the noted residence cities of Europe as well as the United States,—and I think I am personally familiar with most of them,—there cannot be found one half the proportion of fine residences fronted and flanked by

country is another; good schools and colleges yet another, but the city that lacks *homes*, lacks the first essential to beauty, stability and permanent growth. It is in this essential that Pasadena stands proudly supreme *in the whole civilized world*. Its homes are its pride, for



A View of Colorado Street, looking East, showing part of Pasadena's Business Section

while it cannot always be said that exterior appearance demonstrates interior conditions, it may pretty well be affirmed that, where a man cares for his house and the grounds which surround it, laying out a good lawn, flower beds, shrubbery and trees, and putting in a cottage, garden and orchard in the rear, where space

spaces were "in the raw." They could have been bought, and were bought, for a mere song, \$2.50, \$5.00 per acre. \$10.00 an acre would have seemed a large price. The Indiana colony that purchased the lands and set them out in orange orchards paid a little more, but it was deemed plunder by the people of neighboring ranches.



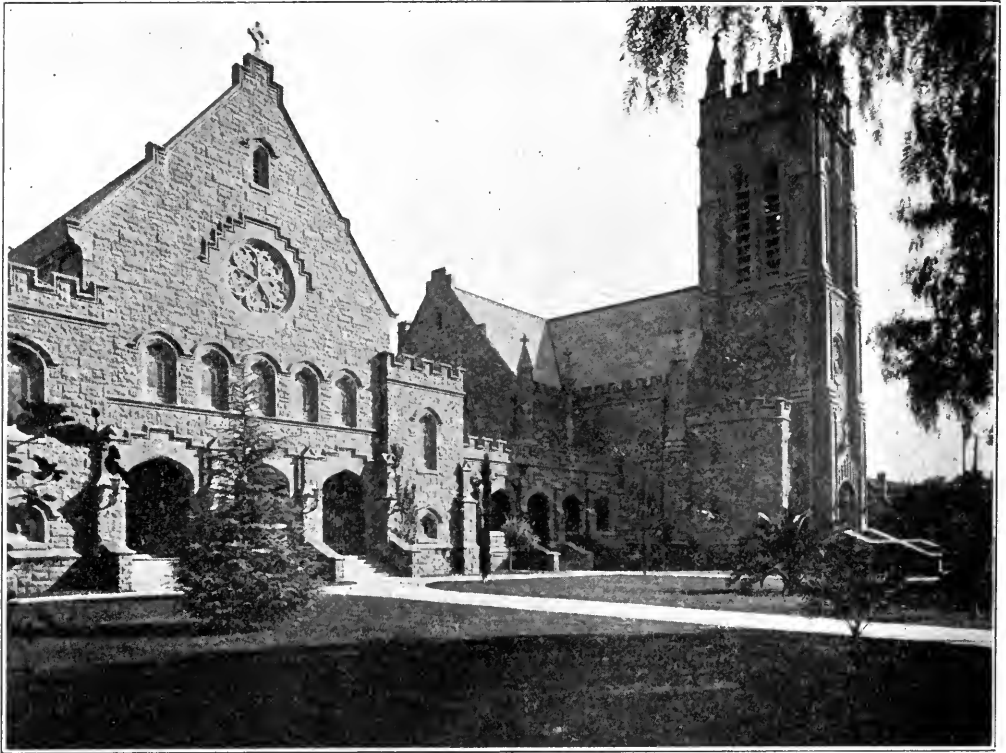
Chamber of Commerce Building and the Home of the Security National Bank, Pasadena, Calif.

allows, he also considers those who occupy the house with him—his wife and children—and thus makes a home for them in the truest, highest sense.

This incontrovertible statement being grasped and its vast significance apprehended it is not inappropriate that I should outline, in brief, my own reasons as to why Pasadena has attained, while still so young a city, this proud pre-eminence. For it must be remembered that a little over thirty years ago Pasadena was a rude sheep pasture. Its hills, slopes and level

Yet acreage that cost \$50 thirty years ago, today is worth \$50,000 and *much more*, even though it be away from the heart of the business section of the city.

There are several conditions that exist naturally in Pasadena—gifts of God awaiting the taking by his people—all of which have helped to produce the Pasadena of today. These are: I. Location, II. Climate, III. Water, IV. Close proximity to Los Angeles. To those must be added early discovery by keen-brained, far-seeing men who knew how to advertise, excel-



Pasadena Presbyterian Church

lent railway transportation including transcontinental connections and last, but by no means least, the character of its early settlers.

A starting city may be made or marred by its progenitors. There is a law of heredity in communities as in persons and animals. The character of the pioneers of Pasadena was of the highest. They were men of influence, standing and power in their original homes. They came to California with high ideals from which nothing could swerve them. This is seen in the fact that from the very start they insisted upon keeping their infant colony and town free from the open saloon. Whatever argument might be made in favor of hotels serving *bona fide* patrons with wines at meals there was perfect unanimity in condemning the open saloon, and a determination to not allow it to find a place in the community. They also showed their character and temper in their schools, churches and Improvement Associations. Churches were erected as soon as the people arrived—almost before they had established their own homes, and schools were started simultaneously with orchards, gardens and stores. For years and years the growing community had no policemen and needed none—all were law-abiding and respectful to the rights of others. Too much cannot be said in praise of the nobility and dignity of the men and women who laid the foundations of Pasadena's social, business

and civic life. Thus begun it has gone on by leaps and bounds, prospering and to prosper, changing in size and influence, but adhering in the main to the high ideals that never change because founded in the immutable decrees of Nature and God.

I. To speak now of location. Jerusalem was so located that the psalmist burst into exultation when he attempted to describe it. The Napolitan cries out "See Naples and die." A score of cities have wonderful locations, each having a charm of its own, and while Pasadena needs not to scorn any city's advantages it needs not to crave condescension at the hands of any. For it is superbly situated upon the sloping foothills of the Sierra Madre range, whose peaks reach to the cerulean blue of the Southern California sky at an altitude of 7,000, 8,000, 9,000, 10,000, 11,000 and even over 12,000 feet,—the Sierra Madre, being merely a portion of the great San Bernardino Range, two of whose peaks may be seen, 12,000 feet high, almost eighty miles away. While Pasadena is not immediately surrounded, or encircled by mountains, they are near enough to give that dignity and majesty to the landscape in every direction afforded only by high mountains. Only towards the sea is the horizon line free from these towering monarchs. A low range of hills—the Mission Hills—separates Pasadena from Los Angeles, and the ocean which is thirty



Los Robles Court famed for its attractive bungalow homes. Built and owned by R. D. Davis.

miles away, and when I come to write of the climate of Pasadena, these facts will be duly considered and their importance shown.

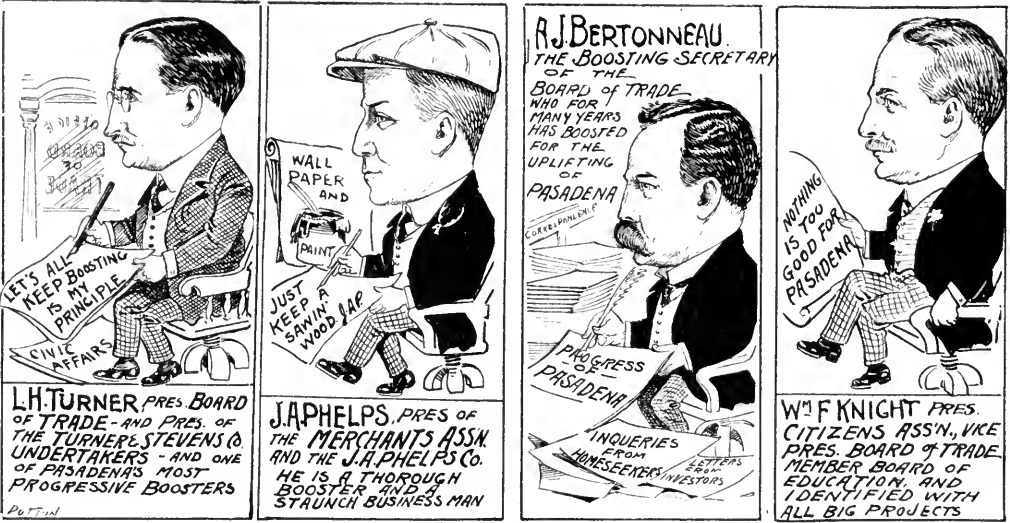
Another wonderful result of the close proximity of Pasadena to the mountain range is seen in the fine drainage the site affords. Everything rests upon disintegrated granite. This in itself insures perfect drainage, and the slope merely adds another factor of efficiency. Either one would be a guarantee of freedom from possibility of lurking malaria or typhoid, but when both are combined in one site the advantage is certain.

II. Its climate is Pasadena's perpetual charm. Pasadena is the original of Sunny Jim. She wears the smile that cannot come off. The sunshine seldom fails. The records show a great proportion of sunny days throughout the whole year. Think of almost perpetual sunshine, and great freedom from clouds. There are enough clouds to break the monotony, but not enough to destroy the out-of-doors three hundred and thirty-five out of the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year. Twenty inches of rain is the average for the year, and it falls generally at night, during the months of November to April. The rest of the year there is no rain. In midwinter the climate approximates Indiana's rare days of June or those wonderful May days of New England that Whittier and Bryant so loved to extol. There is no winter. There are no frosts—or so few as to be inappreciable.

Gardens are full of flowers in midwinter, and not simply of hardy species, but of the delicate kinds such as heliotrope, etc. Indeed one bush of heliotrope covers the corner of a house over sixty-five feet high and has never been frosted in twenty-five years. Strawberries may be had almost every day in the year, and vegetables are planted and grow in every month without cessation.

Yet it must not be assumed—as is often the case—that because the winter climate is so genial, kindly and inviting that the summers are hot, stifling, malarial or enervating. There never was a greater mistake. On the other side of the Sierra Madre range (which immediately overlooks Pasadena), are hundreds of thousands of acres of desert. This desert causes a daily suction of air over the mountain range, over the almost flat plain that exists from the mountains to the Pacific Ocean, and thus the cool breezes from the great Pacific are drawn over the face of the land with cooling, invigorating and healthful effect. At night the action is reversed and the balmy breezes, laden with the odors of pine, balsam and fragrant herbs, come down from the mountain summits bringing cooling and restfulness to the sleepers in their open-air bed rooms, where blankets are needed as surely in summer as in winter.

Think of the effect of such a winter and summer climate as this upon babies and young children. An indoor playroom is hardly known in Pasadena. They are all out of doors. The youngsters romp on grassy lawns or climb the mountain and canyon slopes in search of wild flowers, stones, or such living things as they are interested in. Health, vigor, rosy

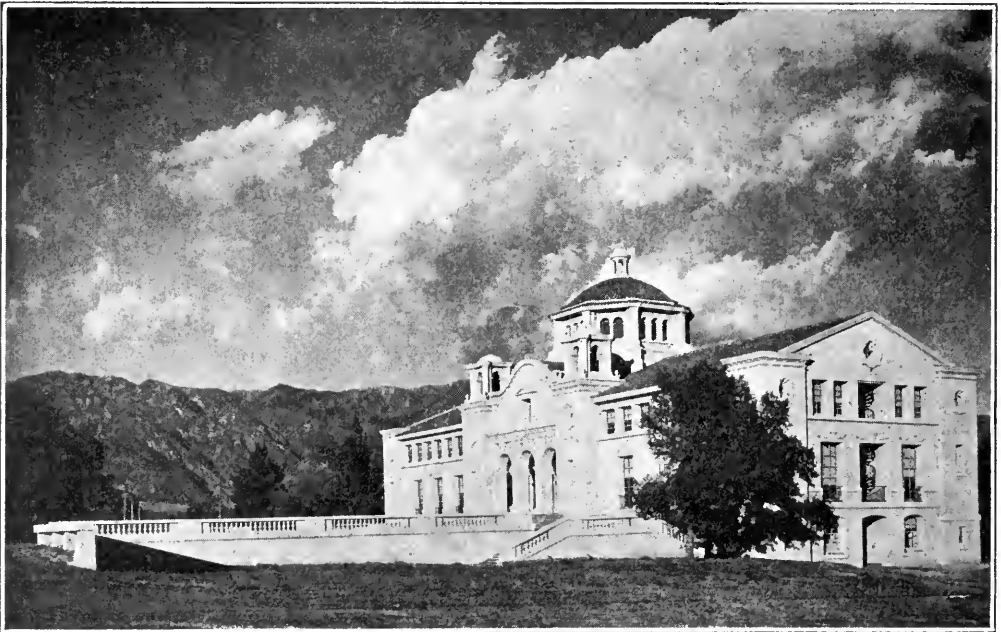


These gentlemen, heads of Pasadena's Civic organizations, guard well the interests of the city's commerce

checks, abounding vitality are the natural consequence, with it joy and attendant happiness. A gloomy-faced child is a rarity. Sunshine is contagious in more ways than one. Health brings joy, and joy spreads. There are more perfectly healthy and happy children in Pasadena than can be found in any eastern city of twice its population.

of ours, hundreds of thousands of elderly people, who are fairly well to do, who find the rigors of the eastern winters and the enervating and moist heat of the summers taxing upon their waning strength and energy. Such people, when they are alert to their own needs, come to such places as Pasadena, to find there the calm and equable temperatures, winter and summer, that only such locations afford. Pasadena

Then, too, there are, in these United States



Throop Polytechnic Institute—a college of engineering and science. Only exclusive institute of technology west of the Mississippi



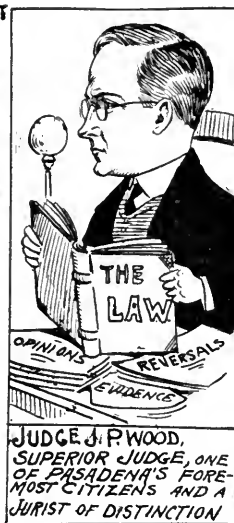
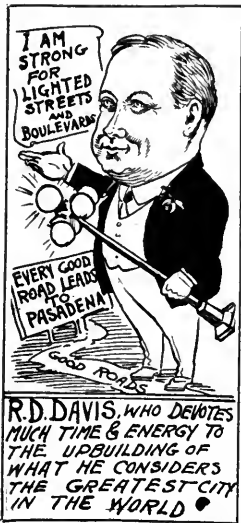
The New Elk's Home, Pasadena Lodge, No. 672

numbers thousands of these people among her most honored citizens. Men and women who have borne the burden and heat of the day elsewhere—people of achievement, those who have done things—and now, having earned their rest, they have come to this ideal city to spend the balance of their days under such conditions as were impossible to find “back East.”

III. Good water is as essential to the well being of a city as are good location and climate. Pasadena is highly favored in this regard. The mountains receive the annual fall of snow which

feeds springs and streams. These percolate through the granite which is tapped and tunneled until it yields up its hidden treasures. The result is that Pasadena has, in actual sight, and owned by the municipality, a pure water supply, that never fails, sufficient to accommodate a city of twice or even thrice its present population.

IV. Close proximity to a large city, with the finest electric connection of any city in the world, gives to Pasadena all the advantages of a great metropolis. Los Angeles is but nine miles away.



Pen sketches of four of Pasadena's live wires.

Below are representatives of Pasadena's financial institutions.

I NEVER STOP BOOSTING FOR THE GOOD OF ALL PASADENA

J.B. COULSTON
PRES. CROWN CITY NAT BANK - AND ONE OF THE REAL LIVE WIRES IN AND OUT OF BUSINESS CIRCLES

HENRY NEWBY PRES. PASADENA NAT BANK
ONE OF THE OLDEST BANKERS, WHO BOOSTS PASADENA'S PROGRESS

W.H. VEDDER, PRES. FIRST NAT. BANK AND PASADENA SAVINGS AND TRUST CO. AND AN ERNEST BOOSTER

OUR POLICY IS TO BOOST PASADENA

DEPOSITS \$4,000,000.00

SUPPLIES AND PROFITS \$65,000.00

ERNEST H. MAY, PRES. SECURITY NATIONAL BANK OF PASADENA
ONE OF THE CITY'S STANCH CITIZENS

A CONSERVATIVE BANK WHOSE SERVICES ARE AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE ENTIRE LOCAL AND PUBLIC LET'S BOOST

CAPITAL \$100,000.00

PASADENA'S NEWEST AND GROWING FINANCIAL INSTITUTION.

It requires about half an hour to go from one city to the other. Los Angeles has a population rapidly climbing to the half million mark. Its hotels, theaters, concert halls, churches, stores and other civic attractions are new, modern, western and cosmopolitan. Everything that any other city has that is worth having is found in Los Angeles, and it is thus made a part of the heritage of the inhabitant of Pasadena.

In addition to this the Ocean is but thirty miles away, where a score of beach towns and cities offer varied attractions as well as those given by the Almighty, in the majesty and grandeur of the sea. There are San Pedro, Long Beach, Santa Monica, Playa del Rey, Redondo, Hermosa, Huntington, Balboa, Newport, Laguna and a dozen others. For seventy-five cents the round trip a Pasadenan, in an hour and a half may leave his home in summer, and be on the sands of the ocean, enjoying the roar o

HARRISON I. DRUMMOND VICE PRES. SECURITY NATIONAL BANK OF PASADENA - AND ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST PUBLIC SPIRITED AND LIVE BUSINESS MEN

VICE PRESIDENT OFFICE

PROGRESS ALWAYS PAYS

W.H. HUBBARD, PRES. CITIZENS SAVINGS BANK PASADENA'S NEWEST FINANCIAL INSTITUTION. AND HE KNOWS BOOSTING FROM A TO Z

WE SHALL AT ALL TIMES STAND FOR THE PROMOTION AND BEST INTEREST OF PASADENA

PAID UP CAPITAL \$100,000

RESOURCES

JOE WELCH, PRES. AND GEN. MGR. PASADENA HARDWARE CO. (INC.) JOE IS A PIONEER, AND AN ALL ROUND GOOD SPORT. JOE EVEN BELIEVES HIS OWN FISH STORIES.

26 YEARS BOOSTING HAS BROUGHT RESULTS

JOHN McDONALD, VICE PRES. PASADENA SAVINGS AND TRUST CO. DIRECTOR OF 1ST NAT. BANK - AND A GOOD BOOSTER

LINCOLN AVE. CARLINE

J.W. IS A PIONEER BOOSTER AND GLAD OF IT

POSTMASTER J.W. WOOD A MAN OF LETTERS TRYING TO STRAIGHTEN OUT OTHER PEOPLES TROUBLES.

W.B. LOUGHERY, HARNESS, TRUNKS & ROBES MR. LOUGHERY IS THE OLDEST MAN IN BUSINESS IN PASADENA. CAME IN ON A STAGE COACH 25 YEARS AGO, AND AIN'T SEEN IT GROW FROM A VILLAGE

SOLD YOUR OWN GOODS BUT DON'T BUY THEM YOURSELF

Cartoons of four old timers, all live wires.

FRANK G. HOGAN
 PRESIDENT OF THE "HOGAN COMPANY" FRANK IS ONE OF THE BIGGEST AND MOST POPULAR BOOSTERS IN ALL PASADENA.

WILKIE P. GARRISON
 A SURE ENOUGH LIVE HE SELLS REAL ESTATE, AND OWNS REAL MINES. WILKIE IS ONE GOOD SCOUT BELIEVE ME. — I KNOW.

FRANK S. WALLACE — ALWAYS ACTIVE IN EVERY MOVEMENT FOR THE UPLIFT OF THE CROWN CITY — AND DELEGATE TO NART. PROGRESSIVE CONVENTION

GEORGE P. CARY, LAWYER — ALWAYS INTERESTED IN THE WELFARE OF THE CITY AND ITS CITIZENS

MR. MACLAUGHLIN NEVER STOPS BOOSTING FOR THE GOOD OF ALL CALIFORNIA

LEO G. MAC LAUGHLIN
 SECT'Y & TREAS. OF THE SNOWBALL-SULLIVAN CO. ONE OF THE LARGEST FIRMS IN PASADENA.

A.B. CADMAN, MGR. W.P. FULLER & CO. — A MAN WHO HAS ALWAYS STOOD FOR PROGRESS

W.J. CARR.
 HARD WORKING CITY ATTY., STATE SENATOR ELECT — A RANK PROGRESSIVE AND PROUD OF IT. (FOOD BOY SENATOR)

THE REXALL STORE
A.G. SPOHR PROP.
A.G. SPOHR THE REXALL DRUGGIST OF PASADENA. — HIS UNIQUE MOTTO IS "GET THE PASADENA HABIT AND BOOST"

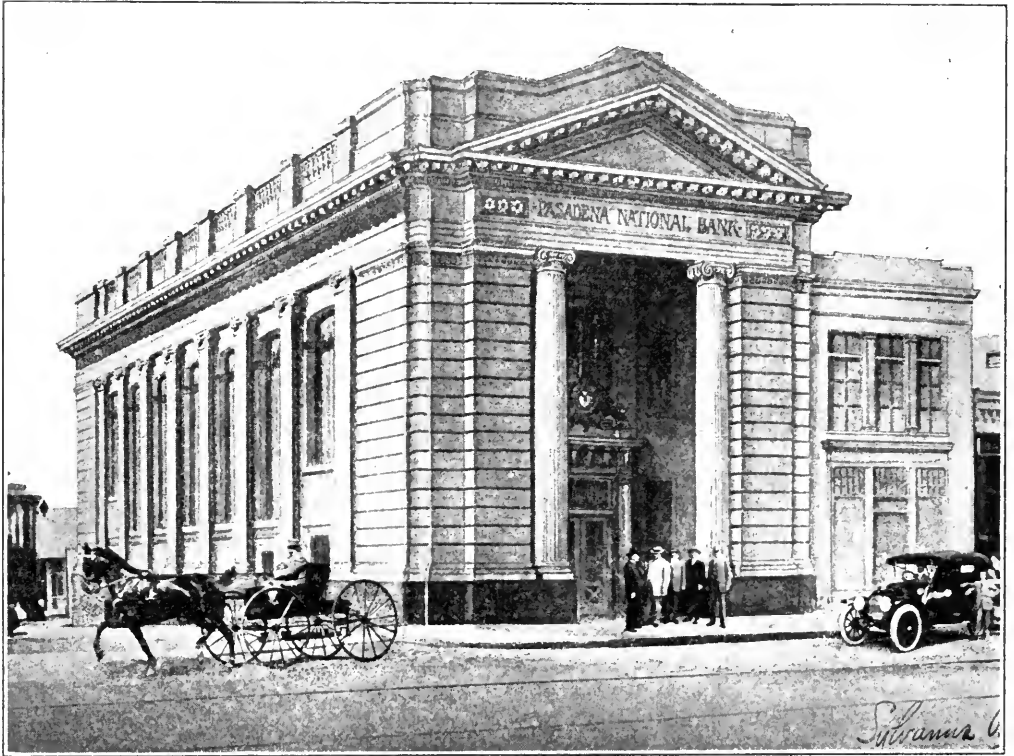
O.E. BOADWAY, PRES & GEN. MGR. "BOADWAY DRGS." THE LARGEST MERCANTILE HOUSE IN PASADENA. DID YOU GO TO HIS X-MAS SHOPPING? HE IS ONE OF PASADENA'S BEST BOOSTERS

D.W. HERLIHY, PRES & MGR. THE MODEL GROCERY CO. EX. PRES BOARD OF TRADE AND ONE OF THE CITY'S MOST PUBLIC SPIRITED CITIZENS.

BURDETT MOODY
 CHIEF ENGINEER & SUPT. PASADENA WATER DEPT. THRU WHOSE EFFORTS THE HOPE OF A DECADE HAS BEEN REALIZED

GEO. J. BRENNER, THE PUBLIC SPIRITED CLOTHING MAN. GEO. IS A GOOD CITIZEN WHO IS CONTINUALLY BOOSTING IN HIS QUIET WAY

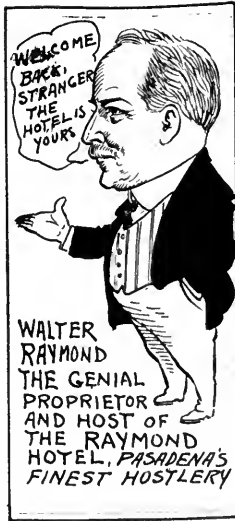
These men are helping make history in Pasadena



The new home of the Pasadena National Bank



Young Mens' Christian Association, Pasadena



Pen caricatures of some of the live ones of Pasadena

the surf, or diving head first into the breakers and reveling in a delightful swim.

These, then, in crudest outline, are the reasons why Pasadena has come so rapidly to the front as one of the foremost of America's western residence cities, and resorts for wealthy, cultured and refined tourists, but its fame has been wide spread because of several fortuitous circumstances. In the forefront of these is the fact that Mr. Raymond of Boston, who had organized the Raymond & Whitecomb excursions, came, saw, and was conquered by the beauty of Pasadena, over twenty five years ago. He immediately built a hotel of commanding size upon a most wonderful site, affording a vision of beauty of valley, foothills, mountain, sea-beach, ocean and islands that was as perfect as it was rare, and there, year after year, he brought train loads of cultured and traveled tourists, giving them rides around the valley and into the canyons, treats to the ocean beach

and the islands, and then sent them back home to sing forever after the praises of the earthly paradise they called Pasadena. Though this hotel burnt down its successor was soon erected and the elder Raymond's son, Walter, is now the honored host of the new "Raymond," where annually he greets the thousands of cultured and traveled guests of highest degree who come from all parts of the world to enjoy his hospitality in conjunction with what Pasadena has to offer.

Then Colonel G. G. Green of Asbury, N. J., erected his world famed hotel, "The Green," occupying two whole city blocks, and needing a "bridge of joys" to connect one massive building with the other. This Moorish temple of hospitality is as well known as the Raymond, and has entertained thousands of Pasadena's most enthusiastic lovers.

Later the Maryland was built—open summer as well as winter—and the fact that it has had

WE CANNOT BOOST FOR OUR HOME TOWN TOO MUCH"

JUDGE C.J. WILLETT
ONE OF THE OLDEST AND MOST POPULAR ATTORNEYS OF THE CITY AND ALWAYS IN THE FRONT RANKS OF PROGRESS

Patton

SLAVIN BLDG HOTEL GREEN
SPECIALTY BLDG FOR MEN
NEW DESIGNS

MATTHEW SLAVIN
PIONEER BUILDER AND BOOSTER. 25 YEARS A RESIDENT OF THE CROWN CITY

MAJOR C.M. SKILLEN
ONE OF THE PIONEERS. LANDED IN '74. HAS BOOSTED EVER SINCE. SAYS HE IS STILL ONE OF PASADENA'S YOUNG BOOSTERS

EVERYTHING IN THE FURNITURE AND DRAPERY LINE.

V.R. SUTLIFF. PRES & MGR. PASADENA FURNITURE AND CARPET CO. MR SUTLIFF IS ALWAYS "THERE" WHEN IT COMES TO BOOSTING

PASADENA LIGHT

THE MAN WHO KEEPS PASADENA "LIT UP"

IN BOOSTING I INCLUDE THE ENTIRE SOUTHWEST LAND

C.W. KOINER. GEN. MGR AND ELECTRICAL ENGINEER OF PASADENA MUNICIPAL LIGHT AND POWER WORKS. AND CERTAINLY A LIVE WIRE

PASADENA CONSTRU COMPA

Pasadena cannot get too much boosting. W.M.

W.M. MURPHY. PRES. AND GEN MGR OF THE PASADENA CONSTRUCTION CO. CONSERVATIVE BUSINESS MAN AND BOOSTER

OFFICE VICE PRES

I NEVER LOSE AN OPPORTUNITY TO BOOST OUR GOOD OLD CITY

GEO. H. CURTIS VICE PRES B.O. KENDALL CO. THE BIG REALTY FIRM. HE KNOWS THE VALUE OF GOOD BOOSTING AND PRACTICES IT

THE C.M. SKILLEN BLOCK

I HAVE ALWAYS TRIED UPHOLD PASADENA AND BOOST FOR ITS ADVANCEMENT

DR RALPH G. SKILLEN OF SKILLEN AND SKILLEN CONFECTIONERS. "RALPH" IS A JOLLY GOOD SCOUT AND ONE OF THE CITY'S BEST BOOSTERS

OFFICE

LET'S ALL BOOST NOW HIGH GRADE LUMBER

W.L. LEISHMAN - PROP CROWN CITY MFG. CO INTERIOR SASH AND DOOR WORK - HE IS ACTIVE IN ALL LIVE MOVEMENTS

BPO# 672

ORTH VAN & STORAGE CO

GRANT ORTH. BOOSTING VAN & STORAGE MAN - HE MAKES THINGS MOVE IN PASADENA. BOSS IN AND OUT OF BUSINESS

I have boosted Pasadena 25 years and still a booster

ELAS NEW HOME PLANS

DR. A.H. PALMER ONE OF THE OLDEST DENTISTS OF PASADENA. PROMINENT IN ELADOM - AND ALWAYS IN THE FRONT RANKS OF THE LIVE ONES

OH YOU BOOSTER BILL

BOOST BUT BE CONSERVATIVE

A.C. VROMAN - THE BIG BOOK MAN - AND ONE OF THE STURCH BUSINESS MEN - HIS COLLECTION OF WOOD CARVINGS IS GREAT

Patton

Why are they in the limelight?—They boost.

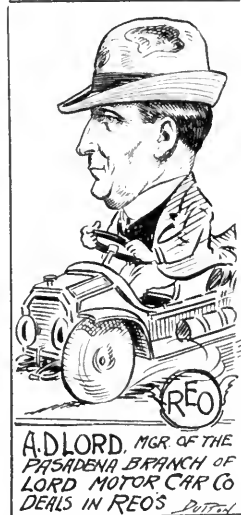
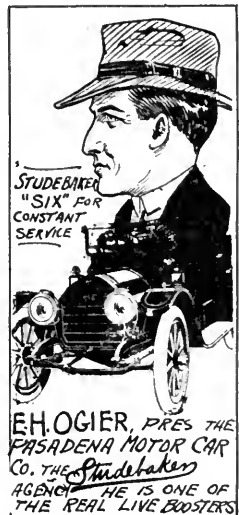
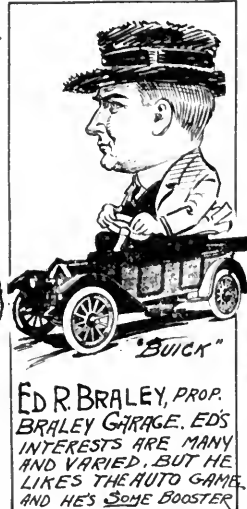
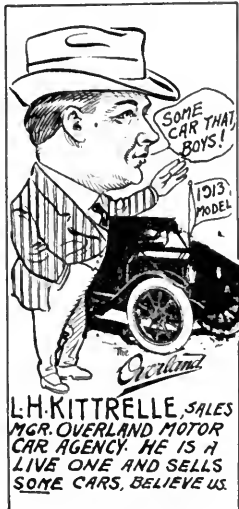
to be enlarged several times and has had to build a colony of cottage annexes attests its drawing power to the many who regularly enjoy its hospitality.

All these hostilities have given Pasadena much advertising, both directly and indirectly, and when the Mount Lowe Railway is considered, described more fully in the accompanying article in these pages, it can well be seen why Pasadena is so well known throughout the whole of the civilized world.

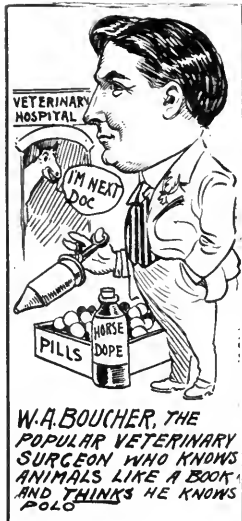
Yet, were it out of the way, hard to reach, and away from the main line of transcontinental travel it never would have gained its magnificent reputation and preeminence. Fortunately the great railway builders of the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe and Salt Lake lines saw its significance, and it is practically on the main line of thru roads—though it is five miles

away from the direct Southern Route of the Southern Pacific. This, however, is overcome by constant electric service connection, the whole of the electric railways of Pasadena and Los Angeles now being owned by the Southern Pacific Company.

It may be imagined from what I have here written that Pasadena has no business advantages, but the thoughtful reader will not be led away by any such vain conception. With a population rapidly rising to 40,000 inhabitants it can be well understood that many business houses are needed to fill all the requirements. But when it is recalled that Pasadena's population is largely of the wealthy classes, whose demands are for the best of everything, it will be realized that the business houses of Pasadena are compelled to occupy a plane second to none of any business city in the country. The very



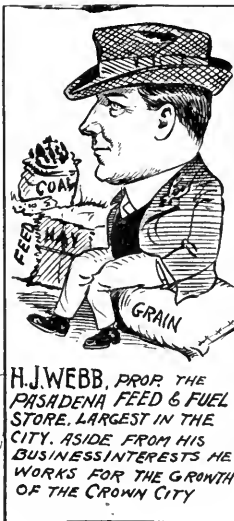
These leading automobile men never lose an opportunity to boost the Crown City to the front.



W.A. BOUCHER, THE POPULAR VETERINARY SURGEON WHO KNOWS ANIMALS LIKE A BOOK, AND THINKS HE KNOWS POLIO



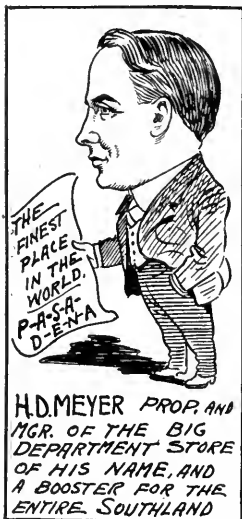
CHAS. GRIMES PIES, AND TRES. OF THE FAMOUS "TOM REED" MINE. OF ORTMAN, ARIZONA



H.J. WEBB, PROP. THE PASADENA FEED & FUEL STORE, LARGEST IN THE CITY. ASIDE FROM HIS BUSINESS INTERESTS HE WORKS FOR THE GROWTH OF THE CROWN CITY



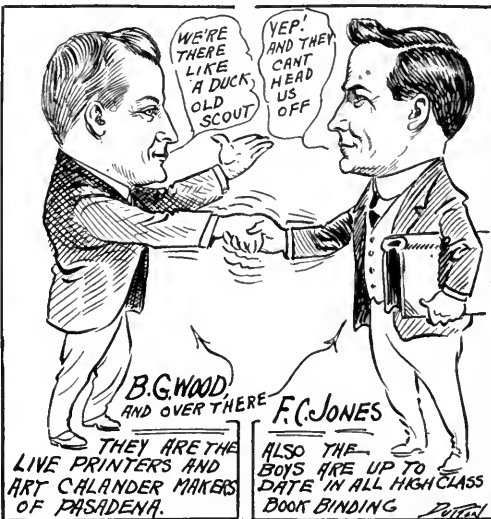
DR. C.R. PALMER, LEADING OSTEOPATHIC DOCTOR FORMERLY OF CHICAGO BUT SAYS THERE IS NO PLACE IN THE WORLD LIKE PASADENA.



H.D. MEYER PROP. AND MGR. OF THE BIG DEPARTMENT STORE OF HIS NAME, AND A BOOSTER FOR THE ENTIRE SOUTHLAND



JOHN BREITER, THE POPULAR BUTCHER, JOHN KNOWS EVERYBODY AND EVERYBODY KNOWS JOHN



B.G. WOOD, AND OVER THERE F.C. JONES

Just a few lines on more wide-awake boosters.

fact of its preeminence as a residence city demands an equal preeminence in most business lines.

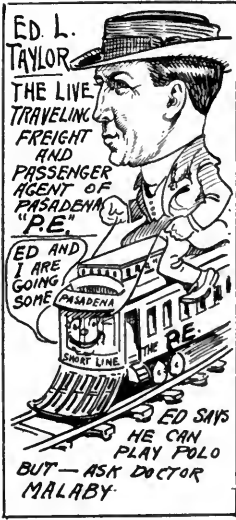
As yet nothing has been said of Pasadena's schools and churches. Little need be said, for they are too well known to need much laudation. Pasadena's preachers are world famed. She sent Malcolm J. McLeod to fill one of the leading Presbyterian churches of New York City, and Robert J. Burdette, the genial humorist, long preached here, now resides here, and still delights his friends by sermons and lectures occasionally. Matt Hughes, of the Methodist Church would have been elected a bishop at the last general conference if he had cared for the honor enough to seek for it, and the names of Meredith, Fox, Hatcher Smith, Hull, Dowling and others stand for the highest in pulpit oratory, dignity and character.

Pasadena's schools, both in teachers, equipment and buildings would not shame New

York City, and her new High School, now being erected and equipped at an expense of half a million dollars will be a notable step in the forward movement. Throop Polytechnic Institute is as famed in the west as the Massachusetts Institute of Technology is in the East, though it is not yet so large nor important. But its foundations are well laid, and in the hands of the present president, James A. B. Scherer, known in two continents as an educator of force and individuality, it is destined, with the enlarged endowments that are coming in, to be one of the greatest technical colleges of the Western world.

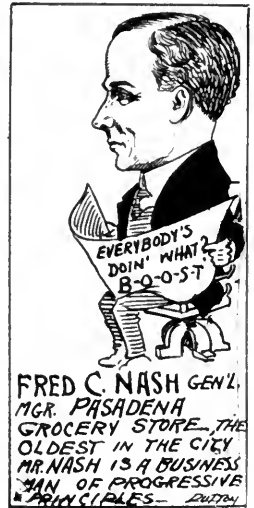
In club life Pasadena shows remarkable individuality. She has few social clubs for either men or women, and there are none of the blue stocking variety. Yet she has a Twilight Club, where the men meet at dinner and discuss problems of civic, state or national interest, or listen to some expert traveler or

Six more public spirited citizens of Progressive Pasadena.



student tell of special work done or place seen. The ladies have the Shakespeare Club with its many ramifications of departments for each branch of human thought and activity, and the Washington Heights Club, and the Altadena participate in similar mental activities. The Browning Club founded a few years ago, has an enviable reputation as a Club for the study of life rather than for the enjoyment of social functions, and is more interested in intellectual and spiritual advancement than in the fads and fashions.

These, then, are a few of the elements that have conduced to make Pasadena what she is today, and to attract people from all the quarters of the earth to her environs. As she has begun she will go on, too proud of her past to descend to anything unworthy, and too usefully busy in her present to be either priggish as to her position or anxious as to her future.



IN THE EDITOR'S DEN.



Sometime ago I picked up, while in the heart of the Navaho Indian reservation, in Arizona, and old, torn, tattered copy of *Life*. The center picture was a cartoon representing a great procession of soldiers passing by a window. The streets were full of marching bayonets, as far as the eye could see. Inside the room was a stern, dread figure of Justice—face unseen, figure unbending, unyielding, inflexible, strong, dominating even to awe inspiring, and in her hand a gigantic, terror-striking sword. Gaping at her as though she were Mephistopheles come to hale them to the nethermost hell, instanter, were “the lords and rulers of the lands”—the makers of war, the “statesmen,” the heroes of mobs, the preservers of “the honor of nations,”—but now revealed to themselves as the bloody murderers of their country’s sons and fathers, lovers and husbands, the ruthless pillagers of their nation’s firesides, the dastardly cowards who dare not fight themselves but send the “mob” to be cannon-meat for the enemy.

Then I thought of that wonderful picture—The Conquerors— which some years ago I saw in Wanamaker’s picture gallery in New York showing Attila, Pompey, Ceasar, Alexander, Charlemagne, Napoleon, marching in close phalanx proud, cold-eyed, regardless of the human beings whom they trod in countless millions under their feet, leaving their cold, stark, naked, famine-cursed bodies to rot behind them.

And this, thought I, is the “glory of war.”

Then I recalled Markham’s poem the “Song of the Vultures”—that mad, exultant croak of friendship that the vile scavenger birds expressed for kings and warriors, statesmen and war-makers. Why should they not declare their friendship? Who gave them their principal food? Who saw that their maws were never empty? The war-makers. Then sing loud their praises, chant aloft their greatness. Glorify war and its honors for the more who believe in it the more food there will be for the vultures.

Then I thought of those words of that blessed song of Evangel sung over the fields of Bethlehem, two thousand years ago: “Peace on earth, good-will to men? Will the message ever come true! Do our battleships, and our forts, and our army, and our militia, and our drills, and our cannons work for that peace? Do we as a nation “Trust in God,” as the words on our coins declare? Is it a proof of trust to exclaim “In times of peace prepare for war,” and that equally vile aphorism: “Those who are prepared for war can command peace?” Never will the world know peace until its nations have the courage to say, even as individuals can say, “I had rather be defeated and right, than triumphant and wrong.”

An effort is being made to secure a postal service once a week across the Navaho Indian reservation from Shiprock, New Mexico, to Tuba, Arizona. It will include Teas-Nos-Poz, (the circle of Cottonwood Trees), Nackaitoh (the place where the Mexicans Dug for water), Kayenta (the place of the Springs of Bubbling Mud) and other wild outposts on the frontier of civilization. The men and women who live at these places are pioneers in every true sense of the word. Their homes are reached only after wearisome journeys over barren, desolate, sandy, rocky, forbidding country, scorching hot in summer, and piercingly cold, when the fierce blasts of winter blow over the bleak wastes that must be crossed. Their only neighbors are Indians, and the pioneers in the stations twenty or more miles away. Deprived of all the associations of civilized life that most men and women hold so dear, surrounded by an alien, proud and haughty aboriginal people, they uplift the banner of our civilization and pave the way for a larger and better life for these “wards of the nation,”—the Navaho Indians. The least the Nation can do in return, it seems to me, is to give them the beggarly privilege of having mail delivered to them at least once a

week. As it is they have to depend upon freight teams, or the uncertain mercies of the roving Indians for the occasional delivery of their mail. We, who have the privileges of regular daily mail, can hardly comprehend what it means to these out-of-the-way people to have mail even once a week, and I sincerely hope that all of my readers who have a little of the milk of human kindness in their veins will write to their congressmen and senators urging that this meager privilege be extended to these petitioners. "A word in season, behold how good it is."

While speaking of the need of mail to these exiled patriots out in the wilds of the Navaho reservation I am reminded of a trip I took on a mail stage the other day. A one-armed or one-handed hero was the driver. We talked about his home, his wife and baby girl, and how he had worked continuously for several years to pay for the home which he now owns. I found that this man drives—every day in the year except Sundays—over seventy miles a day, stopping at the post offices on his route to have the mail changed, and delivering or receiving mail from scores of mail-bags under the free delivery service. Think of a drive of seventy odd miles a day, without cessation, month after month, year after year, simply to provide a home and bread for his family that he loves with a devotion that none can surpass.

I asked him what he did in winter when the floods came, and the streams that he has to ford were "up,"—the arroyos changed from "dry wastes" to raging torrents. His reply was given with the characteristic unconsciousness of a hero: "Oh, I have to keep a going." Then for an hour or two I drew him out about his adventures, his encounters with fierce blizzards that almost froze his remaining hand; rainstorms that sent him home after hours in the soaking wet; floods making the crossings impossible; times when roads would be washed out, and he had to dig and scrape and toil for an hour or more to make passage possible. And then I learned to my astonishment that if, on one of these occasions, after working and toiling and slaving to get the mail through, under conditions that would completely daunt, discourage and forbid the ordinary man from even making the attempt,—I say, if he fails to get the mail through he is "docked" by a paternal government for the number of miles he has failed to accomplish. To my mind this is a piece of cheese-paring economy that is absolutely dishonoring. If a mail carrier failed to get through because of laziness, of "old soldiering," boozing, or any reprehensible conduct, I could both understand and appreciate it, but that he should be robbed of his wages because of the act of God or of Nature, as we may choose to express it, and while doing his very utmost to fulfil his duty seems to me a strange act on the part of a great and noble nation.

As well "dock" the wages of a farm hand when the weather keeps him from plowing, or the conductor, engineer, fireman, brakeman when a wash out on the line keeps them from completing their trip; or a fireman who fails to keep the burning building he is seeking to save from going to complete destruction, or the wrecked sailor who is stranded on some foreign shore. Men of ordinary business, in their private affairs are not guilty of such offenses against common honesty. It is left for a great government to inaugurate such a plan for economy at the expense—not of its higher officials—whose salaries are never "docked,"—but of its heroic, faithful, often underpaid, hardworking, under servitors.

It is on their behalf I protest as an American citizen, a taxpayer, one of the people for, by and through whom this government exists. I would not treat my private employees in such a manner, and I will do my utmost to see that the faithful employees of my government are no longer so unjustly treated.

While I believe in economy, I sincerely hope the new administration will see to it that such an unworthy ruling of the post-office authorities is made impossible in the future. These hard-working mail carriers of the frontier earn every cent they get, *and far more*, and it ill besems a great nation to have its officials watching, ready to pounce down upon them to "fine" them for every failure to get through when it has been the stern decree of Nature—the act of God—that had caused the failure or the delay.

Under *the* Study Lamp

By the Editor



Unless otherwise initialed, all Reviews in *Out West* are written by the Editor.



LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Louis Joseph Vance, author of "The Destroying Angel," "The Bandbox," etc., was born in Washington, D. C., Sept. 19, 1870. His father was Wilson Vance, of Findlay, Ohio. He enlisted in the 21st. Ohio at the age of sixteen and at the close of the Civil War he became a newspaper man.

Louis Joseph Vance received a rather disjointed education in the schools of several widely separated cities, to which his father went in the pursuit of his newspaper work, and wound up at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn.

"I'd always meant to be an illustrator," said Mr. Vance during one interview. "It took some years to make me understand how punk I was. Meanwhile I studied more or less faithfully, and it was at the Art Student's League of New York that I met my wife—whose art survived marriage; she is a portrait painter. We were married in 1898; in 1900 my boy, our only child, was born."

"I began to try to write a year or so later. I sold the second short story (I had no higher ambition then) to the McClure syndicate for \$25. The first one I ever wrote stuck round for about three years before I disposed of it. But that \$25 sealed my fate. It was something more than I was then earning per week as an employee of a big public service corporation.

Since that time Louis Joseph Vance's name has been linked with a class of fiction known

as the "B" novels; such as "The Brass Bowl," "The Black Bag," "The Bronze Bell" and more recently "The Bandbox" all of which ran in *Munsey's Magazine*.

Mr. Vance works mostly at night because of the habit formed when he was otherwise employed by day. But sometimes, out of sheer cussedness, he says, he works by daylight too. He uses a typewriter—never a pen and his stories are usually plotted out to the last detail before they're written.

Speaking about himself the author of "The Destroying Angel" says: "I do not chew tobacco, sing, play any musical instrument or walk when I can find anything to ride in. I'm a large, full-blooded body with the two hundred pound look and a retiring head of hair. I mean to keep on writing until some one or thing makes me quit it, and then I plan to exterminate one or two editors and several assorted critics and go peaceful with the kind policeman."



E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

E. Phillips Oppenheim, author of "The Lighted Way," "The Tempting of Tavernake," etc., as many know, is an Englishman, related to America by marriage, since his wife is a New England girl. He was educated at Wyggeston

Grammar School, Leicester, and wrote his first novel at the age of sixteen, but for some years wrote very slowly, and only in the intervals of serious attention to business.

On the death of his father, he took over the management of a business which the elder Mr. Oppenheim had for some years carried on in the town of Leicester, and after a few years of strenuous work in the interests of his family he had the satisfaction of being able to dispose of the business as one of much-increased value. Since then Mr. Oppenheim has devoted himself largely to literary work and travel.

He does a vast amount of his literary work on the railway trains, dictating to his secretary, or correcting proof.

When not travelling, he spends most of his

time at Sheringham, on the Norfolk Coast, where he has a modest country home. There he works rapidly in the morning and then takes the time to indulge in his favorite game of golf.

From romance which is chiefly sensational in its appeal, Mr. Oppenheim has evolved to prose fiction, packed with the real interests and strenuous problems of our complex modern life.

His latest novel "The Tempting of Tavernake" is one of the best examples of this. It tells how Tavernake, an unromantic young Englishman, learned a few things about women and incidentally had some surprising adventures with an American detective.



JEFFREY FARNOL

From obscurity to the authorship of one of the best selling novel throughout the United States is a jump which the young Englishman named Jeffrey Farnol has accomplished.

The story of Peter Vibart's varied adventures along the broad highway of Kent in the early part of the nineteenth century, when this impecunious young Oxford scholar met all sorts of delightful characters—the tinker, the "Ancient," a frightened highwayman, the peddler, "Black George," and finally the heroine of the story, "Charmion,"—is now known to those who follow the most successful new novels as

they come from the publishers, but less is known of Jeffrey Farnol.

The author of "The Broad Highway," it appears, is a native of Warwickshire, but the Farnol family soon left the Shakespeare country to settle in Kent. There he lived with his parents, his brother and his sister, and after his education was completed he was ambitious to write.

He has been an omnivorous reader, and has perhaps unconsciously absorbed something of such writers as Borrow, Dickens, Le Sage, Dumas, Blackmore and Stevenson—at least these are some of the authors with whom his work has been compared. He is a keen observer, and is as familiar with the old "Hell's Kitchen" of New York as he is with the White-chapel district of London. A student of human nature, he has an accumulation of material which will serve him for many future books, and to this he is constantly adding.

Cycling is his favorite recreation, and there is scarcely a highway of Kent with which he is not thoroughly familiar.

He is a most companionable fellow, frank and ingenuous, whom one would inevitably stamp as a dreamer. Just now he is hard at work on a new romance of the days of the Prince Regent, with its scenes laid principally in the London of the period. It will be ready for publication early next year and is entitled "The Amateur Gentleman." In the meantime the public are eagerly purchasing the new illustrated edition of "The Broad Highway" which was brought out in November with twenty-four illustrations in color by Charles E. Brock.

A leaflet that every woman in California, and also every man, should read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest is *California Women Under the Laws of 1912*. It is shown therein exactly how women stand under our laws. Some of them are rather startling, though they are better than the average of laws in other states. While this leaflet was written by a woman it was passed upon by two lawyers who found its statements correct. If so, the sooner some of these laws are changed the better. *California Women Under Laws of 1912* by Alice Park, 2 cents postpaid, or 12 cents a dozen postpaid, address the author, 611 Gilman St., Palo Alto, California.

Few developments in science have so taken hold of the youthful mind as wireless telegraphy. Boys all over the country have established systems of their own until it has become a serious question for the commercial systems how to counteract the effect of these amateur systems which rob them of their power. It is a good sign, however, when boys take such a profound interest in scientific development, and anything that aids this spirit is a direct benefit to the country at large. Hence I welcome such books as *The Boy Electricians as Detectives*. They awaken interest in science, and foster

it by that spirit of enterprise and adventure which lies dormant in the breast of the most sleepy and stolid youngster. This story is a continuation of, though entirely independent of *The Boy Electricians* by the same author. It deals with wireless and other electrical subjects, gives detailed and clear descriptions of the principles and machinery involved, and at the same time shows how the three smart lads who are the heroes of the tale, circumvent three young toughs and certain cracksmen, burglars and would-be murderers, with whom they come into collision. *The Boy Electricians as Detectives*, by Edwin J. Houston, Ph. D., of Princeton, with 6 illustrations by Frank McKernan, 314 pages, 12 mo, \$1.25 net, J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

Who knows how "the other half" lives? Who cares? For those who want to know, who do care, and who see in the not knowing and not caring one of the greatest menaces to the real progress and peace of the world, a revelation awaits them in *One of the Multitude* written by a London bred lad of the East end. Born in the slums of parents to whom the word "love" and all it suggests were strangers, he had the usual rough and tumble life of a bum of the gutter. Yet through it all there was an innate cleanness, manliness, and ambition that steered him clear of most of the foulness that degrades such lives. He tells his story with a simple directness that frees it from any priggishness, though he candidly reveals his discontent and hatred of the dire sordidness, squalor and misery which is the daily lot of "the multitude" to which he belonged. There are no economic arguments, no railings against the rich, no tirades against the laws; simply a warm-hearted, human story, a sociological document of the greatest value. For some of these days, soon, this multitude will awake—they are already being awakened—and then woe unto the powers that be, that have allowed the horrors and iniquities of such lives to exist so long without redress. When Jack London wrote his *People of the Abyss* many of those who ought to have known better, declared his statements were wild exaggerations. I knew they were true, for I had made similar investigations. This story comes to confirm the awful revelations of deep degradation, of what seems to be almost hopeless wretchedness, that blacken the lives of the mass of those who live in the city slums. All hail to every endeavor to correct these evils. All honor to the man, the woman, who rises from these conditions. All hail the day when the owners of slums will be compelled by law, by public opinion or their own consciences, completely and forever to destroy them, so that human beings can no longer live as pigs, condemned by their poverty to associations from which seldom come anything but evil. *One of the Multitude* by George Acorn, 300 pages, \$1.25 net, Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

There are books that need to be written to explain certain otherwise inexplicable facts of history. They are not pleasant reading; they do not exalt our opinion of human nature. Doubtless they serve as beacon lights of warning, driving us away from the evils they depict by their very horror and awfulness. Such a book is a *Story of the Border During the Civil War*, entitled *Quantrill and the Border Wars*. As is well-known to the past generation Quantrill was one of the so-called guerillas of the Kansas-Missouri border during our awful conflict between North and South. With infinite painstaking and care William Elsey Connelley has gathered together all the letters written by, to, and about this man, in order to present a full and complete history of this portion of his life. He shows him up as a most despicable creature, a renegade, a hypocrite of the blackest dye, pretending to be an earnest and eager abolitionist, and then betraying his abolition friends into the hands of their enemies. A traitor to each side, he displayed a craft, a cunning, that reminds one of the stealth of a hunted fox or wolf, enlightened by human intelligence, guided by human cupidity and controlled by the powers of darkness. The full story of the Lawrence Massacre is given with vivid colors and shows how large a part Quantrill took in it. The story of the border has never before been adequately told. "In wealth of romantic incidents, stirring adventure, hair-breadth escapes, sanguinary ambushes, deadly encounters, individual vengeance, relentless desolation of towns and communities, and bloody murder, no other part of America can compare with it." Of Quantrill's part in all this little was really known. "All has been myth, doubt, assertion, generalization, conjecture. In a general way it has been known that banditti infested the border, that ruthless hands were red with blood, that many a night flared red with burning homes and sacked towns." This want of knowledge is now removed. Mr. Connelley's book is a monument of faithful and persistent search, tireless industry and conscientious presentation of facts. It should be in every school and public library throughout the land. *Quantrill and the Border Wars*, by William Elsey Connelley, with many portraits and illustrations, 540 pages, large octavo, \$3.50 net, the Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The Suffrage fight in California was not won without a long and earnest struggle. The story of the fight is interesting history. It has been put into readable and convenient form, as a permanent record, by one of the earnest workers in the cause, Ex-President of the Votes for Women Club of San Francisco. *How We Won the Vote in California*, A True Story of the Campaign of 1911, by Selma Solomons, with a cover design by Elmer S. Wise, 71 pages, 35 cents, published by The New Woman Publishing Company, 773 Bay Street, San Francisco, California.

Lame and Lovely is a term of dear old Charles Lamb. How vividly it sets mankind before itself. Is there a man living that doesn't walk lame once in a while? Paul said, "There is none righteous, no not one." And yet men and women are lovely. Frank Crane, a broad-minded Methodist parson, who preaches common-sense sermons free from isms and notions in the daily press, has just writ-

ten a volume of human interest with the above for its title. The chapters are essayettes on practical religion, one of which can be read in a few minutes, and all of which contain thoughts of suggestive helpfulness. Naturally they won't appeal to some minds, but equally naturally they will appeal to others, and I am assured that many will find in them ideas that will broaden the horizon and deepen the experiences of life. Just as any man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before is a philanthropist, so is that man a benefactor to his race who plants a good seed in the mind of his fellows, where before was vacant soil, or who removes an error and substitutes therefor a truth. This Mr. Crane is doing for many minds. *Lame and Lovely*, essays on Religion for Modern Minds, by Frank Crane, 215 pages, \$1.00 net, by mail \$1.10, published by Forbes & Co., Dearborn St., Chicago.

A NEW BIRD BOOK

Mrs. Harriet Williams Myers, Secretary of the Audubon Society of California has just had issued from the publishing house of *Out West* magazine, 218 New High Street, Los Angeles, California, a new and interesting book on the birds of Southern California. It is entitled *The Birds Convention*. With a skill born of the most intimate knowledge of the life habits of the birds Mrs. Myers lets them tell their own story of a Convention they are supposed to have had in the Arroyo Seco, near her home. These are lively stories of real life, and animated discussions upon disputed topics, just as the humans do at their conventions.

The book is handsomely embellished with thirty-six illustrations, all engraved from photographs of Mrs. Myer's own making. These are fascinating in the extreme, as they show the birds feeding, nesting, sitting upon their eggs and engaged in their variously interesting occupations.

The book will especially appeal to the young and is admirably adapted for use as a supplementary reader. Its full scope may be understood from the following list of chapters: The Coming Together, The Evening Meal, A Friendly Discussion, Bird Choruses, The Trials of Nest-Building, Trials of Young Mothers, Experiences, The Audubon Society, Farewells.

It is a tastily gotten up volume prettily bound, well printed and on good paper. Copies may be had from the author, Mrs. Harriet Williams Myers, 311 Avenue 65, Los Angeles, California, or the publishers, *Out West*, 218 New High Street, Los Angeles, Calif., Parker's Book Store, Los Angeles, Vrooman's Book Store, Pasadena, leading San Francisco Book Stores. Price 75 cents. Postage 6 cents.

Do you eat the potato? Would you like to know its history? Its peculiarities? Its chemistry? Its great variety of usefulness?

Do you grow the potato? Would you like to know the best soil for it? The best way of planting? Of fertilizing? Of protecting from blight and parasites? Of harvesting, of storing, of marketing? If so, you should read *The Potato* by Eugene H. Grubb and W. S. Guilford. Every man who has studied the food supply of the world naturally has a high regard for the potato, but after reading this book he will be filled with wonder that it has so large a place in the dietary of mankind. The book comprises forty-two chapters and deals with everything connected with this useful tuber, showing its vast importance, its place as a food, the climatic requirements for its successful growth, the soils for which it is best adapted, the drainage of the soils, seed stocks and their varieties, seed bed preparation and planting, cultivation, irrigation, harvesting, machinery for doing this, storage, selling, cost and the relation of yield, prices and profits, and marketing. Then come chapters on the enemies of the potato, and how to destroy them, fertilizers, the farm rotation, the Burbank potato, the sweet potato, followed by Dining Cars, Hotels and Restaurants, Legislation, Cooking the Potato, Manufacturers, used as Stock Feed, Exhibition purposes and then its history and growth in all the civilized countries of the world.

Californians, Arizonans and Westerners generally are, or should be profoundly interested in this useful food plant, as here lives Burbank, the Creator of one of its best varieties, and some of the finest crops are produced here. Mr. Grubb, one of the authors, is the owner of the Mt. Sophris Farm in Colorado, where some of the finest flavored potatoes of the world are grown. The late Professor Lemmon, of Oakland, California, traced the potato to its original habitat in the mountains of Arizona and his story might well be called "The Romance of the Irish Potato." *The Potato*, by Eugene H. Grubb and W. S. Guilford, 545 pages, 100 illustrations, \$2.00 net, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

There are books and books on the care of Mother and Baby, and one might think there were more than enough. But a very useful little book has just come into my hands that, because of its plain, simple, common, practical sense is highly to be commended. For instance, it gives much needed and plain words to smoking fathers on the serious injury they do their babes by smoking in their living room. Most smokers never think of this and the result is scores of children are seriously injured before the fact is discovered. This author, too, while a practical and practicing physician does not advocate the calling in of a physician for every trifling ailment of either mother or child. She tells of many simple little things that may be done both to avert and cure illnesses. Another thing, too, Dr. Newton says a few much needed words to fathers. They need preaching to and lecturing a great deal more than the mothers and it is time other writers followed in these footsteps. She also gives a striking example of over indulgence in eating, and yielding to violent temper having given a healthy, breast-fed baby a severe attack of stomachic trouble. The book as a whole is very superior to the general run of such books. *Mother and Baby*, By Annie B. Newton, M. D., illustrated, 238 pages, \$1.00 net, postpaid \$1.10. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston, Mass.

BURCH REALTY Co.

WE HAVE
REAL SELF EVIDENT INDISPUTABLE
"INFORMATION,"
Concerning Land Values in
ESCONDIDO

"HOUSE OF COMFORT"

Hotel Manx

Powell Street at O'Farrell.

San Francisco's best located and most popular hotel. Running Ice Water in each room. Commodious lobby. Metropolitan service.

TARIFF.

12 rooms.....	\$1.00 each
50 rooms.....	\$1.50 each
50 rooms.....	\$2.00 each
60 rooms Private Bath.....	\$2.00 each
50 rooms Private Bath.....	\$2.50 each
30 Suites, Bedroom, Parlor and Bath	\$3.50 to \$4.00

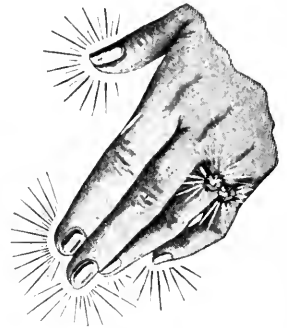
50 large light sample rooms \$1.50 up
Reduction by week or month.

Under management,
CHESTER KELLEY.

"MEET ME AT THE MANX"

NAILINE

THE
FINGER
NAIL
SHINE



Send 10c For a Sample pkg.

Brilliant
Stylish
Inexpensive

1629 Van Ness Ave.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Reliable Expert Advice

given to

Homeseekers in California

Are you seeking a home in God's Garden Spot of America?

An orange or lemon grove, a date palm orchard, a rose garden, a chicken ranch, a hog or alfalfa ranch—or anything else that California's wonderful resources offer?

All the productive, profitable and pleasant spots are here awaiting you, but the problem as to the exact location of the best place for YOUR PARTICULAR REQUIREMENTS—is a hard one to solve.

Disinterested, expert, reliable advice is hard to get—we might say next to impossible to obtain, without considerable expense and lapse of time.

We can help you Greatly.

We have trained experts in our organization who know this magnificent and productive country well as you know your front yard.

They have no land interest or connections or obligations to hamper them. They have studied the conditions for years and years and can give unbiased, trustworthy advice as to the best location to suit your particular needs or desires.

We have nothing to sell—not even our advice—but to eliminate the simply curious and to show your good faith and earnest desire for practical, dependable advice, we will require you to send us One Dollar in two cent stamps with your request for information—for which we GUARANTEE to give you advice and suggestions which you probably could not get elsewhere for \$100.00.

We will spare no pains to give you the practical, detailed, expert advice that you want—advice which you may place absolute confidence in as to accuracy.

If you are not thoroughly satisfied with the reliability and helpfulness of our advice, just say so and we will IMMEDIATELY RETURN YOUR FEE.

Are you ordered Out West for your health?

Our experts have given years of study to the health conditions best adapted to various diseased conditions and our services are at your command and included in the small fee named.

These experts are on the staff of OUT WEST—brilliant students of the productive and health conditions of the Pacific Coast, whose investigation and experience covers a period of thirty years.

This is not a money-making proposition but rather a desire on our part to render additional service and helpfulness to our many subscribers—who are looking for just such advice.

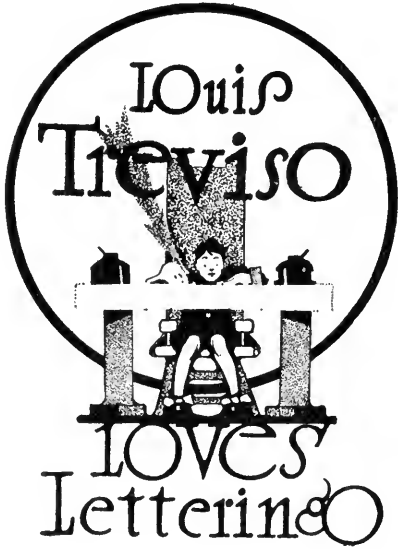
These privileges are available only to those who are actual yearly subscribers to OUT WEST.

Address
ADVISORY BUREAU

Out West,

218 New High Street,

Los Angeles, California



422 Henne Building

Call F 2577

A DOG'S FOOT

Has a number of raised cushions which prevent slipping and take up the concussion over hard surfaces.



BAILEY'S "WON'T SLIP" RUBBER HEELS
 Embody this principle and insure ease and safety over all surfaces. The tread surface formed with "U" shaped ribs, together with flat ended rubber studs, form a surface that is positively non-slipping on ice or other slippery surfaces. Mailed upon receipt of price.

35 cents per pair. For Men or Women.

When ordering send a correct outline drawing of the bottom of the heel of your boot. Order from your shoe dealer. Dealers write for prices. 100-page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods Free.

C. J. BAILEY & CO.

22 Boylston Street,

BOSTON MASS.

Pierce & Co. KODAKS

PHOTO.

AMATEUR FINISHING IS OUR STUNT
 WE FLY HIGH ON QUALITY
 BUT HAVE HIT THE GROUND ON PRICE

127 WEST SIXTH ST. NEXT TO THE ALL NIGHT BANK.

ANYVO THEATRICAL COLD CREAM prevents early wrinkles. It is not a freckle coating; it removes them. ANYVO CO., 427 North Main St, Los Angeles

PATENTS

\$180,340.00
 MADE BY MY CLIENTS

PATENTS

YOU Should Have My FREE BOOKS telling HOW OTHERS will do the same IN THE FUTURE. "What and How to Invent." Book Free!

E. E. VROOMAN, Patent Lawyer

803 F., Washington, D. C.

Over One Hundred active Officers and Clerks co-operate to maintain the high standard of service to its customers which this bank has set during the twenty-three years of successful banking in Los Angeles.

Give a "SECURITY" Bank Account for Christmas

4% on Term Savings Accounts.
3% on Special Savings Accounts.
New Account Windows 25, 26, 27, 28.

SECURITY TRUST & SAVINGS BANK

RESOURCES OVER \$47,000,000.00
CAPITAL AND RESERVE \$ 3,300,000.00

SECURITY BLDG. EQUITABLE BRANCH
Spring at Fifth Spring at First

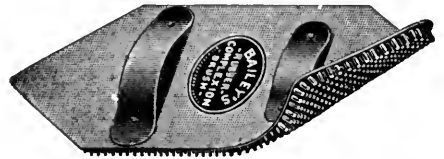
THE EVER-READY MESSENGER

Noon or Night
Week-days or Sundays
Always Ready—Never Tired

"JUST HOMEPHONE"

Home Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.

BAILEY'S RUBBER COMPLEXION BRUSH



TIS THE FLAT-ENDED TEETH

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. Mailed 50 cents.



BABY'S TEETH
cut without irritation. The flat-ended teeth expand the gums, keeping them soft; the ring comforts and amuses the child, preventing convulsions and cholera infantum.

Mailed for price, 10c.

BAILEY'S RUBBER SEWING FINGER

Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the forefinger in sewing or embroidery. Three sizes—small, medium and large. Mailed 6 cents each.



Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1 for 25c.; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.



BAILEY'S WON'T SLIP TIP

This tip won't slip on ANY SURFACE, on smooth ice, or mar the most highly polished floor. Made in five sizes, internal diameter: No. 17 5-8 in.; No. 18 3/4 in.; No. 19, 7-8 in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21, 1 1-8 in. Mailed upon receipt of price 30c per pair
Agents Wanted

100 Page Rubber Catalogue Free.
C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, Mass.

ACCIDENTS UNNECESSARY

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO.

STORY of the HUGUENOTS

NEW EDITION



A FLORIDA HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Where the French, Spaniards
and Indians were the actors.

By *F. A. Mann*

\$1.50 Postage
Paid

F. A. MANN,
Lompoc, California.

"Should be in every American library."—New York Journal.

"An intensely interesting Story of the East Coast of Florida, well told."—Review of Reviews.

"I have read this book to my pupils as an American classic. It should be in every school library."—Prof. Griffiths, Jacksonville, Fla., in School Exposition.

"A splendid story of fortitude, daring and suffering."—Mail and Express, N. Y.

"A story of thrilling interest."—Standard Magazine London, England.

OUT WESTERN SUITS



—are popular

North, South and East, as
well as in the West

ECONOMICAL
CLEANLY
STRONG
NEAT

Send for catalogues for both
Men and Womens wear
Mailed Postpaid

The WILLIAM H. HOEGEE CO. Inc.

Greatest Sporting Goods House
on the Pacific Coas

Home 10087
Main 8447

138-142 South Main

10¢ THE COPY

1 DOLLAR A YEAR

BRAIN AND BRAWN

A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY

DEVOTED
TO THE
NATURE
CURE

THE
EDUCATION
OF THE
PEOPLE

AND
MEDICAL
FREEDOM

HARRY
ELLINGTON
BROOK
N. D.
EDITOR

THE NATUROPATHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
LOS ANGELES ~ CALIFORNIA

You're Safe

If you advertise in OUT WEST. There is a reason for it. There is no gambling chance---results are certain. OUT WEST space pays big dividends to its advertisers. Just try it and be convinced.

"The advertising medium you will eventually use"

Eventually? Why not now?

Out West

Is a UNIQUE Magazine and an intensely interesting one. Its title indicates what it stands for —The Great "OUT WEST"—its resources and their development, its history and its literature, its romance, its mystery and its grandeur.

If you are interested in these things, read OUT WEST. If you are a stranger to their charm, read OUT WEST, and find a new world of pleasure.

\$1.50—CHECK OR MONEY ORDER—WITH YOUR ADDRESS,
MAILED TO US, WILL BRING "OUT WEST" TO YOU
MONTHLY, TWELVE TIMES.

Important Announcement

The Old Adobe Spanish Restaurant, formerly known as CASA VERDUGO will hereafter be known as

LA RAMADA

(The Arbor)

and will continue to be operated as a strictly high-class resort, where genuine Spanish dinners will be served in the quaint old dining room or under the ancient pepper tree. Service a la carte or table d'hote.

Special Facilities for Private Luncheons, Teas, Dinners, or Banquets.

FREE GARAGE

Sunset, Glendale 69 Home, Glendale 691

Management of

PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Glendale Cars from Sixth and Main Sts
Stop Directly in Front of Entrance

Name of Station "LA RAMADA"



A REPUTATION for good printing is an enviable thing. It can not be gained in a day. Years of good work—good presswork—good composition, prompt delivery—which counts in these days of keen competition, tell the story.

Good Printing is cheaper in the end—Try ours

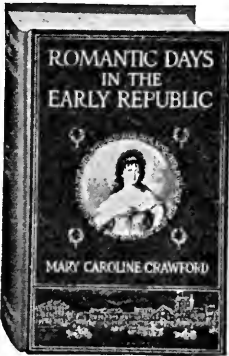
WILL A. KISTLER CO.

218 NEW HIGH STREET

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Hello Number—Home A 2297—Main 5610

HOLIDAY LEADERS



ROMANTIC DAYS IN THE EARLY REPUBLIC

By MARY CAROLINE CRAWFORD
Depicts vividly the social history of the old Atlantic seaboard cities. *Profusely illustrated.* In box, \$2.50 net, by mail, \$2.71.

SWITZERLAND IN SUNSHINE AND SNOW

By E. B. D'AUVERGNE
Treats delightfully of the life and customs of the Swiss. *Illustrations in color and half tone.* Svo. boxed, \$3.00 net; by mail, \$3.18.

A BOOK OF HAND WOVEN COVERLETS

By ELIZA CALVERT HALL
The first book on old-time coverlets, enumerating 350 varieties. *With 64 plates, 16 in color.* Svo, \$4.00 net; by mail, \$4.20.

COLONIAL HOMES AND THEIR FURNISHINGS

By MARY H. NORTHEND
A handsome volume describing old-time houses and their contents. *With 225 half tone plates, etc.* Royal Svo, \$5.00 net; by mail, \$5.26

THE BROAD HIGHWAY

By JEFFERY FARNOL
New Illustrated Holiday Edition

With 24 full-page colored plates by C. E. Brock, Svo, boxed, \$3.00 net; by mail, \$3.21



From illustrated edition of "The Broad Highway"

LITTLE WOMEN

Player's edition of Miss Alcott's masterpiece. *With 12 illustrations from scenes in the play.* Svo, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.66.

THE PARTY BOOK

By WINNIFRED FALES and M. H. NORTHEND

A comprehensive work on party giving invaluable to every hostess. *Fully illustrated.* \$2.00 net; by mail, \$2.16.

GOOD INDIAN

By B. M. BOWER

A realistic Western ranch story by the author of "Lonesome Land." *Illustrated.* \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.36.

THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
Another typical novel by the "Prince of Story Tellers." *Illustrated.* \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.36.

THE DESTROYING ANGEL

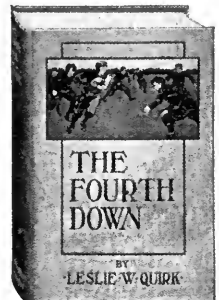
By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
"His best tale of adventure since "The Brass Bowl." *Illustrated.* \$1.25 net, by mail \$1.36.

A CRY IN THE WILDERNESS

By MARY E. WALLER
This powerful story of present-day life by the author of "The Woodcarver of 'Lympus'" is one of the few big novels of the year. *Frontispiece by Arthur I. Keller.* 428 pages. \$1.30 net; by mail, \$1.42.

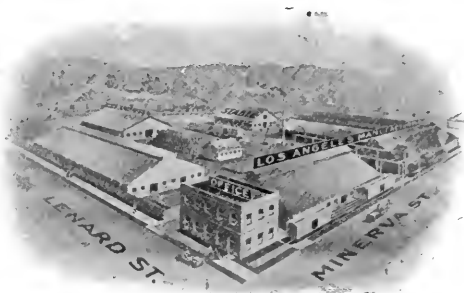
THE FOURTH DOWN

By LESLIE W. QUIRK
Unquestionably the great football story of the year for boys. *Illustrated.* \$1.20 net; by mail, \$1.30.



LOS ANGELES MFG. CO.

(INCORPORATED)



MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS:

Lenard, Minerva and Cheney Streets
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Branches: Maricopa and Moron, Cal.

Riveted Steel Well and
Water Pipe.

Galvanized Irrigation Pipe

Galvanized Steel
Oil, Cyanide or Water
Tanks.

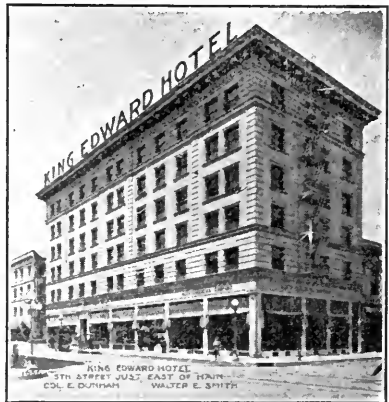
SEND FOR CATALOGUE



Col. E. Dunham, Prop.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

is a thoroughly modern fireproof building, centrally located — within easy reach of the large office buildings, banks, theatres, and shopping district.



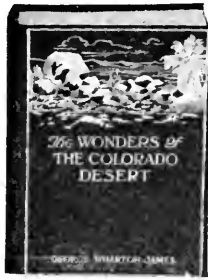
King Edward Hotel

Within one block of the Pacific Electric Depot with its immense suburban lines radiating in all directions including the mountain and beach resorts. Cars from Southern Pacific pass the door.

Rooms \$1.00 up. Rooms with bath \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

FIFTH STREET, EAST OF MAIN.

**Books
by
George
Wharton
James**



**THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO
DESERT**
(Southern California)

This important work has hitherto been issued in two volumes at double the price of the new edition. Every phase of the Sahara of California and Arizona is minutely described, and, with Mr. Eytel's admirable and faithful illustrations, the result is a most fascinating account of this remarkable region.

"The most elaborate work he has yet done."
—*The Nation, New York.*

With colored frontispiece, 32 full-page plates and 300 pen and ink sketches. \$2.50 net by mail, \$2.70.

HEROES OF CALIFORNIA

This book gives a brief but comprehensive account of the Golden State's long roll-call of great men whose names are indissolubly linked with her history.

Illustrated from photographs. \$2.00 net; by mail, \$2.12.

**IN AND AROUND THE GRAND CANYON
OF THE COLORADO RIVER**
In Arizona

"The volume, crowded with pictures of the marvels and beauties of the Canyon, is of absorbing interest. There is a wonderful personal interest in these pages."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

With 23 full-page plates and 77 other illustrations in the text. Svo. \$2.50 net; by mail, \$2.70.

**THE INDIANS OF THE PAINTED DESERT
REGION**

"Interesting as a fairy tale and valuable for its accuracy as well" (*Literary News*) and "a distinct and extremely interesting contribution to topographical and ethnological knowledge." (*Buffalo Commercial*).

With 66 illustrations. Svo. \$2.00 net; by mail, \$2.17.

THROUGH RAMONA'S COUNTRY

Authoritatively points out what is fact and what is fiction in Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona."

Illustrated from photographs. Svo. \$2.00 net; by mail, \$2.16.

THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA
How to See It

An entirely new and complete guide-book to the Grand Canyon region, giving the reader an accurate knowledge of this wonderful country and enabling him to make definite plans for a trip—even to the last detail.

With 48 pages of illustrations and several maps. 12mo. \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.62.

THE STORY OF SCRAGGLES

(An Autobiography of a Song Sparrow)

"A tender story of a rare friendship between a man and a little one of the feathered creation. Seldom has so pleasing and satisfying a bird story been told."—*Grand Rapids Herald.*

Fully illustrated. 12mo. \$1.00 postpaid.

**Little,
Brown
& CO.
PUBLISHERS,
Boston,
Mass.**



**IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSIONS OF
CALIFORNIA**

"A fascinating and instructive work, a splendid record of self-sacrificing devotion on the part of the Franciscan fathers. There are several chapters in which the author covers ground not hitherto touched upon, or little more than touched upon, by previous writers."—*New York Tribune.*

With 142 illustrations from photographs showing the architecture, the interior decorations, furniture, pulpits, crosses, and candlesticks of the Missions, pictures of the Saints, etc. Svo. \$3.00 net. by mail, \$3.21.

Are You Interested in Date Culture?



If so I have a good proposition to offer you.

DATES are the coming profitable crop of California fruits.

The area where they can grow is limited. The market for their sale is practically unlimited, and the demand constantly increasing.

Somebody is going to make a lot of money during the next few years out of dates.

WHY NOT SECURE YOUR SHARE?



To those of limited means who wish to secure a home and an income, one acre to five acres of dates is the ideal investment, write for particulars to,

George Wharton James,

The Date Colony,

Thermal, Calif.

Blanchard Hall Studio Building

Devoted exclusively to Music, Art and Science
Studios and Halls for all purposes for Rent. Largest Studio
Building in the West. For terms and all information apply to

F. W. BLANCHARD

233 South Broadway 232 South Hill St.
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

TRADE MARK
LOS ANGELES BREWING CO'S
Fast Side
BOTTLED BEER
**FEW AS GOOD
NONE BETTER**
TEL HOME 10857 SUNSET EAST 820

THE
**Southern Pacific Railroad
of Mexico**

traversing the Mexican Pacific
states of

SONORA-SINALOA-TEPIC-JALISCO

gives access to

**RICH NATURAL RESOURCES AND
OPPORTUNITIES FOR WEALTH**

in

**Cattle - Ranches - Farming - Mines
Timber**

Let us list you for a copy of our new
booklet which will be published
shortly.

H. LAWTON, G. P. A.

GUAYMAS, SONORA, MEXICO



**STAMPS--Stamp Album and 155
ALL DIF. RARE, incl. China
(dragon), Malay (tiger), Rhodesia,
Tasmania (I'dscape), Jamaica (w't'r-
fall), etc. only 10c; 1000 mixed for'gn
only 10c. 1000 hinges 5c. 112 pp. Lists, cou-
pons, etc., free! Agts. W't'd. 50%. WE BUY
STAMPS. Hussman Stamp Co. Dept. S, St.
Louis, Mo.**



Arizona Ruby FREE

To Introduce Our
Genuine Imported

Mexican Diamonds

We will send you FREE a genuine Arizona Ruby in the
rough, with illustrated Catalogue of GENUINE MEXICAN
DIAMONDS and other gems. Mexican Diamonds exactly
resemble finest genuine blue-white diamonds, stand acid
tests; are cut by experts, and yet we sell at one-fourth the
cost. Only gem of its kind guaranteed permanently
brilliant. **SPECIAL OFFER.** For 50c deposit as guar-
antee of good faith, we send on approval, registered,
either 1/2 or 1 carat Mexican Diamond at special price.
Money back if desired. Write today. Catalog FREE.
MEXICAN DIAMOND IMP. CO., Dept. 8 • Las Cruces, N. M.

Sultorium
DYE HOUSE
Incorporated

HOME 10983 — BROADWAY 961

**LOS ANGELES
GREATEST
GARMENT
CLEANERS**



4 STORES

. . . Books by George Wharton James . . .

- HEROES OF CALIFORNIA.** 515 pages, with eighty illustrations. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.16.
- THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA; HOW TO SEE IT.** An entirely new and complete guide book. 265 pages, with maps and 48 pages of pictures. \$1.50 net; postpaid, \$1.63.
- IN AND AROUND THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER IN ARIZONA.** Mr. James's original and instructive work on the Grand Canyon. 346 pages, with 23 full-page plates and 77 illustrations in the text. Crown 8vo. \$2.50 net; postpaid, \$2.70.
- THE INDIANS OF THE PAINTED DESERT REGION.** 268 pages, with 16 full-page pictures and 50 half-page illustrations from photographs. Crown 8vo. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.18.
- IN AND OUT OF THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.** An Historical and Pictorial Account of the Franciscan Missions. The best book on the subject. 392 pages, with 142 illustrations from photographs showing the architecture, the interior decorations, furniture, pulpits, crosses and candlesticks of the Missions, pictures of the Saints, etc. 8vo. \$3.00 net; postpaid, \$3.20.
- THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT (Southern California).** Its Rivers and its Mountains, its Canyons and its Springs, its Life and its History pictured and described. The standard work on the Colorado Desert Region. With a colored frontispiece, 32 full-page plates, and more than 300 pen and ink sketches by Carl Eytel. 8vo. \$2.50 net; express paid, \$2.75.
- THROUGH RAMONA'S COUNTRY.** 406 pages. Fully illustrated from photographs. Crown 8vo. \$2.00 net; postpaid, \$2.20.
- THE STORY OF SCRAGGLES.** An autobiography of a Song Sparrow. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.07.
- INDIAN BASKETRY.** Fourth Edition, including "How to make Indian and Other Baskets. 412 pages. With 600 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, \$2.50 net; postpaid, \$2.75.
- HOW TO MAKE INDIAN AND OTHER BASKETS.** 140 pages. With 225 illustrations. \$1.00 net; postpaid, \$1.15.
- TRAVELER'S HANDBOOK TO SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.** Baedeker size for pocket. 507 pages, with illustrations. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10.
- WHAT THE WHITE RACE MAY LEARN FROM THE INDIAN.** 269 pages. 84 illustrations. 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.50; postpaid \$1.75.
- CALIFORNIA BIRTHDAY BOOK.** Selections from the writings of Living California Authors, with biographical sketch of each and lists of books. 43 pages. 16mo. Cloth \$1.00; postpaid, \$1.10.
- AN APPRECIATION OF CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.** With four choice selections from his writings. \$1.00.
- THE GUIDING LIGHT.** A small Textbook on Sex Physiology for the young. Also a "How to Tell" for parents. In paper 50c, cloth \$1.00.
- A LITTLE JOURNEY TO STRANGE PLACES AND PEOPLES,** Being a vivid account of the Indians and their homes of New Mexico and Arizona, including Inscription Rock, Zuni, Laguna, Acoma, the Lava flows, the Navahos, the Hopis and their Snake Dance, the Havasupais, the Grand Canyon, etc. etc. Fully Ill. 269 pages, \$1.00 net, postage 10c.

Copies will always be autographed for those who desire and who order direct from the author, George Wharton James, 1098 N. Raymond Ave., Pasadena, Cal., or "Out West," 218 New High St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Are You Going to

LOS ANGELES

- LOS ANGELES** is without question the most **Comfortable** city in the United States, both Winter and Summer.
- LOS ANGELES** climate in winter is like that of the Eastern and New England States in May and June.
- LOS ANGELES** in winter has roses in abundance, and its neighboring city of Pasadena has its annual Rose Tournament on New Year's Day.
- LOS ANGELES** has a score of delightful beach resorts, such as **Santa Monica, Ocean Park, Venice, Redondo, Long Beach, Alamitos, Bay City, Huntington Beach, Newport and Balboa**, all within an hour of the center of the city by commodious electric cars.
- LOS ANGELES** has 500 hotels and apartment houses, including some of the best appointed hotels in the United States, at moderate prices, conforming to the accommodations.
- LOS ANGELES** has the largest and best Cafeterias in the nation, affording a most economical method of living for tourists of moderate means.
- LOS ANGELES** county is constructing 300 miles of model roadways, for which it has bonded itself for \$3,500,000 and is a Paradise for Automobiles. Take your automobiles with you.
- LOS ANGELES** roadways in winter are fragrant with the odor of orange blossoms, which frequently cover the trees while the yellow fruit is still hanging to the branches.
- LOS ANGELES** is famous for its sea fishing. Tuna, Black Sea Bass (up to 300 pounds), Yellowtail, Barracuda, Rock Bass and Mackerel are abundant, and sportsmen from all parts of the world go to Los Angeles to fish.
- LOS ANGELES** is about completing the Los Angeles Aqueduct, one of the greatest water conduits of the world, 240 miles long, of which 30 miles was tunnel work through the mountains, at a cost of \$25,000,000, and with a capacity of 20,000 miner's inches—sufficient to supply a city of 2,000,000 inhabitants with an abundance of pure mountain water. For further information and literature address

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DATES

WE are making an importation of off-shoots from choicest varieties grown in Persian Gulf region, and in North Africa, for delivery next Spring. Send for pamphlet.

BUDED AVOCADOS

of choicest and most valuable varieties, now ready. The TAFT, California's premier avocado, boxed or balled, \$4 per tree.

FEIJOAS, CHERIMOYAS, and other sub-tropical fruiting plants and trees. We grow only sub-tropical fruits of proven adaptability and of sterling merit. Send for pamphlets.

WEST INDIA GARDENS,
ALTADENA, CAL.

A NEW CREATION WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER

The *Only* New unabridged dictionary in many years.

An Encyclopedia. Contains the *pith* and *essence* of an authoritative library. Covers every field of knowledge.

The *Only* dictionary with the *New Divided Page*. A "Stroke of Genius."

400,000 Words Defined. 2700 Pages.
6000 Illustrations.
Cost \$400,000.



Let us tell you about this most remarkable single volume.

Write for sample pages, full particulars, etc.

Name this paper and we will send FREE a set of Pocket Maps.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Polarine

Polarine Oil is the best oil you can get for your motor, whatever the make.

It retains its body and feeds uniformly under all running conditions.

It leaves no carbon.

POLARINE TRANSMISSION LUBRICANTS. Prepared in different consistencies to meet the particular mechanical conditions existing in different types of motors.

POLARINE GREASES. Unequalled friction-reducing value wherever a solid lubricant is required.

Write to-day for the Polarine booklet to the nearest agency of the

STANDARD OIL CO.
(INCORPORATED)



The German Savings and Loan Society

(The German Bank)

Savings Incorporated 1868 Commercial

526 California Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco

The following Branches for Receipt and Payment of Deposits only:

Mission Branch, 2572 Mission St.,
Between 21st and 22nd.
Richmond District Branch, S. W.
Cor. Clement and 7th Ave.
Haight Street Branch, S. W. Cor.
Haight and Belvedere.

June 29th 1912:

Assets	\$51,140,101.75
Capital actually paid up in Cash	1,000,000.00
Reserve and Contingent Funds	1,656,403.80
Employees' Pension Fund	140,109.60
Number of Depositors	56,609

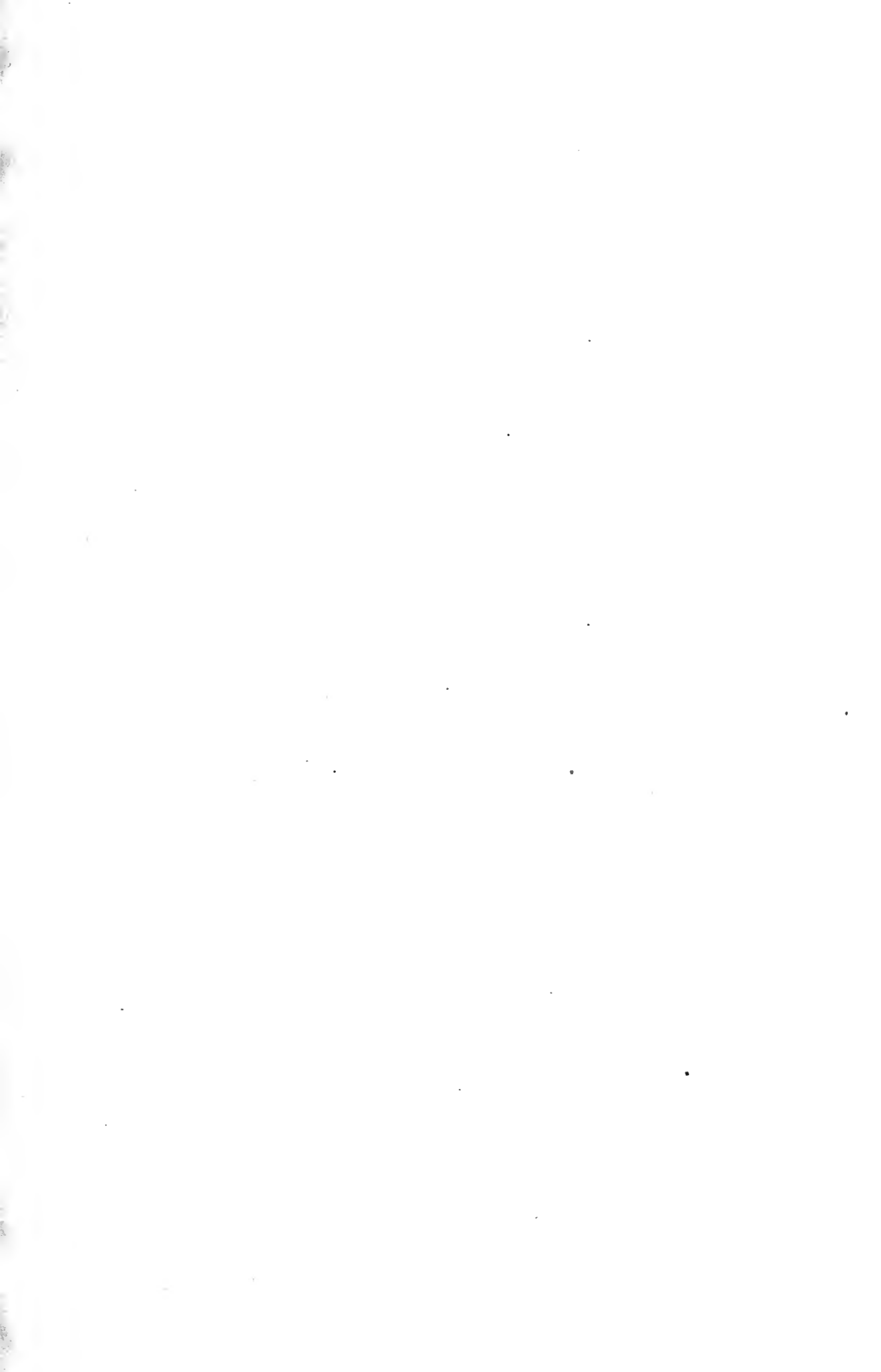
Office Hours: 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M. except Saturdays to 12 o'clock M. and Saturday evenings from 6:30 o'clock P. M. to 8 o'clock P. M. for receipts of deposits only.

VOSE PIANOS

home free of expense. Write for Catalogue D and explanations.
VOSE & SONS PIANO CO. Boston, Mass

Please mention "Out West" when writing to advertisers.

have been established over 60 years. By our system of payments every family in moderate circumstances can own a VOSE piano. We take old instruments in exchange and deliver the new piano in your



F850

O42

v. 36





